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HERBERT WENDALL:

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Hortensia. Is this a stirring and right merry tale
which thou presentest me?

"Ambrose. It is, at least, a tale of truth, fair
mistress."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

NO. 82 CLIFF-STREET.

1835.

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222

TO
MY FELLOW-CITIZENS

OF THE
TOWN OF NEWARK,

THIS WORK IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

HERBERT WENDALL.

CHAPTER I.

A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

Hamlet.

“THREE cheers, my men, for merry England and St. George, before we commence our journey among the rebels,” exclaimed the commanding officer of a small detachment of soldiers, whom the gray dawn disclosed to be a part of the forty-second British regiment, fully equipped for service.

A long and lengthened peal, which reverberated with singular echo through the surrounding country, was the ready answer from the excited soldiery.

The commander conversed a moment with one

of his subordinate officers, then rode to the head of the line, and exclaimed, in a stern military voice, "March!"

The detachment was instantly in motion, and for many minutes the heavy tramp of the infantry could be heard in the stillness of the morning from the place of rendezvous.

The spot from which they marched was a rising knoll of ground, situated in the centre of a small peninsula jutting out into the North River, then known exclusively by the name of Paulus Hook, but now dignified by the title of Jersey City. The view from this prominence was at the period of which we write, and is now, of the most interesting and animated character. Before the spectator is the city of Manhattan, the western mart of commerce, "whose merchants are princes;" its glittering spires pointing to the heavens; its streets resounding with the hum of enterprise and business; and its docks filled with vessels from every quarter of the globe. Behind are the craggy hills of Bergen, shutting out the vision of the vast prospect beyond them, but at the same time allowing the imagination to luxuriate in the more extended and boundless regions of its own creation; regions where the mountains,

"Cloud-capped, touch the heavens;"

where illimitable forests and mighty rivers alternate in their wild dominion; where savage beasts and still more savage men find a home and a refuge. On one side is the North or Hudson River, its shores lined with verdure and beauty, itself rolling through a rich and fertile country, and bearing upon its bosom the wandering emigrants of a distant land, who have come hither to enjoy the rights of freemen, and transmit to their posterity the treasure, without which existence is a wearisome burden. On the other the Bay of New-York, containing a few small and picturesque islands, expands its noble and beautiful sheet of water. In the distance is perceived the Narrows, formed on either side by the shores of Long and Staten Islands, and opening a highway to the mighty Atlantic,

“Whose waters stretch from pole to pole,”

and to the lands and empires of the eastern world.

Oh! I have felt my soul swell within me as I have gazed upon that narrow passage, and used it as a telescope for the discovery of objects beyond, too distant for the unassisted eye. Beyond is the fathomless ocean, whose everlasting waves throw their vapoury spray to the heavens. Beyond are the plains of Egypt; Syria, and Greece; the ruins

of Rome, and Athens, and Jerusalem, teeming with a thousand memorials of former glory, and empire, and pomp, and pride. Beyond is all of which history tells,—the graves of poets and philosophers, warriors and statesmen. There the crusaders waved the banners, and fought the battles of the cross;—there chivalry appeared to dignify and ennoble man;—there learning began her march to a conquest more glorious than the sacking of cities or the destruction of kingdoms.

Notwithstanding the earliness of the morning, a number of spectators assembled to witness the appearance and departure of the troops. Here might be seen a few straggling soldiers gazing listlessly upon the hackneyed scene of military discipline; and there several of the neighbouring citizens of New-Jersey, held in awe by the force constantly occupying their village, but most of them inwardly desiring that the earth might yawn and swallow up that band of licensed marauders whom a tyrannical ministry had sent to execute its tyrannical purposes. Among the latter group, however, was one individual whose appearance was sufficiently striking to require particular notice. He was a stout, muscular man, apparently about thirty-five years of age. His countenance, deeply imbrowned by exposure to the elements,

expressed sternness of mind and determination of purpose. His features were large and somewhat irregular, and would have been unexpressive but for his dark and piercing eyes, whose lightning glance appeared to penetrate every object to which they were directed. His dress was such as might be supposed to characterize a respectable farmer of those times. His coat was of the course cloth then manufactured by the colonists—cut in the old Dutch fashion, with large plated buttons, and an enormous stand-up collar; his trousers were of linseywoolsey, reaching so low as almost to cover the leather brogans which enclosed his feet. He wore upon his head a broad-brimmed three-cornered hat, rather the worse for wear; his equipment was completed by a horseman's belt, tightly buckled around him, and a stout club which he held in his hand.

He gazed silently and thoughtfully upon the band of military for several minutes, as they proceeded upon their march. There was evidently a cloud upon his brow, as he turned to a short, squat-looking man that stood beside him, and spoke in a low suppressed tone—

“There go the bloodsuckers who have so long prayed upon the vitals of the country; who have made murder and robbery their occupation and

delight; who have turned honourable war into a crusade against private property and rights; who have delighted to destroy the old, and the feeble, and the unprotected. There is a heavy debt of vengeance due, which shall one day be repaid, if there be a God in heaven to protect the right and punish the wrong; and if there be hearts warm enough, and hands strong enough, to resent and to revenge the injuries they have inflicted."

"Hist! Herbert Wendall; it is not here that such language may be used by men whose heads have a liking for their shoulders."

"And why not here? Are you afraid of yon straggling bullies, or of those witless tories, who would sell country, and home, and friends, and freedom for a few pounds of gold? May the foul metal blister their fingers and sear their hearts. I tell you, Hans Mullen, that I would rather sign my own death warrant than suffer myself to be bullied by such a set of vermin."

"I doubt you not, Herbert; nor should you doubt me. You have not forgotten our campaign in the north?"

"I remember it well," said Wendall, grasping the hand of the other with a firm pressure.

"I remember well," observed the smaller man, while a shade of sadness passed over his counte-

nance, "the moment of our first acquaintance ; it was at the gate of Quebec, by the side of our dying general. You, Herbert, supported his head as he gasped for breath, while I endeavoured in vain to stanch the fatal wound. We there swore to consecrate our lives to the revenge of Montgomery and the freedom of our country. Think not because I am here, where British power predominates, that I have forgotten my oath. Nor am I idle. The information which I have given has averted the danger, and the loss of many an expedition like the present."

"I forget it not. I doubt it not, messmate. But look, they are now mounting the hill. Methinks the expedition is a large one, if it be a mere foraging party. Do they go no farther than Newark, Hans?"

"Farther, I believe. I gathered last night that they would be gone three or four days, and I observe they have taken their camp equipage. The probability is, that they will scour the country as far as Orange or Springfield,—there being no troops in that quarter at present. If Wild Will fail me not, there will be few prisoners and small booty."

"Ah! has Will gone to give the alarm?"

"I despatched him last evening in a small boat,

under the pretence of sending him to Staten Island for oysters, secretly directing him to row with all speed up the Passaic, and let slip the war-cry."

"By jingo, well done, Hans Mullen; you are a good man and true, and that the devil must say for you; but the day is fast coming, and

'Before the sun is up, I must be far away,
So press me not, my host, I cannot may not stay.'

He turned upon his heel, and was walking slowly away, when his attention was arrested by a loud shout.

The soldiers, whom we have noticed as forming a portion of the spectators assembled on this occasion, had, during the conversation we have related, gradually mingled with the inhabitants. Some were retailing coarse jokes which had occurred during their military life; others were throwing out their gibes on the poverty of the rebel troops, and the meanness of their dress when compared with the uniform of the British infantry. The most of this was taken in good part by the company, for there appeared to be no decided hostility of feeling between the inhabitants and the soldiers. Occasionally a suppressed look of scorn or anger might have been observed by a discerning eye, but

no reply was offered to their bullying remarks. The soldiers had gradually become more good-humoured and insolent from indulgence ; and as Wendall walked away in the manner we have related, one of them bawled out—

“Halloo, mister ! if you are going the road to Newark, and should meet any of the chop-fallen rebels coming this way, with their hands fastened behind them, tell them that rye bread is plenty, and there is abundance of room in the sugarhouse for their accommodation.”

“Mister Sourkrout,” continued a second, “do us the favour of informing us before you proceed any farther, how many half-naked, half-starved Yankees would be a match for the two hundred stout men of the British light infantry, whose burnished muskets even now glitter from yonder eminence.”

“Hark’ee !” said a third, at the same time blurting a huge cud of tobacco from his mouth, “has the grass grown well in your quarter, friend ? and have the cattle been grazing freely ? for we love not beef unless it be well fatted, in which condition it is a great supporter of the strength, and delicious also to the appetite.”

“I marvel much, neighbour,” exclaimed a fourth, “that you should follow the road on which the

king's troops have passed, for it is much more akin to the disposition of your countrymen to avoid the slightest proximity to such dangerous characters."

Wendall eyed them with a look of unmingled scorn, retraced a few steps, and spoke in a tone of the most bitter irony—

"You are soldiers and gentlemen"—laying a particular stress on the latter word—"and of course deserve a courteous reply, which I shall give you in your proper order.

"To you," addressing the first, "I answer, that you will be far more likely to see those popinjays return with their feathers plucked, and their plumes fallen, and their pride lowered, than to see an American freeman in the condition of their prisoner. The eagle is not pounced upon by the hawk."

"To you, sir, I reply, that the man who protected the army of Braddock from utter extermination—the men who fought at Bunker Hill and at Quebec—the men to whom the army of Burgoyne surrendered, are the rebels of whom you speak, and methinks it were easy to calculate with such data the problem you have given."

"I speak not of robbery," continued he, passing by the third speaker, and fixing his flashing eyes

upon the last, "but I will reply to your sarcasm. In fair fight, man to man, or one to odds, an American will never flinch. But ye are blood-thirsty tigers, who spare neither women nor children in your relentless course. You prey upon the widow and fatherless; you delight in the blood of the helpless. Though the lion will not fly from the tiger, neither will he leave his offspring to be devoured."

"And now, my masters, what think you of my explanation? By way of conclusion I will freely state, that as Englishmen, I hate you; and as British soldiers, I despise you."

"Ha—ha! good, upon my soul!" exclaimed the first speaker, turning round to his comrades.

The group at this moment would have afforded a fine scene for the painter. Immediately before the soldiers, whose countenances were manifestly and deeply excited by the bitter reproaches which had been cast upon them, stood Herbert Wendall, towering in the pride and strength of manhood; his eye flashing fire, and his whole frame dilated with passion. On either side was a small number of the inhabitants, apparently confounded by the bold bearing of Herbert, whose life they considered to be almost inevitably forfeited. Even

Hans gazed with an air of mingled alarm and fear on the threatening aspect of the soldiers.

"It was well done," continued the speaker; "but shall we suffer this proud turkeycock to shout his defiance, and flap his wings in triumph?"

"He may crow, but it will be on the gallows," said another.

"This is trifling," observed a third; "when the chicken is in our hands we may wring its head off;" at the same time taking a step towards Wendall.

"Advance at your peril!" shouted the incensed Herbert. "Villains! miscreants! I defy you!"

The crisis had now evidently arrived; and there would not have been the faintest hope for the single antagonist, if any of the soldiers had been possessed of firearms. But not having been engaged in military duty, and not anticipating a rencounter like the present, they had neglected to bring any weapon of offence. This consideration held them back a moment from the attack, which would otherwise have been immediate, and the effect most certain. But it was not to be supposed that under any circumstances a dozen men would quietly yield the ground to a single individual, and encounter the disgrace which in such a case must inevitably befall them—least of all a dozen British soldiers, proud of their title, and of the pre-emi-

nence which they believed themselves to possess. Their consultation, therefore, eager and animated as it was, had but one object,—the best mode of gaining possession of the person of their opponent ; for they could not conceal from themselves that his strength of arm and weight of frame rendered him formidable to any odds of unarmed men.

Their plan, however, was quickly formed, and they proceeded to put it in immediate execution. One of them, whose size and muscular vigour rendered him apparently best able to cope with the sturdy foe, and who possessed the only weapon of any description among them, which was a good-sized hickory cane, advanced slowly a few paces. At the same time the others spread out, with the design of partially surrounding Wendall.

He instantly comprehended their intention, which was to engage him in a club fight with their deputed leader, and then rush upon him and overpower him while in the heat of combat. Depending, however, upon his own resources, or upon the weakness of his adversaries, he undauntedly maintained his ground ; watching, indeed, with interest their every movement, but apparently unconcerned as to the issue of the approaching contest, in which he was to encounter such fearful odds.

"Now, then, Tom Purdy, a sharp eye and a firm hand, and he is ours."

"Yield yourself a prisoner," said Purdy, advancing, with his stick raised in a defensive attitude, "and you shall receive no personal injury from us; though the stout words you have spoken are hard to digest. Surrender or die!"

"Death let it be, then," said Wendall.

"As you please," said Purdy, darting towards his antagonist as if to take him unawares; but, quick as were his movements, those of the enraged American were quicker. Before the other had advanced six paces, he had drawn a pistol from his bosom and discharged its contents at the unfortunate leader. A single groan escaped the victim as he fell dead at his feet.

The soldiers uttered a cry of revenge, and closed around Herbert. But one sweep of his powerful weapon—tremendously powerful when wielded by such an arm—gave him a breathing space. Aware, however, that the report of the pistol would soon bring against him a new array of armed men, he appeared now, for the first time, to think of escape. Suddenly dealing another blow, he levelled two of the soldiers who were nearest him; then darting through the empty space, threw away his club,

and exclaiming, "Now, Robin, you must do the rest!" continued to run with unexampled speed.

Uttering another cry, the soldiers determined to pursue him. All eyes were now turned upon the chase. The object of the pursued was evident. At the distance of a quarter of a mile stood a horse, with his bridle fastened to a small sapling. The scenes we have related had been hitherto so engrossing as to prevent his being noticed. He was evidently a powerful animal; while the holsters on his back, and the very carriage of his body, showed that he had not been unused to war.

The pursuit of the soldiers was fruitless. Ere they had accomplished more than one-half the distance, Wendall had reached his horse. In an instant he was in the saddle, and rode calmly away. A low murmur of applause burst from a few of the citizens, which died away, however, as the discomfited soldiers returned slowly to their wounded companions.

CHAPTER II.

The enemy are coming,
The enemy are coming.

The Warning.

THE village of Newark, at the time of which we are writing, presented but a faint picture of its present prosperity and beauty. Then, it was not celebrated as one of the greatest manufacturing towns in the United Colonies; nor were its productions, as at present, remarkable for their number, variety, and elegance. Then, it was not noticed by the passing traveller as one of the most beautiful towns on the seaboard, and worthy of recollection as "a bright spot on the earth." It was but a small village, consisting of a few scattered dwellings, built with little regard to the graces of architecture, and possessing only the old-fashioned recommendations of economy and convenience.

But even then its citizens were known for their industry, piety, and virtue; for their patriotic love

of country, tested by a thousand sacrifices, during the war of the revolution; for the indomitable valour which made them foremost in the fight, and which rendered the Jersey Blues renowned above others, even in those days of daring and universal bravery. They were descendants from the pilgrims of the east. About the middle of the seventeenth century, a small band of those hardy pioneers emigrated from the colony of Connecticut, and formed their infant settlement. Providence favoured their efforts, and they soon beheld a "Garden of Eden" growing and flourishing, where a few years before only forests and morasses met the eye. They died full of years, transmitting to their children a rich legacy of worldly possessions, and a yet richer legacy of moral virtues. They left them, as a part of their paternal wealth, an unwavering hatred of tyranny, and an undying love of freedom; and they charged them, even on the verge of the grave, never to yield their birthright—never to desert the principles of their fathers.

That they were a noble-minded race is evident, also, by their conduct in relation to the future interests of their chosen residence. The lands granted by them to be appropriated to public purposes were very valuable, and even now churches are supported and the town adorned by these

munificent gifts. All this was done by men who in this enlightened age are pitied for their ignorance and want of refinement. Well will it be for their remotest descendants, if, in the pursuit of elegance, they forsake not their purity of deportment ; and if, amid the refinements of luxury, they preserve their taste for virtue and their love of liberty.

The situation of Newark is a delightful one. It is built on a plain, bounded on the west by a range of picturesque hills, and on the east and south by an alternation of forests and meadow land. On the north runs a beautiful river, the Passaic ; which, commencing about sixty miles in the interior, pursues its winding course till it empties into Newark Bay.

It was on the bank of this river that a few individuals were gathered on the morning of which we have already spoken. Their attention was evidently fixed upon a small boat, slowly advancing against the current, propelled by a single oarsman.

“Who can it be, captain?” finally inquired an oldish-looking man, whose age might perhaps have been fifty, and whose leathern apron and flat-headed hammer, which he held in his hand, declared him to belong to the ancient and respectable order of St. Crispin.

"How the devil should I know!" exclaimed the captain, a broad-shouldered, stout-looking man. "I wish yonder might turn out to be the cutter of my good sloop Fanny, which some cursed thief stole the other night from her stern. If it is, by Heaven I'll find out who he is, and thrash the rascal till he swears never to touch one of Jim Watkins' boats again."

"He rows well, at any rate," said another of the spectators.

"Ay, and I tell you what I've been a thinking, captain," observed the son of Crispin; "and I've been a thinking it since I asked you the question. It's a sudden thought or an ideer, as I may say, which has just struck me very forcibly, that it may be as how Marcus Whitlow—you all knew Mark, who was hauled out of bed last winter a year ago, of a bitter cold night, and sent to New-York half naked. His wife told me next morning that he had neither coat nor shoes on, and she was very much afraid he would wear the feet of his stockings entirely out. Well, now, I've been a thinking that it is Marcus Whitlow who has escaped from the prison in New-York, or somebody else, I won't pretend to say who; for how can I, seeing that the boat is yet at a distance, and my eyes are somewhat weak; but I've been a thinking, and feel

quite positive there is somebody in that boat who on some account or other—”

“Is rowing up the river. A devilish fine conclusion that.”

“I’ll tell you what, captain; but I know—”

“Stop your prating, you old fool. What the devil do you know about anything, except mending old shoes?”

“An old fool—did you call me that, Captain Watkins?” exclaimed the other, limping up towards the captain, and brandishing his hammer in a warlike manner—“and if I wa’n’t so old and lame, I’d let you know what it is to insult Tim Jenkins. Wa’n’t my grandfather, by the mother’s side, a minister? and when was a minister ever heard of in the Watkins family? And don’t you know, that for five-and-twenty years—”

“By heavens!” exclaimed the captain, “I know him now; it is Wild Will of the Hook, as sure as I am commander of the Fanny. What in the name of Heaven can have brought him here?”

“We shall soon know,” said another; “he tracks water like a porpoise.”

“I’ll tell you, captain, what I’ve been a thinking,” observed Jenkins, whose garrulity again returned upon him, notwithstanding the angry rebuke which he had received, “that this Wild Will—what they

call him wild for I don't know, unless it be on account of a certain wildness, or, as I may say, furiousness of manner which belongs to him naturally—but I suppose this Wild Will, who is even now rowing towards us—if it be Wild Will in reality, and I have no reason to doubt it, captain, if you are willing to be positive on the subject; seeing, as I said before, that my eyes are weak, which is a very great inconvenience to me—well, then, I think that the reason—hem—or, as I may say, the object which he has in coming here, he will probably be able to tell; or, peradventure, he may have a letter—”

Here the old man's speech was broken off by the landing of the individual who had been the occasion of so much interest. The wildness of his features left, beyond a doubt, the propriety of his appellation. His cheeks were haggard, and of a pallid complexion—his mouth was large—his nose aquiline—his eyes were sunken in their sockets, of a dingy gray colour, overshadowed by dark bushy eyebrows—his hair, which was quite black, was partially matted together; and as it fell over his forehead, or hung upon his shoulders, it gave him the appearance of a madman.

His form too was very irregular. His limbs were muscular, but were evidently too large for his

body, which was small and compact. His dress consisted of corduroy breeches, with a sailor jacket, and an old tarpaulin hat, which just sat upon the top of his head, apparently without affording any protection to the wearer.

"What news, Will?—what news have you?" exclaimed the spectators, in a breath, as he leaped from the canoe to the shore.

"News, do you say?" said the other, in a deep guttural tone, while his countenance gradually became affected with something like emotion—"yes," he continued, "I have news which some of you may be sorry to hear. The enemy are afoot; and before yonder sun, which is now rising in the east, has been up an hour, the redcoats will be on you. Back to your mountains!" and his eye beamed with unnatural fire, "for the tiger is out of his cave, and his appetite is keen for blood."

"Of how many men does the expedition consist?" inquired Captain Watkins.

"Near two hundred, I believe," returned the other.

"Where did you acquire your information, Will?"

"I will tell you, privately," said Will, whispering in his ear.

"Ay—ay," said the captain, "if he sent this word it's all certain. The old fellow never misses

fire. By heavens, my friends, we must be busy. I will send round the old drum to give the alarm, and such as fear old George's clutches had better be among the absent."

"I say, captain," observed Jenkins; "may I take the liberty, or, as I may say, the freedom, of asking you whether it is in reality the person whom I suppose, that has been at the trouble of giving us a hint, through Wild Will, of this matter? Now, who do you think I suppose it is? I haven't an idee that it's old Barker, the tory, or—pray stop a moment, captain—"

"Go to the devil with your suppositions," said the captain, walking quickly away.

"Go to the devil," muttered the other to himself; "the best road would be to follow your footsteps; or, as I may say, to stitch a shoe as you do."

The cordwainer had by this time been left alone, by the dispersion which instantly followed the receipt of the above advices. Looking round a second time, to be sure that there was no person within talking distance, he took up his line of march towards home, and prepared himself for a colloquy with Mistress Jenkins.

The inhabitants of the village were soon roused by the sound of a drum, and the shouts of the drummer, as he marched through the principal street—

"The enemy are coming,
The enemy are coming."

At the well-known sound, which proclaimed the immediate approach of a hostile body, the business of the day was instantly neglected, and forgotten. The farmer threw away the spade and the plough, the mechanic deserted his workshop, and the merchant his store.

A busy scene ensued. Every valuable article which could be secreted was placed in some secure place. Many entire families prepared immediately to remove; and vehicles of every description, from the two-horse family wagon to the farm cart, were put in requisition. Every man capable of bearing arms, and who bore the character of a whig, was seen, with his musket in his hand, superintending the departure of his family, or preparing to bid them farewell, with a swelling heart. Their cattle were gathered in droves, and sent beyond the mountains, where they were considered to be safe from pursuit. In a short time the town was comparatively deserted.

British expeditions to this part of the country were not unfrequent at this period; but they were always dreaded. Although the inhabitants were commonly apprized of these movements in time for

escape, yet sometimes they were taken completely at unawares—and then wo to the unhappy whig whose person fell into their hands. The least misfortune he could expect was a long and tedious confinement in prison ; perhaps, the entire loss of property and life. Many of the whigs were enlisted in the Continental army ; still more were constantly, or periodically, in service as militiamen ; the few that remained were never sufficient to offer any resistance to the predatory bands that traversed the country. Their only resource was flight. They commonly retired to the interior, patiently waiting the retreat of the foe to their quarters, or harassing them by flying attacks ; after which they returned quietly to their homes, and resumed their ordinary occupations.

Yet there were many, especially of the humbler class of citizens, whose wealth attracted no avarice, and whose inactivity awakened no fear, who preferred the risk of ill treatment to a frequent removal from their habitations. Their insignificance often protected them, though sometimes even their poverty and forbearance were insufficient to afford them safety. Superannuated old men, whose limbs were almost too feeble for bodily support, and whose persons should never be injured according to the humane rules of modern warfare, were

often treated with violence and insult. Even women and children did not escape. Crimes were occasionally perpetrated by the inhuman soldiery, at the recollection of which humanity shudders.

Yet these are the things which in this age of interest and speculation we are called upon to forgive and forget ; but

We never can forget
The friends whom they have slain,
Our deep and dreadful debt
Of misery and pain.

The feelings of an open and honourable warfare may cease with the occasion which produced them ; but the war of the revolution was characterized by a series of crimes of the most atrocious and abominable character. Between the perpetrators of them and their descendants and the heroes of the revolution and their posterity for ever, there is and there must remain an undefinable feeling of injuries given and injuries received. This does and must prevent all harmony of association.

We never feared the hatred of England. We never bowed to her power even in the days of weakness and infancy. Let us now regard alike

her reproaches and her caresses, and march steadily onward to the possession of that power and greatness which the haughtiest nation on the globe is insufficient to prevent.

CHAPTER III.

I recollect the place, and, by my troth, it hath the air of an ancient hostelry. There were merry meetings, I trow, in those walls, between the cavaliers of the olden time.

Old Romance.

NEAR the centre of the village stands a two-story house, which has been used from time immemorial for the accommodation of the wayfaring stranger. Here, also, the politicians of the town have been wont to assemble, and discuss over a glass of ale, or a still stronger potation, the aspect of political affairs. Often have the destinies of nations and individuals been resolved by those sturdy preachers of public matters who do congregate within its antiquated walls.

The arrival of the British troops was momentarily expected, and a few individuals were evidently waiting with anxiety for their approach on the very piazza of which we have spoken. Whether it was the anxiety of hope or fear was not readily to be gathered from their countenances; but most

of them had the reputation of being favourers of the king, and were accordingly hated by their more patriotic neighbours. Besides this class, there were several loungers of little account, whom neither party could calculate upon, and whose feeble neutrality procured an exemption from personal suffering, though not from personal contempt. Last, but not least, was our old friend Jenkins, who, if he could not fight, could talk any opponent fairly out of the field.

A low whisper, which had been continued for several minutes among a few individuals who were assembled together on the south side of the piazza, and a long dissertation which had been commenced by Jenkins to the remainder of the spectators on the torpedo, were suddenly broken off by the tramp of a horseman, who rode rapidly down the street, and with difficulty reined in his horse as he approached the tavern.

"Who knows yon rider?" asked one of the company.

"It's the scapegrace rebel, Herbert Wendall," whispered another who stood by him into the inquirer's ear; "he is the boldest desperado in these parts, and many are the feats of arms which the villain can boast."

"Who is it, did you ask?" said the shoemaker;

"I have a supposition that I can tell something about him. Cause why—haven't I known him from the time he was knee-high to a moscheto? and didn't I serve my apprenticeship with his father, old Honesty Wendall, now, poor soul, dead and gone? I have a kind of an ideer that I should know Herbert Wendall if I should meet him in Nova Scotia, or any other outlandish place."

The horseman had by this time reached the front of the inn. His horse had evidently been ridden hard—

"The foam was on his bit,
And his sides were wet with tears ;"

but he appeared not the least fatigued with his exertions.

"Your horse has been hard pushed this morning," observed one of the spectators, in a sneering manner.

"Yes, and you may one day know the reason of it, squire," said Wendall, calmly.

"Your animal looks as if he might be the better of a little rest," observed another.

"He is ever content with the fate of his rider : to rest when he rests—to go when he goes—to brave the danger which he braves. And I fancy he enjoys as much as I do the defeat of a British army,

or the hanging of a rascally tory. However," continued Wendall, smiling scornfully as he observed the effect which his words produced, and patting his horse familiarly upon the neck, "maybe you would some of you like to make a wager, that, even now, worried as he is, he will not spring yonder five-rail fence across the way—ay, and you may put another rail on the top of the posts if you please. Glasses for the company—who takes it?"

"The wager is mine, Master Herbert," said the landlord, a jolly-looking man of about forty-five years of age, whose rubicund visage and substantial corporation bore evidence that good living had not been neglected even amid the disasters of war.

The rail was speedily arranged according to agreement, and Wendall prepared himself for a leap which, even he knew, would require an extraordinary effort. He carefully examined his bridle to see that all was right, placed his feet firmly in the stirrups, and spoke gently to his horse. He kept him on a slow canter till he had passed a deep gulley in the middle of the street, then drawing the bit tight in his mouth, and plunging the spurs deep into his flanks, he shouted, "Away, Robin!"

The leap was successful, and he returned to the inn amid shouts of applause.

"It was well done, Master Herbert," said the landlord, "and I have lost my liquor: that's as fine a piece of flesh as I have seen this many a day. Come in and do honour to my Cognac."

"It may not be, landlord," said the other; "but I will take a stirrup-cup ere I depart."

"Well, well, Master Wendall, how d'ye do to-day?" said Jenkins, hobbling up to the horseman and shaking hands with him; "you haven't heard the news, I guess, have you?"

"What news, Uncle Tim?"

"Why, it's pretty sartain, or, as I may say, it's quite ascertained, you know." (*Whistling.*)

At this moment the sound of a drum was heard in an easterly direction.

"Ha! so soon!" said Wendall, and his face flushed with emotion of an indescribable character. He threw now, for the first time, a deep and searching glance among the assembled company. Many a false heart quailed before a look which seemed to penetrate their inmost bosoms. His eye rested most deeply and bitterly, though but for a moment, on an individual whom we have not hitherto noticed. He was a tall, slender man, of rather a prepossessing appearance in manners and figure. His coun-

tenance, however, bore evident marks of a life of passion and debauchery ; and to this was added the undoubted reputation of being an active and uncompromising tory.

The landlord at this moment approached, and handed Wendall a glass of liquor. Rising in his saddle, and uncovering his head, he exclaimed proudly and somewhat bitterly—

“Gentlemen, I have the honour to propose a toast—The health of General George Washington. May the curse of Heaven light on him who refuses it !”

As he concluded, he caught the eye of the person we have just described.

“Beware !” continued he in a low stern voice.

The next moment he was galloping rapidly towards Springfield.

The British troops now rapidly approached. They had no sooner reached the main street, now, as well as then, dignified by the title of Broad-street, than they were formed into line, and afterward despatched by companies into different quarters of the town, for the purpose of securing supplies and taking prisoners.

The commandant himself, with a few subordinate officers, rode immediately to the inn, and were received with the most ceremonious politeness.

"The whigs have got wind of us again, landlord," said the commanding officer.

"Ay, they had their sheepskin banging two hours ago ; and now I believe them to be as scarce here as white crows."

"And where do you think they got their information from, major?" said old Jenkins.

"From the devil, for what I know," said the officer, "or from one of his rebel imps, I am certain. But let us hear what you know about him as soon as possible ; if we can catch him, it will be the last time he will tell tales, I can assure you."

"Certainly—I'll be quick in my statement," said Jenkins. "Well, then, I know this much at least : that some time ago, which is to say an hour or two or thereabouts, or, as I may say, an indefinite space not exceeding two hours since, I have been convinced by an actual observation of the facts of the case, or, as I told my wife, Katy Jenkins, who, let me add, is a very decent and reputable woman in her way and situation in life. When I married her she had positively every article of housekeeping prepared, even down to a cradle ; though, to tell the truth, we never had but one child in the world, and he, poor boy—"

"Say no more, fellow—the Lord deliver me from

a fool! Williams, see if you can get anything out of this numskull."

"Landlord," the major continued, "has Colonel Fairman been here this morning?"

"He is now in the sitting parlour, waiting to see you," was the reply.

He instantly dismounted, and gave his horse to an attendant. A single coup d'œil would have rendered it indisputable that he was a military man, even if he had not been dressed in regimentals; there was the firm and measured step; the broad and expanded chest; the proud and haughty bearing of the soldier. Nor was his countenance deficient in manly expression; his features were perhaps too coarse, and his low contracted brow evinced rather a spirit of cunning and intrigue, than of open and honourable purposes.

He had frequently been engaged in expeditions to this part of the country, and had acquired a good practical knowledge of its general topography. Besides this, he was in constant correspondence with most of the active Tories in this region, to whom he was personally known from his frequent visits.

He followed the landlord into a small room, neatly furnished for the use of such guests as preferred seclusion and quiet to the noisy bustle of the barroom. On an old-fashioned sofa sat Colonel

Fairman, the individual we have just described, and who excited such attentive observation from Herbert Wendall.

"Major Wilson, I am rejoiced to see you," he exclaimed, rising and shaking hands with him.

"Thank you," said the other. "You see I have kept my promise."

A silence of three or four minutes ensued, before either of them spoke. The colonel finally looked at the other in a significant manner, and remarked—

"Do we understand each other, Major Wilson?"

"I think that our conference a few days since was sufficiently explicit; at least, as to the general grounds of some private matters, touching which we were conversant. You informed me, for the first time, that you were related to the beautiful girl who stole my heart last winter, and has kept entire possession of it ever since; to whom I made love in every house in the city of New-York where I could discover that she visited; and by whom I was constantly repulsed and rejected. You engaged to disclose to me the place of her residence in the country, and to assist me, if necessary, in forcing her to receive my hand and fortune. For these services, if successful, I agreed to yield my claim to your estate, to the amount of five thousand pounds, besides cancelling a debt of honour with our friend

and boon companion, Captain Garsh. Stands it not so, my gallant friend?"

"You are right," said the colonel; "and the villanous bargain is sealed."

"Villanous!" said the other—"by heavens! I hold it to be a right excellent bargain for you and your niece—unless it be a hardship for you to receive about eight thousand pounds, and for her to obtain a husband who is heir to a baronetcy, and to whom she might rejoice to be allied."

"Be it villanous or just, I have counted the cost and the value, and will be the last to prove recreant to our engagement. Indeed, were it not for the advantage which is to accrue personally to myself, I would be willing to assist you in your design, were it only for the purpose of disappointing the rebel Harley; who, if I mistake not, has pretensions to her hand."

"Ha! I have a rival, then," said Major Wilson.

"Yes—and a dangerous one too, I suspect," observed the colonel; "for I really believe the jade loves him. You should know him too," he continued; "for Captain Harley, of the Light Infantry Rangers, has, by his activity and perseverance in the rebel cause, obtained no inconsiderable share of renown."

"I do, indeed, know him," said the other, "for a

brave and active partisan—and my advices tell me that he is as honourable as he is brave.”

“He may be honourable, yet I owe him no kindness for some acts of benevolence which it has pleased him to perform in my behalf.”

“Such, for instance,” said the other, laughing, “I presume, as a letter to General Washington, stating, that he was informed that Colonel Fairman was engaged in a criminal correspondence with the enemy; or that a certain person was busy purchasing supplies for the British army.”

“It becomes not friends,” said the colonel, gravely, “to reward services by jeers. What I may have done has been done honestly, for the promotion of the cause of my king, and the best interests of my country.”

“Well, be it so,” said Wilson; “but to finish our plan. What arrangement have you to propose?”

The colonel glanced warily around him, and moved a short distance nearer to the other: he spoke in a low and suppressed tone of voice—

“Your intentions are honourable, Major Wilson?”

“I have already answered that question,” replied Wilson, haughtily.

“Pardon me, but I could not consent to undertake this step without such a condition; for though

I might not hesitate to force this girl to wed the man whom her whims would lead her to reject, yet, I am not prepared to assist in a plan for her dishonour and infamy."

Wilson smiled contemptuously.

"But," continued the colonel, without noticing him, "with this understanding, the path of operation is clear. You will accompany me, to-morrow morning, with a portion of your troops, to my residence. From thence I can readily direct you to the house where you will find the object of your search ; the only occupants of the building are herself, her mother, and two servants. If you can persuade her to listen to your entreaties, and accept your terms, all's well, and there is no further trouble."

"But suppose this should not be the case?" said Major Wilson ; "as it will probably turn out."

"There is yet another resource, which, however, must be a final one. I am acquainted with an individual who has under his command a body of men not in the least degree scrupulous as to the kind of service they are engaged in, so that it be profitable. Their regular employment is plundering the whigs ; but by my means, and by the help of a heavy purse, their assistance, I have no doubt, can be obtained, to complete my project, by carrying off the girl at night, and taking her to New-York, where we

can secrete her, and use means to bring her to reason."

"Your design is a good one," said Wilson, after a short pause; "let nothing be spared to ensure its success. At what hour shall we proceed in the morning?"

"At six, if it please you."

Wilson assented, and excused himself from a longer interview on account of business, which required his attention.

Colonel Fairman relapsed into a silent revery for three or four minutes; then rose, and stalked violently across the room.

"Yes," he exclaimed; "it is most villanous on my part—but I must have money. In spite of hell and its myrmidons I will have it. My brother, on his deathbed, recommended his daughter to my care and protection. Well, ha—ha—ha! am I not providing her a right excellent and noble husband—a rake and a debauchee like myself? Away, imps of hell!—my purpose is sealed."

And so saying, the abandoned wretch sauntered forth into the highway.

During this time a portion of the troops had commenced forming an encampment on the east side of the town, and at the distance of half a mile from the village. The site which had been chosen was a

level piece of ground, bordered on the south side by a forest, and lying near the Old Ferry road, leading to New-York. A small house, which stood within a few yards of the spot, was fitted up for the use of the officers, and as a guardhouse, for the temporary detention of prisoners. Before the sun had reached the meridian, the little village of tents was erected, affording the only shelter which the soldier should desire.

In the course of the afternoon the various companies returned, laden with spoils. Promiscuous droves of cattle and swine saluted the ear with the noise of their lowings and gruntings.

But eager as had been their search, no unfortunate whig had fallen into their hands ; and worse than Indian cruelty was thus far deprived of a victim. They had obtained, however, abundance of provisions, and prepared to indulge their appetites, although nearly satiated already by the frequent calls made upon the larders of the housewives in their routes. Deeply were these inroads deprecated by all the notable housekeepers in the neighbourhood ; for the British proved eating as well as fighting heroes. And on these visits they claimed the tea party privilege of feasting upon the best the house afforded.

As soon as the live stock could be collected to-

gether it was immediately sent to the Hook, under the care of some fifteen or twenty soldiers.

Oh, war! thou hast some scenes of oddity and merriment as well as of glory and renown. One day, thy heroes may be seen in the tented field, with

“Drums beating and banners flying,”

breasting the storm of battle, and marching onward to victory

“O'er heaps of the dead and the dying.”

Then comes the rout of the opposing army, and the long and deadly draught of blood. The vulture flaps his wings in proud delight as he looks upon the scene, and whets his beak for a rich repast.

The next day the same heroes are engaged in the pillage of hogpens and henroosts. They have fought themselves hungry, and now must eat themselves valiant. There is no bravery so obstinate as that of a full stomach; powerful exertion promotes digestion.

Show me a hero who lives without eating, and I will show you—a witch riding on a broom.

CHAPTER IV.

We will moralize on these things, friend Peter, we will moralize on these things.

Dialogue between Two Friends.

THE first rays of the rising sun shone upon a small band of soldiers, who were just ascending the hill which bounds the town of Newark on the west. They comprised, perhaps, one half of the force which, upon the preceding day, had left Paulus Hook. At their head rode Major Wilson ; and in company with him was another individual, likewise on horseback. It is needless to add that this was Colonel Fairman.

When they had reached the summit of the hill, each paused involuntarily, and turned to gaze upon the prospect which greeted their eyes. Immediately before them was the village of Newark—its dwellings surrounded by spacious gardens, decorated with every variety of fruit-tree and flower—

beyond and around stretched alternately meadow and forest, through which could be seen, occasionally, the waters of the beautiful Passaic, or of the bay, giving a pleasing relief to the monotony of a prospect embracing merely land and sky. Farther in the distance could be perceived the spires of New-York, and the hills of Staten Island, bounding the horizon in that direction. To the south the hills of Neversink were plainly discernible ; and over the whole was thrown a mantle of glowing resplendency

The morning was indeed a delightful one. The sun rose clear and bright, shedding his refulgent lustre over every object. The whole grand and glorious amphitheatre of the heavens was free from the traces of a single cloud. Its bright azure alone met the eye, except when the resplendency of the sun's rays was sufficiently powerful to tinge it with the colour of gold.

The landscape, too, was lit up with a thousand forms of beauty and loveliness. The forest trees, whose leaves had been yellowed by the intensity of the summer heat, seemed like a thousand gems of sparkling colours, reflecting back the splendours of the sky. The air was vocal with the sound of innumerable birds, that hymned their songs of praise to the great Author of their being. The

river seemed to run more calmly and slowly, as if even its inanimate waters felt the influence of the spell which was thrown over the face of nature, and desired to linger beneath its power. The dewdrops of the fields exhibited their pearly lustre, till the heat of the risen sun dissipated their moisture, and destroyed their beauty.

Oh! it has often occurred to me when I have gazed upon such a prospect as this, to lament that its beauty should ever be marred by the habits and pursuits of man; that the purity, and sublimity, and glory of nature should be dimmed by the impurity, and vice, and meanness of human thoughts and purposes. Is not the one grand and noble in its length and breadth? why should the other be low in conception and vile in action?

Why should human passions and desires render the world, which was intended to be only a dwelling-place for honourable and benevolent existence, a vast charnelhouse of misery, and degradation, and death!

The soldiers had halted a moment, as well as their officer, to pay the involuntary homage which such a scene always claims, even from the roughest bosom.

“March!” the next instant sounded in their ears, and they moved on.

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The two horsemen rode for some distance in silence, probably musing on the course they should pursue in their adventure. But if these were their feelings, they suppressed them; and their conversation commenced on a subject entirely different.

"Have you heard the news this morning, Colonel Fairman?"

"I have heard a mere rumour of some advantages gained by the rebels in a private expedition against Stony Point."

"The rumour, I have reason to believe, is founded in truth. The garrison was surprised at night, and the whole force, consisting of about six hundred men, made prisoners. The loss in killed and wounded was, I understood, nearly equal on both sides."

"Did you understand who commanded the Americans?" asked Colonel Fairman.

"General Wayne," observed the other; "one of their bravest and most experienced officers."

"I knew him well before he entered the army," said Fairman; "and always thought him destined to act a conspicuous part in life. It is to be lamented that he should have chosen to act against his king in the present contest, and to favour the designs of the rebels."

A short pause ensued, and he continued—

"This little success, I suppose, will elate the people of the country mightily. They always think their independence secured when a farmhouse has been recaptured. But for my part I conceive that Sir Henry Clinton has the game in his own hands; and his ultimate success in exterminating the army opposed to him, I think, can hardly be doubted."

"I trust that your hopes and wishes may speedily be realized," said Major Wilson; "but I must confess that there are many reasons to believe that the war will at least be a protracted one. The Fabian prudence of Washington, in avoiding general engagements where he would unquestionably be beaten, and in remaining in the hills and fastnesses of the country where no force could dislodge him, and where his undisciplined militia fight to the best advantage, allows the British general small opportunity to gain objects of much importance."

"And yet the rebel army is small in comparison with the British forces; small indeed, if we take into consideration the superiority of the latter in arms and discipline."

"True," said Major Wilson, "but the situation of their army is very strong. They are now posted in and about the highlands, on both sides of the

river. It would be in vain, with any force under the command of Sir Henry Clinton, to attack them there with any prospect of success. Neither is it safe to send any considerable portion of the army to invade another portion of the country, as in such case New-York would be in danger."

"You think, then," said Colonel Fairman, "that the present campaign will not be a decisive one."

"There is no reason to suppose it, unless some manœuvre should prove sufficient to draw General Washington from his present strong and almost invulnerable position."

"In other respects, what do you consider the situation of the war?"

"The Americans," said the major, "are expecting to derive great advantage from the aid and assistance of France. I do not believe that they will obtain much assistance from that quarter, as she will find difficulty enough in protecting herself, to prevent her from attending to the situation of others. The best protection of the colonies is their extent of territory. No army can occupy it in such a manner as to keep a disaffected and rebellious people in subjection. It has been overrun; but it has not been conquered, and I doubt whether it ever will be. I rely principally upon the belief, that if, by a destruction of their army, the present dema-

gogues could be thrown out of power, the general good sense and feeling of the people would lead them to return to their allegiance."

"Such, I doubt not, would be the fact," said Colonel Fairman; "but we are now approaching the termination of our journey for the present. You will of course stop at my house, and take some refreshments."

"With the greatest pleasure," said the major; "and we may then drink to the success of our enterprise."

"I must be excused from personal attendance with you, as my agency in the transaction, for the present, is merely passive."

"Certainly, you are at liberty to act at pleasure in that particular," observed the major.

The remainder of the march was pursued in silence, with the exception of an occasional order to the troops. The road which they travelled was an uninhabited one, leading to South Orange, and intersected near the latter place by another road, leading by a circuitous route to Springfield. The party proceeded through this byway, and soon emerged into a pleasant and fertile looking valley, at the bottom of which stood a small country mansion—the residence of Colonel Fairman.

"Welcome to my house, Major Wilson," said the

colonel, as the other stepped upon the portico, after giving the necessary commands to his men, who still remained in the road. "I should be happy, if my roof were oftener honoured with your presence ; but,

' Let us not drive away the good that comes,
By vain regrets, or foresight worse than vain.'

" My dear, this is Major Wilson, of the British army," he continued, introducing his wife, a pensive looking woman, whose countenance evidently betrayed that suffering of the mind, which, more than even bodily sickness, leaves its traces upon the features.

" If he is a friend of yours, Henry, he is sincerely welcome," said she, in a mild tone.

The major bowed politely, and at the same time cast a reproachful look at Fairman.

Other officers now came in, and the whole party did honour to the contents of the sideboard. Meanwhile the soldiers without were regaling themselves with a newly tapped barrel of cider, which their host had generously provided them.

There is, perhaps, no life so jolly as the soldier's. Though liable almost every moment to immediate and violent death, he sports away his hours in every species of gayety and dissipation.

How many rode from the ballroom at Brussels

to the battle-field at Waterloo, and exchanged the pleasures of the dance and the song for the quietude of the grave ! There were hearts which had enjoyed the mirth of that evening, which, before the next day's sun had set, ceased to pulsate with either hope or fear, joy or sorrow. At the shrine of military glory, and heartless ambition, were sacrificed men whose talents would have honoured a future course in life, and whose virtues merited a better fate.

Oh ! the uncertainty of life ! above all, the life of a soldier. Disease attacks the system as a besieging army does a fortress ; it gradually undermines its strength, and weakens its functions. Step by step it advances against the citadel of life, battering its walls, and destroying the tower of its natural defences ; until, at last, worn out by repeated attacks, a breach is made, and the castle stormed. But death comes upon the soldier as a thief at night. In the vigour of youth and manhood—while the pulse is yet strong, and the eye unsunken, and the strength unsapped—by a sudden shock, like the bursting of a volcano, unwarned and unprepared, the fatal blow is given and received.

Oh ! the agony of such a death !

Yes, 'tis a dreadful thing to die,
When the youthful heart with hope beats high,

When visions of the future crowd
Around the mind in vesture proud,
And fancy gayly pictures forth
The high and mighty things of earth—
The hero's high renown ; the fame
That clings around a mighty name ;
As objects of pursuit in life,
Of dauntless and unceasing strife—
To leave them all, and pass away,
And with forgotten men to rest :
In dark oblivion's cave to lay,
Unknown, unhonoured, and unblest
'Tis terrible, indeed !

But the merriment was over. The soldiers had been divided into three parties, two of which were sent in different quarters, for the purpose of obtaining forage, and the third, consisting of about thirty men, retained under the command of Major Wilson, for his especial object. They were to meet again at the house of Colonel Fairman, in three hours at farthest.

“Be careful,” observed the major to the commanders of the two parties, one of whom was Captain Barker, the other, Lieutenant Hubbard, “that you do not extend your march so far as to be out of reach of the signal for a rally, which will be three blasts of the bugle.”

"Fear us not, major," said Barker; "recollect the proverb—'The vigilant eye never sleepeth.'"

Wilson remained for some minutes to receive further details from Colonel Fairman, with respect to the residence of Miss Fairman, and the road leading to it. After obtaining the necessary directions, he mounted his horse, and rode off slowly, followed by his small band of men-at-arms.

CHAPTER V.

Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear—
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear.

Romeo and Juliet.

THE scene must now be removed a few miles farther to the interior.

On a rising knoll of ground in a sequestered part of the country stood a farmhouse of more than ordinary size and elegance. Its situation was romantic and beautiful. It was almost covered with a variety of running evergreens, and was immediately surrounded by a lawn, whose thousand beauties delighted the senses. On one side of the mountain was an immense forest, extending to its summit, among whose recesses the birds of the air and the beasts of the field were congregated. On the other a small stream meandered down the hillside, and finally emptied into a small lake a few yards below the house.

The view in front of the mansion was, on such

a morning as we have attempted to describe, truly delightful. The eye glanced over a large and fertile valley, full of animated prospects, and redolent with the fragrance of harvest time. The scene was one of that quiet rural beauty, which delights rather than astonishes, and which excites pleasure rather than admiration.

This place had been the residence of the late Judge Fairman, a deceased brother of the colonel. To his elegant and accomplished mind it owed all its embellishments. The character which Judge Fairman had borne with his countrymen was one of the highest order. His integrity as a magistrate was above suspicion, and his mildness and forbearance as a man secured him the esteem of all who knew him. His premature death, about the commencement of the revolutionary war, was universally regarded as a severe and untimely loss.

His family, after his death, continued to reside in this delightful spot. Its remote and sequestered situation had hitherto protected it from the pillage which the war had rendered almost universal.

The inmates of the mansion at this time were Mrs. Fairman, the widow of the judge—a lady about forty-five years of age, and who, for several years, had been in an infirm state of health;

Jeannette Fairman, an only child ; Cato, a black of the most shining physiognomy and imperturbable good nature ; and a servant girl who had been brought up in the family, and was attached to its interests by the strongest ties of affection.

• An occasional resident also was Edmund Harley, captain of the Light Infantry Rangers, a band of volunteer militia, whose services in the partisan war, so continually carried on in the lower part of the county, were continued and unremitting. He had been educated in the household of Judge Fairman, to whom he was committed in early infancy by the death of a friend. The poor orphan received every attention which parental affection could have bestowed, and grew up universally beloved for his amiable and manly qualities. On arriving at the age of manhood he was elected captain of the Rangers, and had been actively employed during the greater part of the war.

His person was handsome, and his manners gentlemanlike. His occupation had given him the bearing of a soldier—frank, open, and unsuspecting. By the enemies of his country he was justly dreaded ; for his unceasing vigilance had disappointed many of their plans of robbery and murder, and his tried and undaunted bravery had been proved in a hundred rencounters.

Jeannette Fairman, at the time we have chosen to introduce her to the reader, had just entered her eighteenth year. She had reached that interesting period when the sprightliness of childhood and youth, merging in the graver dignity and beauty of womanhood, shows female loveliness in its most surpassing perfection—when the eye doubts if the vision flitting before it, be of the earth, earthly, or of the heavens, heavenly. Her beauty too was of that exquisite order which most deeply charms the heart and delights the eye. Her height was rather under the ordinary size, and the contour of her person was delicate, yet it was of the most symmetrical proportions. Graceful in form and action, she seemed destined to be the presiding goddess of some terrestrial paradise. The features of her face were beautiful and expressive. They would not perhaps have compared with the Venus de Medici, but they constituted an intellectual and lovely countenance. Her eyes were of the true cerulean hue—bright and sparkling—

“In their glance dwelt love ;”

her cheeks showed the mingled tints of the rose and the lily; her mouth, small and beautifully formed, disclosed when she smiled teeth of pearly whiteness; while a profusion of light brown hair,

scattered in ringlets, gave the finishing adornment to her loveliness.

Her countenance was occasionally pensive, but this was soon succeeded by a smile or a laugh, such as best suits the happy period of maiden innocence. It was like the silvery cloud which sometimes passes before the sun on a midsummer afternoon, scarcely obscuring his brightness, yet apparently causing him to burst out in renewed and heightened splendour. Her features expressed in a pleasing manner to the enraptured observer the amiable qualities of her soul. In the glance of her eye there seemed that purity of heart, and that innate modesty, without which the finest form is destitute of attraction—in short, to see and know Jeannette Fairman was to admire and love her.

And did Captain Harley love her? Let him tell his own story.

The reader must now imagine himself in a back parlour, neatly and prettily furnished. At the time of which we are writing, this was occupied by the two individuals we have last described. Miss Fairman seemed intently engaged in embroidering an elegant headdress, while Captain Harley, who was dressed in uniform, appeared to be absorbed in counting the number of links in his sword chain.

"How is your mother to-day, Jeannette," said Harley, evidently, however, not thinking of the purport of his question.

"I do not think her so well to-day as usual," said Miss Fairman; "her spirits are much depressed, and, from the occasional singularity of her conversation, her mind appears to be a good deal deranged."

The young lady and the young gentleman now returned to their former occupations. She appeared to ply her needle faster than ever, and he had assuredly counted every link in his sword chain half a dozen times at least.

"It is a delightful morning," observed Harley.

"Delightful."

Harley bit his lips, moved his chair nearer to hers, and took her snowy hand in his own.

She blushed, though he had often taken hold of her hand before.

"Jeannette, I am a soldier, and find I must speak with a soldier's frankness. I have not the honeyed words and phrases which a courtier's tongue might pour into your ears, but what I say is uttered in the honest sincerity of a soldier's heart. For years I have gazed upon you with the fondest love and admiration; and if I have not before spoken of it to you, it has arisen from other

causes than the want of the tenderest affection. During childhood and youth we have been as brother and sister, and it has been the sustaining hope of my existence, that nothing might prevent us from forming a more tender connection."

✓ He pressed her hand to his lips.

Jeannette blushed still deeper.

"It is perhaps presumptuous in me to aspire to the possession of a treasure of such surpassing worth. I have nothing to offer in exchange for so much purity and virtue, but the undivided affection of an honest heart. Do not refuse to my entreaties and my love that return which might well be refused to my merits."

Here the speech was interrupted by the bursting of Cato into the room. His eyes were glazed with terror—his nostrils widely dilated, and his teeth, white as ivory, were compressed together, as he

"Grinned a ghastly smile."

"Oh, Massa Harley—oh, Miss Jenny !" he exclaimed in a breath.

"What is the matter, Cato ?" said Harley, starting up from his seat.

"Oh, massa, de British be a coming here, and we shall all be kilt. Run, massa and miss, or dey'll be here afore you be gone."

Harley ran to the casement and looked out—a band of British soldiers was plainly discernible at the distance of nearly a mile. Their steps were evidently directed towards the mansion of Mrs. Fairman.

“Jeannette, he is right—we must escape immediately, there is no time for delay.”

“My mother!”

“By heavens! I had forgotten,” said Harley, for a moment turning pale, and breathing with difficulty.

“But, Miss Fairman, you at least must escape from exposure to the insults of a brutal soldiery; Cato will conduct you to some place of safety beyond the mountains, and I will remain to protect the sickbed of your invalid mother.”

“And to be made prisoner by a predatory band. No, Captain Harley, I will neither require nor permit such a sacrifice on your part. I will remain with my mother. It cannot be that men will injure or wantonly assail inoffensive and unprotected females—and even British soldiers are men. Your country requires your services—for her sake and for your own safety, leave me immediately.”

“I cannot leave you in peril, Jeannette.”

“Fly, then, for my sake, Edward,” said the frightened girl; “for I cannot tell how dear your safety will be to me.”

"Now, indeed, my own Jeannette, I will protect you with my life. Speak not of flight or of escape. We will remain together."

Cato, who had been a silent spectator of the foregoing scene, now exclaimed, "Welladay—ole nigger will stay too, if massa and all be a going to stay. Massa Harley better hide in de closeroom till de British be gone."

"Do conceal yourself, Edward, and let the place of your concealment be unknown to me, that I may neither by word or look compromise your safety. My mother calls me, and I must attend her. Remember, I command you, Edward," she continued, as she left the room.

"Massa can hear all what be going on in dis 'ere room," said Cato, throwing open a door which communicated with a small room lighted by a single window, and containing a few articles of furniture; "I tink he better stay here till de British be gone."

Harley hesitated a moment, as if in doubt, but reflecting that he might be able to render more efficient assistance by remaining concealed till a crisis should render it necessary, stepped into the room. A small aperture near the door gave him an opportunity to see distinctly all that occurred in the next apartment. But a moment elapsed before he observed that Jeannette had returned from the sick-

room, and seated herself upon a sofa, apparently waiting for the arrival of the soldiers, who might now be soon expected.

A loud knock at the outer door sent the blood back to her heart, and a sudden paleness came over her countenance. She collected herself, however, as the door of the apartment opened, and a military officer entered, followed by two or three of his men.

"Ha! my pretty maiden," said the officer in a jocund tone, as he glanced round the room and saw only Jeannette, "your Cerberus at the door told me I should find his mistress in the parlour. By the gods, I envy the black dog his situation myself, for I should be proud to fulfil the commands of so fair a mistress. A soldier's devoirs to you, my blue-eyed beauty," continued he, bowing low.

"Your commands are absolute here," said Miss Fairman in a mild tone; "take what you will, for heaven's sake, and depart."

"Nay, then, fair maiden," he replied, "if you will be the sole guide, I think you are the greatest treasure, and I'll willingly take you for my share of the booty. Sheep and cattle may do for common soldiers; but for my part I say pretty girls."

"I am not aware that rudeness to the unprotected is considered as a portion of the soldier's duty," said Jeannette in a tone of indignation.

"Ha! well, now, I like that. I would not give a continental paper dollar for a girl without spirit—not I. I am a spunky fellow myself; and God knows I admire it in others. Why, I thought before there was something celestial in you, but now I'm quite positive you're an angel."

"I am not disposed to submit any longer, sir, to personal insult, and shall therefore leave the room. You and your soldiers will find no opposition to your scheme of robbery, to whatever extent pursued, and with whatever meanness exercised."

"Nay," said the other, a little piqued, "but recollect, madam, my commands are absolute here, and you cannot leave the room till I permit it. However, you need not fear. Give me one kiss, my pretty maiden, and we will part friends."

He approached towards her.

"Stand off, sir! Disgrace not your name or station by offering violence to a female."

"Hark'ee! my proud one;" seizing her by the arm, as she attempted to pass out of the room.

"Draw, and defend yourself, scoundrel!" said Captain Harley, as he rushed from his hiding-place.

The officer, who was no other than Lieutenant Hubbard, saved himself from the thrust, which would otherwise have proved fatal, by suddenly

springing aside and quitting his hold of Jeannette, who sank pale and trembling on the floor.

"Ha! a rebel traitor," said Hubbard, as he parried another blow and another, which Harley furiously sought to render effectual. "Seize the villain, my men—seize him!" he continued in an angry tone. "By the gods, we shall grace our triumph with one prisoner."

One of the soldiers, who had been watching an opportunity, now struck the sword out of Captain Harley's hand with his musket; and before he was hardly aware of it, he was secured a prisoner.

"Oh that my gallant Rangers were here!" he shouted. "I would ask but five minutes to clear the coast of you, villains that ye are. Come on, one by one, if ye dare, dastards, cowards!" he continued, struggling to free himself.

"Heigho! my men. A prize. This must be Captain Harley of the Rangers, whose exploits are so much vaunted. This will sound well in the next despatch."

"Lieutenant Hubbard, this ungentlemanly conduct shall be atoned for. A day will come when we shall meet on terms of greater equality."

"Let it come. Jack Hubbard is always ready to grant satisfaction to friend or foe. But what

think you, my men?" said he, turning to his soldiers; "yonder room has yielded us one prisoner; mayhap this conceals another rebel;" and he moved towards the opposite door.

"Do not enter there," shrieked Jeannette, who had partially recovered, and seated herself upon the sofa; "my mother is very sick in that room; and the sudden shock may seriously affect her."

"Your mother! ha! a very good story, madam. Perhaps you have got a father there too, or mayhap another brother or sweetheart, which I take this to be," pointing to the prisoner. "We will soon investigate the matter."

Jeannette remained silent; her countenance, however, betraying the deepest anguish.

The lieutenant advanced to the door, and laid his hand upon the latch, but paused an instant on hearing a noise without.

"Tompkins," said he, addressing one of his men, "what is the meaning of the uproar?"

The man looked from the window—"Major Wilson has just dismounted, and his corps is marching up the lawn."

The next moment the major entered the apartment, and looked around an instant with some appearance of surprise. He soon recovered himself,

however, and assuming some sternness of manner, exclaimed—

“How’s this, Lieutenant Hubbard? I am not aware that your orders led you in this direction; and I am yet to learn a reason why you thought proper to disregard them.”

“Why, major, how the devil can I tell which way my orders led me? I saw nothing but two log cabins for the first two miles we marched, and was glad enough when I reached yonder hill, a mile or more to the north, to get a sight of such a house as this, and I steered straight for it. It was all for the good of the service, I assure you.”

“You will please hereafter to abide by what I may consider for the good of the service, and obey your orders,” said the major to the mortified officer. “But what fairy is this?” he continued. “If my eyes do not deceive me, I have the pleasure of addressing Miss Fairman.”

“Major Wilson shows much penetration in recognising a transient acquaintance in a scene of such distress,” observed Jeannette.

“Scene of distress,” said the major; “I was not aware that a visit of the king’s troops to the house of a friend was the occasion of any particular distress.”

"It might not be," said Captain Harley, looking contemptuously at Hubbard, who stood twirling his sword backward and forward, "provided their officer was a gentleman, and worthy to be a soldier. But he who can wantonly insult an innocent and lovely woman is not the one, and is not fit to be the other."

"How's this?" said Wilson, looking more sternly at the lieutenant. "I trust that this charge is not true. If it be, it shall not soon be forgotten, sir. Away—no excuses—to your post. Collect your men, and depart for the rendezvous. This day's business shall be investigated."

The lieutenant bit his lip with suppressed anger, but fearful if he spoke, that he might render himself liable to arrest by some bitter expression, he turned upon his heel and walked out.

"And who have we here?" continued the major, for the first time regarding Harley with attention; "a rebel, I perceive."

"Edmund Harley," said the other; "captain of the Light Infantry Rangers, a friend to his country, and a true rebel against the tyranny of George the Third."

"Ha! is it so?" said the major, while a gleam of satisfaction, mingled with a darker feeling, flashed across his countenance; "you are a bold

youngster, I have heard; and I fear there will be heavy charges against you at head-quarters, which it will behoove you to refute, if life be desirable."

Jeannette turned pale and shuddered.

The major smiled contemptuously, as Harley replied in a manly tone, "I fear no dishonourable imputation, for none can be supported. An honourable death has few terrors to the soldier."

"Soldiers, look well to your prisoner," said the major; at the same time he approached Jeannette, and said, in a low voice, "Miss Fairman will be so good as to favour me with a private interview for a few minutes on business of importance."

He had hardly done speaking, when a loud hysterical laugh was heard from the next room, which rang in the ears of the hearers as the laugh of fiends in their hiding-place.

"Oh! my mother!" cried Jeannette, and sprang towards the door.

All rushed involuntarily after her into the room, and stood by the bedside. A spectacle was seen which appalled every heart.

Mrs. Fairman had been labouring for several years under a malady which defied all the resources of art. Her form, naturally tall and slender, had become attenuated by constant disease,

till it was reduced almost to a skeleton. Her situation was rendered still more distressing by a melancholy which no care or attention could dissipate ; it appeared to arise from some unknown cause, which nothing could induce her to reveal. This had gradually preyed upon a peculiarly sensitive mind, and induced a settled and habitual gloom, but it now burst forth in an uncontrolled paroxysm of mania.

She was sitting in an upright posture in her bed. The glance of her eye was piercing and insupportable ; her countenance, though evidently wasted, betrayed no signs of mental weakness. A sneer of bitterness passed over it as she gazed upon the few who were gathered round her bedside.

“Ye are come, are ye ? come, at last, fiends ? ha—ha—ha ! Ye are come to torment me in the last hour. Son, and daughter, and you, ye murderous devils. Ye have come to witness the agonies of a dying—dying—” and she shrieked hysterically.

“Oh, mother ! be composed,” sobbed Jeannette, and sank upon the bed by the side of the invalid.

“You are a poor lamb,” continued her mother, in a low and suppressed tone, “and it is a pity that your youth should be thus blighted. Jeannette, I must give you a little advice. Have you

a lover? Discard him at once. Never marry if you desire to be happy. Never marry—at least, never marry—him,” raising her eyes and pointing at Harley. “Away!” she shouted, again furious, “away! will you bring incest and abomination into this house? Who are those spirits dancing on the wall? Ha! I saw them in my dreams last night! Ha—ha! I come!” and making a violent contortion, she fell exhausted on the bed. She lay quiet a few moments, and then looked around her perfectly calm. “Jeannette, my love—I am dying. Kiss me. Read the paper in my cabinet directed to you when I am buried, and forgive—”

Jeannette stooped to embrace her. The spirit had fled for ever.

CHAPTER VI.

Love will not be compelled : it doth and must
Rise from the secret chambers of the heart.

Old Play.

“MISS FAIRMAN,” observed Major Wilson, in a calm and measured voice, “I have requested this interview for the purpose of urging upon you once more the suit which you have so often rejected. Of the ardent affection which I entertain for you no better proof can be desired, than the fact that I have undertaken my present expedition mainly to see and converse with you. Now, more than ever, since the melancholy death of your mother, will you require a protector—one who is able and willing to protect you. Allow me, then, to offer again my hand and fortune for your acceptance; and believe me when I say, that I shall esteem it the sweetest pleasure of my existence to administer to your future happiness by every means in my power :” and he knelt before her.

“Rise, Major Wilson; it is impossible that I should accept your offer.”

"And why impossible? Am I indeed so contemptible that I must be subject to continued scorn and refusal? Miss Fairman, you trifle with my feelings."

"Such," said Jeannette, "is far, assuredly, very far from my intentions. It is contrary to my disposition. But your offer of marriage, which could not, in any manner, be innocently entertained at a period like this, I must now irrevocably decline."

"Do not say so, Jeannette," said the major, passionately; "give me but one word of hope, and I will wait years, if you wish it, before I allow myself again to approach you. But, oh! deliver me not up to a hopeless existence."

"Major Wilson, it would be uncandid for me to disavow at this time the feelings of my heart. For several reasons—and they are insurmountable—it is impossible that I can accept the gift with which you have desired to honour me."

"What, what are the reasons? For heaven's sake let me know on what grounds I am doomed to despair?"

"I have vowed never to receive the addresses of a British officer, and you are one; one, too, whose presence has been as a destroying scourge to this ill-fated and unhappy people. Are you answered?"

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"Hear me, Jeannette. I am a soldier ; proud of my rank and of the deeds which I have performed. I have attained already to a not inglorious station, and I have bright dreams of military glory before me. Fame, the noblest object of human exertion, I have contemplated as within my reach. This has been the dearest object of my heart. Consent to be mine—give me only hope—and I will renounce all. I will dash the sword from my side, and tear from my shoulders the insignia of my rank. We will retire away from the noise of ambition and the bustle of the world, and bury ourselves in some obscure retirement, where our days may be spent in happiness and peace."

"And are you so little acquainted with your own disposition—its restless and energetic character, as to believe that you would be satisfied with your lot ? But it is useless to reason on the subject," she observed, seeing he was about to reply ; "and perhaps it may be proper to inform you, since this must be our final meeting, that my affections are not mine to bestow."

"Ah, this is, indeed, fatal. Must I then renounce every hope ? I had anticipated, Miss Fairman, that we might be friends—for ever."

"We may be friends, Major Wilson," said she, extending her hand, which he pressed to his lips ;

"we may be friends, but nothing more. For my sake, and for the sake of humanity, relax the cruelties of war in favour of my unfortunate countrymen: let not mercy be considered incompatible with duty, and the prayers and blessings of a true friend shall go with you."

"Beautiful angel! why am I doomed to behold you no more? why am I not permitted to devote myself to your happiness?"

"Do not speak thus; it must not be. But if you do indeed desire my happiness, you can grant me a boon for which I shall ever entertain the most sincere and heartfelt gratitude."

"Name it," said the major.

"Release your prisoner, Captain Harley. He has been to me as a brother; and in this hour of affliction and death, his presence will facilitate the performance of the sacred duties devolving upon me."

"Captain Harley," Wilson muttered to himself; "Fairman spoke of this youngster, and I doubt not he is my fortunate rival. I should be a fool, indeed, to throw the game into his hands."

"I regret, Miss Fairman, that I cannot, consistently with my duty, grant the favour which you have been pleased to ask. If it were possible, I

need not express the readiness with which it should be performed."

"And why does duty demand the severance of the most tender ties? How terrible is war! It brings in its train—what?—glory?—no—mourning and sorrow—the groans of widows—the lamentations of parents and children."

"Jeannette, let me ask you one question? Why do you take such an interest in this young man? Is he your brother?"

"No."

"Your lover then—my rival," said he, in a low tone, while surveying her countenance with an inquisitive look.

She coloured slightly.

"Ha! it is so. Then, by this sword, he is doubly my prisoner. Entreaties are vain. Farewell, proud and haughty girl."

He advanced towards the door, hesitated a moment, and returned.

"Jeannette, I have yet another proposition to make. This Captain Harley is a doomed man. It is known that, in pursuit of adventures, he has repeatedly entered, in disguise, within our lines. On several occasions the success of his enterprise has depended upon, and arisen from the information gained in this manner. He has also, it is alleged, and

can be proven, several times broken his pledged faith, to the injury of the British cause, and the loss of British lives."

"It is false! I know it to be false," said Jeanette.

"These, and other causes," pursued the major, without noticing the interruption, "will render his escape from death impossible, if he shall once be lodged within the precincts of the camp. A premature and dishonourable death awaits him. Would you avert it?"

"Do you wish to mock me? With my life would I avert it."

"There is a remedy," said Wilson.

"What is it?" she eagerly inquired.

"Accept the offer which I have made you in sincerity and good faith, and he is this instant a free man. Reject it, and he goes to certain and inevitable death."

"Away, false-hearted soldier—away! Is this your vaunted kindness—your boasted affection? Away—I heed neither your threats nor your promises."

"His destiny then is sealed, and by your own hand." And saying this, he left the apartment.

In a few minutes the soldiers were ready to move, and Wilson mounted his horse.

"Bring forth the prisoner!" he exclaimed, in an authoritative tone. The next instant Harley appeared, guarded by two soldiers.

"Captain Harley," continued the major, "I am disposed, on the present occasion, to relax, as far as possible, the rigorous rules which strict policy might require to be adopted for your security as a prisoner. Give me your parole of honour, that you will not attempt an escape in any manner, and your limbs shall remain unfettered."

"I am not aware that any more certain mode of holding me a prisoner could be devised than this of demanding my parole," said Harley.

"It might be broken," returned the major, sneeringly.

"You only disgrace yourself by insulting an unarmed man. I will give no parole."

"Bind him, then, soldiers! and see that he be well guarded."

This was speedily performed by tying his hands firmly behind him, and placing him in the centre of the company. One soldier marched upon each side of him.

"March!"

The sun was now high in the heavens, and the heat had become excessive. Yet to me the heat of the country is rarely oppressive. There is always

the refreshing breeze, redolent with a thousand sweets. From the valley and the mountain the odours of the vegetable world mingle together, and seem to possess an invigorating and supporting power. And though the earth be parched, and the sky lurid—though the springs have dried up, and the music of the birds has ceased—still the country hath beauties and comforts. Then, when the sun hath his greatest power, go and walk in some magnificent forest, where the trees rise tall and grandly towards the heavens, and where the thick foliage renders the vast area below dark even at midday. How grand is the solitude of such a spot! Methinks the genii of olden time would have chosen it for their residence.

Reader! have you ever walked through such a forest? Have you not felt, in a striking manner, your own insignificance? that you were a thing of a day, amid things of centuries? How naturally does the mind turn back at such a period to the thoughts of primeval times.

Look again at the mammoth trunks and thick branches above and around you. When these were not, what was? Were the everlasting hills formed? Did yonder sun enlighten the heavens?

But the town, in August—whew! The stagnant air is filled with pestilential effluvia; the

streets are clouded with dust. If you eat meat, it is tainted; butter is rancid; bread musty.

Hurra! for the country in dogdays.

The band proceeded some distance in perfect silence. The major appeared absorbed in contemplations of no very pleasant character. Harley was also buried in revery.

He finally, however, looked up, and cast his eyes upon the men who marched beside him, apparently surveying them with attention. The one upon his left was a stout man, of a grave and composed demeanour. He was evidently of a taciturn and unapproachable disposition.

The other was an individual rather under the ordinary size, and his countenance, bright and expressive, at once proclaimed him a warm-hearted son of Erin. To him Harley at length addressed himself—

“Friend, this is a warm day.”

“Faith! and so it is,” said the other; “this is a warm country sure, both for weather and fighting.”

“Ha! do you think so?” said Harley, smiling.

“Och! and don’t I know it for sartain. See here,” pointing to a scar on his forehead, and another on his arm, “these are proofs, but I don’t

mind 'em at all, at all for I got them in fair fight; and I gave them back with interest—I did.”

“I doubt not you are a brave soldier. There are few of your countrymen who are not so; for I take you to be a native of Ireland.”

“Yes; of Erin—green Erin,” said the gratified soldier.

“I boast some Irish blood in my own veins,” said Harley; “my father’s mother was an O’Darrah of Leinster.”

“Leinster! my own swate country, by the powers. And surely don’t I know the O’Darrah’s, when my own aunt was one of that name!”

“And how came you, a true friend of Ireland, to enlist against the cause of liberty and freedom? Is it not for the interest of Ireland that America should be free? If our chains be riveted upon us, will not another link be added to hers?”

“Faith! now I think you a clever fellow, and an honourable one. But since I have taken the oath, I must be true to my duty. Oh! God knows I should never have been here by my own free will. But I’ll tell you about it.

“You see, I courted Kate Flaherty a long while. She was a swate little girl, and I thought we were just as good as married, when up came a conceited

puppy from Dublin, flashed out in all his city finery. Well, Kate was soon mightily taken with him, and I was good for nothing no more, at all. I stomached it a few days, but finally determined to have the matter settled; so I dressed up one morning, and went to her house.

“‘Kate,’ said I, ‘don’t walk any more with that fellow from Dublin.’ ‘I will walk when I please, and with whom I please,’ said she, ‘for all you may say, Terence Cogan.’ ‘Then good-by, Kate,’ said I, ‘I am going to enlist.’ ‘Good-by,’ said she, as cool as a cucumber. So off I came, and down went my name in a jiffy.”

“She used you cruelly,” said Harley; “and I pity you from my soul.”

“Yes; and by my shoul I pity you, captain,” said the other. “Your face is covered with sweat. Let me wipe it away,” he continued, using his handkerchief for that purpose.

“Thank you,” said the other. “This rope is so tight that it hurts my hands. I wish you would loosen it a trifle.”

“I would gladly take it off entirely,” replied Terence; “for I think it a shame to treat an officer so. But our major is a very devil, if his orders are neglected. However, I think I may vinture just to stretch the knot a little; for if you

were a born devil instead of a dacent man, you could hardly escape from our clutches."

"You are right," said Harley, as he felt the knot slip, till his hands were almost at liberty.

"Thank you; I am much relieved. For how long a period of time did you enlist, Terence?"

"Three years, your honour. I have six months yet to stay; and when that is up, I mean to go back to Ireland. Maybe that Kate has sorrowed for the harsh words she spoke, and that she will be glad to see me return."

"You have not forgotten her, then?"

"And is it me you'd be asking that question? Forget her!—forget Kate Flaherty! I would surely as soon forget my own swate Erin."

They had now reached a small valley, through which the road passed, and which was on one side bounded by a forest of considerable thickness.

"There's a good place, faith, for an Indian ambuscade," said Terence.

He had scarcely spoken the words before a loud report was heard, so sudden and unexpected, as to make all utter a loud exclamation of surprise. It was the simultaneous firing of a dozen rifles from as many men, belonging to Harley's company of Rangers, whom Wendall had collected by proper representations, and brought thither upon this ser-

vice. They had evidently noted Harley's situation, and had fired at the greatest possible distance from him. As it was, however, two men fell dead upon the spot, and several others were wounded.

Major Wilson, turning instantly, observed several of the men in the wood, who had left their places of concealment to load, and to see the effect of their previous fire.

"What, ho! the rebels! Have they dared!" he exclaimed; then looking at his men, who stood confused and bewildered, "How's this! are ye panic-struck, my men? Shame upon you, soldiers; there's but a handful of them.

"To the right face!"

The men moved almost instinctively.

"Make ready—fire!"

Thirty muskets blazed away into the thicket.

Harley saw his chance of escape, and instantly embraced it. To this many considerations urged him: his own safety, the misfortunes and distress of Miss Fairman. All had discharged their muskets, with the exception of the two men who had been placed by his side. With a sudden exertion his arms were entirely freed from their fetters. Quick as thought, he wrenched the firelock from the hands of the Irishman, who was off his guard, and dealt the other a tremendous blow, which com-

pletely stunned him. He sprang into the thicket, and in a moment was with his men, who received him with shouts of joy.

"Hell and furies!" said the major, "do the fates conspire against me? Follow me," he exclaimed, leaping from his horse and rushing into the forest. But no traces of an enemy were to be observed. Having accomplished their principal object in rescuing their commander, they were not disposed to fight the odds which appeared against them, even with the advantages of position; especially as they were well aware that another detachment was close at hand, and they might thus have been completely surrounded. For this reason, as soon as Harley had joined them, they retreated with the utmost celerity.

In a few minutes Captain Barker appeared with his men, and eagerly inquired the cause of the firing. It was soon decided that it was entirely useless to occupy time in what would probably prove a fruitless pursuit.

Bitterly cursing his ill luck and the audacity of the rebels, Wilson again mounted his horse, and proceeded with his soldiers rapidly towards Newark.

CHAPTER VII.

He hated man too much to feel remorse,
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,
To pay the injuries of some on all.
He knew himself a villain—but he deemed
The rest no better than the thing he seemed.

The Corsair.

MAJOR WILSON was sitting in his room, absorbed in reflections seemingly of no pleasant character, when his servant opened the door and whispered—

“A stranger desires to see you, major, on particular business.”

“Show him in,” was the answer.

An individual entered, whose first appearance proclaimed him to be a person of no ordinary character. His stature was small, but his whole frame was characterized by an appearance of strength and compactness obvious to the most indifferent observer. There was nothing like corpulency in any part of his system. Every muscle and sinew was distinctly visible wherever the surface could be perceived. His chest was broad in

proportion to his size, but not inordinately. His whole system exhibited a combination of strength with agility which is rarely observed.

His countenance was puzzling. Lavater could not have deciphered the peculiarity of its expression. This was principally occasioned by the continual play of the muscles of the face, which were, however, in perfect command, and acted only according to the positive impulse of the individual. His forehead was arched, and was in itself a noble feature. His nose was rather small, and his mouth somewhat wrinkled. His eyes were small, gray, and twinkling; they were seldom directed to any one object for a considerable space of time. A momentary glance seemed to give an intuitive comprehension of the whole compass of vision.

There was something cold and phlegmatic in his inactive and unagitated manner, which ill accorded with his general appearance. But the least circumstance excited his attention, and brought into action every feature and mode of expression. With every passion and with every form of it he could play as the child with straws. Long intercourse with mankind, familiarity with every species of danger, an ingenuity which no exertions of power or address could baffle, seemed written almost in legible characters upon his countenance.

His dress was singular, and arranged with an evident desire for effect. He wore on his head a small jockey cap made of blue cloth, trimmed with crimson, and turned up in front. His garments were formed so as to fit his person completely ; all of blue, with small plated buttons extending in a double row the whole length of his jacket. He was apparently unarmed, with the exception of a dirk, the sheath of which was plainly discernible in his bosom. Boots and spurs completed his equipment ; the appearance of which evidently denoted that he had ridden some distance.

The major looked at him a moment inquiringly, and motioned him to take a seat.

He sat down.

"Colonel Fairman requested me to call upon you with regard to some business which he said would require my agency in its transaction."

"Ah," said the major, "you are then the individual of whom he spoke to me to-day, and whose abilities, he informed me, were adequate to the performance of the most difficult service."

"Indeed ! he has been very flattering," and an indescribable expression flitted over his countenance.

"Your name, I understand, is Smith?"

"Smith—Tyrrell Smith—but more commonly known by the name of the Forest Wolf."

"You are bold of heart and firm of hand?"

"Bold! ha—ha! there lives not the man who dare say otherwise. If it be boldness to dare every form of death, then may I be called bold. I have stood on the last plank of a sinking ship, when the waves were roaring round us, and the blast was sweeping over the waters, and the shrieks of dying men were in my ears. I have stood on the field of battle when shot flew thick as hail, and one on my right hand and another on my left fell dead by me, spattering my clothes with the warm blood, which, but a moment before, circulated in their veins. For years an ignominious death has been staring me in the face, yet never has my heart quailed or mine eye shrunk from observation.

"Firm! I know not, perhaps, what you mean: but if by firmness you mean a resolution to pursue, in spite of every obstacle, the path marked out, then am I firm also. I had an enemy once. He had wronged, deeply wronged me. I vowed his death. I pursued him through every path of his career. I was by his side in his hours of merriment and revelry. I followed him from land to land. The hour of revenge at length came. I woke him from

his slumber, thundered in his ears my deadly hate, and plunged my weapon into his heart."

In the excitement of his narrative he had plucked his dirk from its sheath, and advanced towards Wilson, as if to strike.

"Hold! are you mad?"

"Mad!" and his countenance relaxed into a cold and sneering expression, truly demoniacal—"I had reason to go mad at the act which led to this scene of vengeance. Had it not been for him, I should now, in all probability, have been pleasantly spending my hours at my own fireside. He it was—or rather the fiendish act for which he suffered—that broke up all my plans of earthly happiness, and roused a spirit which has never been subdued. But the shades of evening are approaching—what is your business, major?"

"The utmost secrecy will be required."

"And think you I am a schoolboy, or a woman? I tell you there are things lodged in this bosom which the rack would vainly endeavour to extort from me. Do I not know secrets which, if even whispered in the forest, would find a tongue in every leaf to re-echo them, till the world should ring with them—secrets which would tear husband and wife, father and son, mother and daughter, from each

other's embrace; which would place the highborn and the honourable

‘In caverned dungeons.’

You need no gage but a knowledge of my character.”

“But I do not know it.”

“Ha! who does? Think you I am such an idiot as to lay my bosom bare, that he who runs may read? I have those around me who have been my companions for years, who have seen all my incomings and outgoings, and yet know as little of me as you do.”

“The affair is a hazardous one,” said the major.

“And think you I fear danger, so that the reward be equivalent. I have staked my life too often to hold it dear at this moment. I have won the wager too frequently to make me tremble now. I know that the hour of my destiny has not yet come. When it comes I shall be prepared to meet it.”

The major eyed him for a moment, in silence. His countenance seemed perfectly inanimate and inexpressive.

“I believe I must trust to your honesty and ability. If you succeed in the enterprise I have planned, the reward shall be ample. But beware—”

"Come, major—no threats. They are mere idle breath to me. I have waved the black flag in defiance, when a royal courser has been within pistol-shot of my keel; I have been under the ban of society since the year of my manhood; and against an armed world I have fought single-handed—I fear no threats, and I will hear none. Proceed, major."

"Do you know a beautiful and lovely girl?"

"I knew one once. Beautiful—I have seen those since whom they called beautiful—the flowers of kingly courts—the ornaments of princely palaces—but never have I seen one who would bear comparison with her. But why do I talk? She is dead—and—and—she is avenged."

"But she, of whom I speak, is living."

"Her name is—"

"Jeannette Fairman."

"I thought as much," said Smith, coolly and gravely. "Yes—she is pretty—quite pretty—not that I altogether admire light hair and blue eyes. But, however, every one to his taste."

"She is an angel."

"Agreed—you are evidently in love. And, ha—ha—ha! I am, forsooth, to be your confidant."

"You have guessed right," said the major; "I am in love with Miss Fairman, and would gladly relinquish every other hope in life to be united with her."

I have long, ardently, and perseveringly urged my suit : but in vain. I have been repulsed—rejected—scorned. I have prayed—I have entreated : but my prayers have been spurned—my entreaties disregarded.”

“ Well ! what of all this ? ”

“ What of it ? I cannot live without her, and will not. If entreaty will not persuade her to marry me, force shall accomplish it. It is upon your assistance I principally rely for success. Will you aid me ? ”

“ I will.”

“ Colonel Fairman will communicate to you the particulars of the plan for your consideration.”

“ So—so—but what is to be the reward ? recollect, it must be in gold.”

“ Two hundred guineas, if you succeed.”

“ Done,” said the bandit, as he rose to take his leave.

At this moment was heard the sound of several muskets discharged in rapid succession ; and, upon looking from the window, a man was seen at some distance, galloping rapidly away.

“ Death and damnation ! ” said the bandit ; “ what is the villain doing with my horse ? ”

In order to explain this part of the scene, it will be necessary to revert again to the occurrences of the former part of the day.

When Captain Harley had succeeded, by the bold and skilful manœuvres of his men, in making his escape from his captors, and after his small party had retreated until they supposed themselves out of the reach of pursuit, a halt was ordered, and a scout sent out to reconnoitre. He soon returned, with the intelligence that the British had turned about, and were pursuing their march.

"Thanks, my brave comrades," said Harley, "for your timely and efficient assistance."

"Your thanks are due to him only," said several of them, pointing to Wendall. "He it was who first gave us information of your danger."

"I found my brethren in arms all eager to follow me when apprized of your being taken," said Wendall.

"Thanks—thanks to all of you. But shall we suffer this band of vermin to return to their nests unscathed? Who knows their exact number and position?"

"There are about two hundred of them encamped near Newark."

"Ha! encamped, did you say? Who of you are willing to undertake the dangerous task of discovering their exact position, and the best plan of attacking them by surprise. Colonel Johnson, I understand, is at Woodbridge, with a considerable num-

ber of militia, and we may possibly have a chance of exchanging shots with them to some purpose."

"I am ready, for one," said Wendall.

"And I."

"And I."

"That will do," said the captain; "three will be sufficient. Be wary and vigilant, friends, and let us hear from you to-night. You will do well, likewise, to follow the party which has just left us, in order to see if they hold any communication with the rascally tories on their route."

The men instantly prepared to depart. As soon as they had emerged from the forest they held a consultation among themselves, as to the best mode of proceeding. It was agreed that they should separate at that point, and pursue different routes towards Newark; and that they should meet at a particular spot on the top of the hill in its rear, near the junction of the North and South Orange roads. Wendall took a central route, and the others were to make a wide sweep to the north and south. This course they thought would be most likely to ensure their personal safety, and at the same time it would allow them to reconnoitre all the movements of the retreating British force, by whatever road they might choose to return.

Wendall moved on, till he finally came within a

short distance of Wilson's corps. His perfect acquaintance with every part of the ground over which he was travelling, rendered it wholly unnecessary for him to pay any attention whatever to the roads. He knew the path over every morass, and the direction of every hill and streamlet.

The whole British detachment rendezvoused in front of Colonel Fairman's residence, and were again occupied in taking refreshments. Wendall threw himself upon the ground, under the shade of a handsome chestnut, and narrowly watched every movement. After a halt of about half an hour they were again formed, and proceeded on their march. The scout rose, primed his rifle afresh, and took a direct path over the country, towards Newark.

"Well, boys, we have met again," said Wendall, as he approached the appointed place of meeting, and saw his two comrades already on the ground.

"Ay, ay!" exclaimed the others; "what have you seen, Herbert?"

"The redcoats, carousing at Colonel Fairman's."

"Ah! the villain—we must fix his flint for him."

"Leave that to me," said Wendall.

"The soldiers have already marched by," said one.

"Yes," observed Wendall; "I should have been here sooner, if I had not been detained by meeting a crazy woman, who I suppose has escaped from

confinement; and from whose presence I could with difficulty escape, as she seemed determined to follow me. Till then I had kept in sight of the rascals."

"It is almost sunset, Herbert."

"It is," said Wendall; "and see how his golden beams gild every object with beauty. There is but one blot in the whole prospect, and that is yonder camp, which can be seen in the distance."

"It shall not be there long."

"It shall not, my friends. But look again to the north and to the south. This is our country, for which we fight. These are our homes, and the homes of our friends; to save which from pollution we are ready to brave hardships and privations—even death itself."

"All, all for freedom and our country."

"Yes," said Herbert; "for freedom. What a power is there in that single word. Whisper it in the ear of the tyrant, whose heart has been hardened by the daily contemplation of human misery, and see if he do not quiver like the aspen. To him it will seem a summons like the handwriting on the wall. Let its sacred sound be heard slowly passing over a nation wrapped in chains, and passive in subjection. Behold! how soon its operations will be manifest. There will be a rumbling and shaking

like the first movements of a volcano ; and anon will come the crash and the ruin of fallen thrones and broken sceptres. There is a magic spell in that word, at whose mention, like the sesame of fable, armies are raised and victories achieved."

He paused, and appeared for several minutes buried in contemplation: finally he turned to his companions, and observed—

"Comrades, for the furtherance of our object, which is to obtain the most minute information possible, in regard to the situation and appearance of the enemy, I propose the following plan. I will disguise myself, and enter into the very heart of their encampment, when I shall be able to make myself acquainted with every particular."

"No, no ! Herbert, you run too great a risk."

"Leave that consideration to me. I may, however, fail in the attempt. If I succeed I shall return hither within two hours. If I do not return within that period, consult your own judgment as to the course to be pursued."

The men, seeing that he was determined, acquiesced in the arrangement, and agreed to wait for him. He now threw aside his rifle, requesting one of them to take care of it, and commenced descending the hill. Nearly at the bottom there stood an old stone house, which, even to this day, may be

seen, near the commencement of Market-street, on the west. It was a square, two story building, of respectable dimensions and appearance, which seemed, however, to be totally unoccupied. Into this dwelling Wendall was distinctly seen to enter.

In a few minutes there emerged from the same house an individual who appeared to be far advanced in life. His frame, which had once undoubtedly been stalwart, seemed tottering and bent with age. His gray hairs escaped from beneath his hat, and were agitated by the breeze. A short crutch in his right hand served as a support to him in the progress of his steps, which were short and slow.

It will readily be understood that this was no other than our adventurer, who had arrayed himself in this disguise for the better prosecution of his object. He continued to advance very slowly, in support of his assumed character, through Washington-street, until he had reached the lower part of the town, and was out of the reach of observation, when relinquishing his slow and tottering gait, he rapidly advanced in an eastern direction. A very short time sufficed to bring him in the neighbourhood of the British, when he paused to consider the best mode of continuing his adventure.

"Good evening, friend," said he to one of the sentinels, as he approached the encampment from the road which leads towards the Old Ferry, again resuming his infirm and decrepit gait.

"Friend!—no friend," said the other, in a surly tone; "who are you? I warrant me, if you are too old to fight yourself, that you have a dozen sons in the rebel army."

"He—he! now," said the former, in a cracked and husky voice; "aint that 'ere funny, now, when I niver had a son or a darter in all my life."

"Well, where do you come from?" asked the soldier.

"I—hem—hem—went down to the meadows this mornin' to—hem—hem—oversee my workmen; and it was so pleasant that I thought 'twould do me good to walk home."

"Oh, that's all," said the other; "and how old do you call yourself, codger?"

"I am—hem—hem—more an seventy."

"Well, and don't you think it foolish, old man, at your time of life, with one foot as it were in the grave, to be cultivating farms, and scraping together money, as though your life and salvation depended upon it?"

"Anan?" said the old man.

"Poor fellow!" muttered the soldier; "his facul-

ties are clean gone; and yet he is bent on amassing wealth."

"Mayn't I go and see them 'ere things?" said the old man, while a childish curiosity glittered in his eye.

"Yes; go to the devil, if you please," said the sentinel, pursuing his walk.

The old man now hobbled along by the tents, surveying them intensely but covertly, and noticing particularly the situation of the ground and the thickest portions of the forest. Having spent some minutes in making the perambulation, he approached the small house, of which we have already spoken.

A sentinel paced in front of it. At a post near the door stood a horse, handsomely caparisoned. He was a beautiful animal of the Arabian breed, rather slightly made, but with an appearance of great speed.

"I will ride home," thought our adventurer.

He—he—hem! Them 'ere things are quite y, aint they?" said he to the sentinel.

"Not a very pleasant sight though to the rebels," returned the soldier.

"Ho! ho! what a beautiful beast! That's better nor Bill Ganton's great horse—he—hem—I hear so much talk on."

"Ay—ay! a handsome horse he is, indeed."

"What—hem—hem—are you guardin' this house for—eh?" said the old man.

"Ah! you want to know, do you? Well, the lower room is for the accommodation of our officers, belonging to the forty-second regiment; and the upper one is for the accommodation of the rascally rebels whom we take prisoners, till they can be removed to safer quarters.

"Hold, you old villain! What do you mean by loosening that horse?"

The old man, while the sentinel was speaking, had really unfastened the horse: at the last part of the speech he turned round—

"Villain—eh!—this is what I mean," said Wendall, dealing him a powerful blow with his crutch, which instantly prostrated him.

He leaped upon the horse and galloped off.

The soldier rose and shouted to some of his comrades, who were but a short distance from him, to fire. Several shots were immediately fired, but he was already out of reach of the muskets.

"Come on, comrades!" shouted Wendall, as he ascended the hill on a gallop; "all's right."

CHAPTER VIII.

Poor Ophelia,

Divided from herself and her fair judgment ;

Without the which we are pictures or mere beasts.

Hamlet.

THE morning of the third day since the British had left Paulus Hook was now arrived. The sun again rose bright and beautiful, and the same scene of loveliness saluted the eye.

The force which had been left at Newark the preceding day had not been idle. They had completely scoured the village and its environs, plundering the houses of the whigs, and committing every excess which an unlicensed and brutal soldiery may be supposed capable of performing. The little restraint exercised, or attempted to be exercised, by the British officers (generally a humane and honourable set of men) in these predatory expeditions, will hardly be credited. The soldiery were in the habit of dispersing themselves in small bands over the country, where they were

beyond all supervision, spending their hours in drinking and revelling, and exercising every species of cruelty towards the unoffending inhabitants. In no war, perhaps, of modern days has so little attention been paid to the precepts of common justice and humanity, enjoined by all civilized communities, as during the protracted struggle of the American colonies for their independence.

In all respects, indeed, the war of the revolution was a war of hardships and privations. From the skirmish at Lexington to the battle of Yorktown, for seven long years, the land was drenched in the blood of its children. From Canada in the north to the farthest confines of Georgia in the south—on every hill and in every valley—lay the bones of the dead bleaching and whitening.

Methinks the rays of the midday sun must have distilled from their mouldering forms a subtle influence, which filled the atmosphere, and invigorated their surviving brethren in arms, in the midst of losses and calamities, to renewed and yet more daring acts of bravery. For never did those heroic patriots who stood forth to save their country,

“From the worst of evils—slavery,”

falter in their course. Though poverty and famine stared them in the face—though want and beggary hovered over their ruined families—though the star of freedom which they worshipped shone dim, and seemed almost extinguished in the vapoury horizon—though a foreign foe lined nearly the whole extent of their seaboard, and threw the torch with desolating power far and wide over their land—yet they had buckled on their armour; they had girded the sword to their side; they had marched to the battle under a sworn pledge, and no disaster could overcome their firmness and resolution.

“To die as freemen—not to live as slaves,”

was their motto. They fought not for the phantom of military glory; they fought not in the pride of their strength and in the vigour of their manhood that their names might float down the tide of time linked with a victorious cause and a triumphant destiny. But they fought—the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich—with no support but the justice of their cause and the “Spirit of the Pilgrims.” They fought only for liberty and their country. But what they sought not, fame, in boundless measure, is theirs. When the names
- of Cæsar and Alexander shall have been forgotten,

those of Washington and his brave compatriots shall flourish in the freshness of youth and the splendour of an undying immortality.

Praise to the warriors who fought and who bled
In liberty's battles ! praise, praise to the dead !
Bind on the brows of the living, though hoary,
The chaplet of laurel they merit so well.
And sing to the dead a loud anthem of glory,
Loud—louder—yet louder its proud notes should swell.

But the “chaplet of laurel” will not support the “living” if poor and destitute.

True, reader ; and that many of them are so is a lamentable fact. Must they make their appeal to the generosity, nay, the justice of their country, in vain ? Why, Americans, do ye turn a deaf ear to the calls, the entreaties of that venerable band ? Why do ye refuse the small pittance they are willing to accept in lieu of their unpaid claims upon your country, the accumulated amount of which it is beyond your ability to discharge ?.

My country, wipe this foul stigma at once from thy glorious escutcheon.

The main object of the expedition was the supply of provisions for the post at Paulus Hook. A considerable quantity had already been obtained by plunder, and forwarded to that place. The com-

mander now resorted to the plan of purchasing. One of his aids received the temporary appointment of commissary. In the course of the day a large number of cattle were brought in droves to the camp and sold. This was done principally by the tories in the neighbourhood, who were in the habit of purchasing cattle at reduced prices, and selling them at a high advance to the enemy. From this cause it frequently happened that, while the American army was almost in a state of starvation, the British were rioting on the fat of the land.

The assistance rendered to the British by the tories, was, in fact, the principal cause of prolonging the great contest. If all America had been as one man in those days, short indeed would have been the sojourn of the English troops in our country. They would have been met at the very outset by an overwhelming force, which would have swept them from the land with the besom of destruction. But the large number who adhered to the cause of English usurpation materially diminished the resources of the country. Some of them were tories from principle; more from a belief that the power of England would render the struggle useless, and a consequent fear of her vengeance; still more, because their interests could be best subserved by remaining on that side which,

at least, had an equal prospect of ultimate success, and required no present sacrifices. These were the traitors who proved recreant in the hour of danger; who, when their country—the land of their birth—was bleeding at every pore, stabbed again and yet again, till the crimson stream filled her valleys and swelled her rivers. But they met their reward. In life they experienced contempt and ignominy—in death they left their names shrouded in forgetfulness, or consigned to infamy. May their memories be for ever linked with curses.

“Our supplies come in briskly, Williams,” observed Major Wilson.

“Ay, ay,” said the other; “in good number and well conditioned. The Yankees are not far behind Old England for good beef.”

“Less tender, I think.”

“Ay, and not so well flavoured. By heaven! it would be worth a man’s trouble to cross the Atlantic and visit Lancashire, for the sole purpose of tasting a sirloin of that noble breed. The very thought makes my mouth water at this distance.”

“Ha—ha! it will be some time, probably, before you will be able to gratify your taste.”

“No doubt. This rebel game of hide-and-go-seek will never end, I believe.”

"But," said the major, looking again at the cattle, "I do not think it will be advisable to march them over land to the Hook; it might not be altogether safe. Intelligence of our inroad may have been communicated to the American posts on the Hudson, and we might possibly be intercepted."

"What plan would you propose?" inquired the aid.

"Let a messenger be instantly despatched to the Hook, on a fleet horse, requesting that some five or six transports, which are now lying there idle, may this afternoon be sent up the Passaic. We will embark, I think, in the morning, and the vessels should be here this evening, in order that the cattle may be stowed away, and everything prepared. You will attend to this, Williams."

"Immediately, major."

"Inform Captain Barker that I wish to see him, as soon as possible, in my room," said Wilson, walking towards the guardhouse, while the other, in pursuance of his errand, moved towards a small band of men in front of the encampment.

Wilson entered his room, and walked up and down for several minutes in considerable agitation. "I dare not trust that fellow," he exclaimed, at length, "though I see no other resource. An open resort to violence would be hazardous in itself, and

would never be countenanced by my superior. The truth is, I am really in love. It is no attachment par amours. The beauty and softness of that girl have conquered me. I, who have triumphed so often, am at length enchained and taken captive. The deceit of language and manner which has so often succeeded, has now failed, when success would be most valued ; and Theodore Wilson, to gain his object, must resort to force.

"But to whom do I trust this treasure? to a pirate, a common robber! No, he is no common robber ; if he were, I might be content to use him as a tool. As it is, I know not but that my own servant may deceive me.

"I will see her once again, I will entreat, persuade, threaten ; if it be in vain, let the worst come."

Captain Barker entered—a bluff, jolly-looking soldier, with a frank, open countenance.

"Good morning, captain."

"Good morning, major—your most obedient."

"I have deemed it advisable to send for the transports," said Wilson, "as I think it will be the best and safest plan for our return."

"Ay, Bob Williams mentioned this arrangement to me. I entirely acquiesce with you in its propriety."

"I shall leave you in command during the remainder of the day," said the major, "as I have in view a private and somewhat hazardous adventure."

"Ah!" said Barker, "what do you mean?"

"I received a message from Colonel Fairman a short time since, in which he stated that he had recently discovered the rendezvous of a band of robbers, who are engaged in plundering the friends of the king. He states that the amount of booty which might be obtained is immense, and intimates a desire that some trusty person may be sent to him, as he is himself unable to ride to Newark. It is in furtherance of this design, to investigate the circumstances, and arrange matters for a future expedition, that I have determined on visiting him in disguise. By this means, I shall be better able to learn every particular necessary to success; and though the risk is considerable, I do not shrink from it. I shall return this evening. Meanwhile, if the vessels arrive, you will attend to the transportation of the supplies."

"Your wishes shall be attended to," said the captain. "May success attend you on your journey."

"Thank you," said the major, in a tone which ended the conversation, and Barker shortly left the room.

"Hoodwinked, by St. George," said Wilson, as

he watched his retreating footsteps ; “ and now for my adventure.”

Major Wilson soon discarded his regimentals, and attired himself in an ordinary citizen's dress, which completely disguised him. Few, who had been accustomed to see him arrayed in military coat and chapeau, would have recognised him in the coarse and homely garments in which he now appeared. He passed quickly through the town, as if desirous to shun observation. After ascending the hill, he glanced a moment over the surrounding country, and relying upon his knowledge of its surface, avoided the roads, and plunged into the wildest and most uncultivated portions of it. He threaded his way for several miles : now traversing a dense and thick forest ; now passing over a spot of open ground ; now ascending, and now descending. He at length, however, found his path obstructed by a morass of considerable extent. It was a low, boggy tract of land, filled with a growth of saplings, and clumps of alder and birch. To the south it stretched apparently as far as the eye could reach ; towards the north it appeared to be bounded in extent by a forest of considerable size. In this direction he bent his steps, although the object on which his eye was fixed, a mountain with whose situation he was familiar, seemed just before him. But he knew of no

path over the low ground which intervened. He had reached the head of the morass, and was rapidly passing through the forest of which we have spoken, when his attention and progress were both arrested by an object which suddenly appeared before him.

This was a female of a wild and haggard appearance. Her features evinced an acquaintance with suffering and privation. She could not have been more than twenty-five years of age, yet her skin was sallow and wrinkled, as from old age ; her hair was black, and fell loosely over her shoulders. There were still evident marks, however, in the contour of her form and features, that she had once been beautiful.

She was dressed in a singular and fantastical manner. She wore a frock of the purest white, which reached down to her feet, the lower part of which bore evident marks of her recent wanderings. A yellow shawl of beautiful texture was thrown over her shoulders, and around her bosom. Around her waist was a pink sash, tied in front, the ends of which hung nearly to the ground. Her head was entirely uncovered ; she had, however, decorated her hair with a garland of wild roses.

“Ha—ha!” said she, laughing in a shrill and piercing tone, as Wilson involuntarily started back. “Don’t be afraid—it is only me.”

"And who are you?" inquired Wilson.

She eyed him a moment, in a suspicious manner, and then sang, in a sweet tone—

"They called me blue-eyed Mary
When friends and fortune smiled.
But ah! how fortunes vary,
I now am sorrow's child."

Pretty—very pretty—aint it? ha—ha—ha!"

"Poor girl."

"Ah! you pity me. Well, I'll walk with you, and tell you all about my troubles," said she, putting her arm within his, and rather leading him than being led. The singularity of her appearance and actions, as well as her evident mental aberration, inspired Wilson with a considerable degree of interest in her situation.

"It's all from love," said she; and then, as if some early recollections occurred to her, she commenced singing, in a gay and lively manner—

"Oh Love, thou art a pretty boy,
And thou hast a pretty bow;
And in thy train come smiling Joy,
And Hope, and Mirth—heighho.
Thine arrows, too, are pretty, boy;
But, Love, thou wilt strike deep."

"Yes," said she, in a plaintive tone, which offered a striking contrast to her gay and merry notes—while she pressed her hand to her bosom—"Love strikes deep—into the very core of the heart—were you ever in love?" said she, turning to Wilson.

"In love—oh, yes," he stammered, confusedly.

"Poor fellow," said she; "perhaps you were successful, though, and happy."

Wilson remained silent.

"Well, I'll tell you my story. I had a lover once. He was taller and more slender than you are," continued she, eying him from head to foot; "and his complexion was fairer. His name was William—pretty—don't you think so?"

"Very," replied the major.

"Ha—ha! it was a funny idea; but if we had been married it would have been William and Mary again; and we might have mounted a throne, and reigned, as did the first William and Mary."

"You are rambling from your subject," said Wilson, fearful, from her manner, that she was about relapsing into a fit of raging insanity.

"Yes, yes! but the story is short. He pretended to love me with tenderness, and deceived me. He obtained possession of my affections, and ruined me. Oh! he was a false—false villain—yet I loved him—ha—ha! I loved him—though it is owing to him

that my form is wasted, and my beauty gone—for they called me beautiful, once.

“Since William married his present wife, he has kept me in confinement, and I have pined away ; but since I have got into the open air, and can see the glorious sky, and the bright sun, and the moon, and the stars, I feel better—much better.”

“This lover of yours must indeed be a villain,” said Wilson.

“Oh ! a sad villain ! yet I loved him ;” and she sang again—

“He has left me sad and weary,
He has left me broken-hearted.

“Broken-hearted—yes, I am broken-hearted—though I can laugh sometimes as free as ever. But what do you think,” said she, whispering in his ear ; “I sometimes fear my brain is a little turned, for I forget where I am, and then come strange thoughts and purposes in my mind. This morning I stood on the brow of a deep precipice, and something whispered me to throw myself into the gulf below.”

“You did well to banish the suggestion.”

“Well—well—do you think so ?” said she ; then glancing at her dress, and taking hold of her gown, she remarked, “White—white—it is an emblem of

virgin modesty—then why do I wear it, unhappy girl that I am? Do you think it proper for me to wear white, sir?”

“Why not?”

“Oh, none but the pure, and the beautiful, and the lovely, should be clad in white. That is my idea. They say the angels are dressed in white robes. I wonder if I shall ever be an angel, and play upon a harp of gold. Oh! I love music dearly, and could play and sing for ever. You haven’t looked at my shawl,” she continued, suddenly changing the subject; “it is yellow; and yellow, you know, is the colour of love. Why do I wear it? and this bunch of roses, too?” tearing them from her hair. “I know—I know—I am eighteen—just eighteen, and William is coming to see me. I am no more than eighteen, I assure you, sir, and I must go and open the parlour.”

“Poor girl—she is entirely crazed.”

“Crazy—oh no, sir. Crazy—what do you mean? Am I not here, dressed in white, with a beautiful yellow shawl, and a garland of roses? and is not William coming to-night? and when he comes, I shall be so glad—ha—ha—ha!”

“We now approach the highway. Come—have you no home to which I can convey you? You will perish in this forest.”

She looked at him as if misunderstanding him.

“Let me restore you to your friends.”

“Ha !” said she, in a bitter tone ; “you would betray me. I should have known there was nothing but deceit in man. Friends ! ha—ha—ha !” and by a sudden effort she disengaged herself, and rushed into the deepest recesses of the forest.

Wilson perceived it would be useless to pursue her. Regretting a fate so terrible, in one so young, he entered the road, and pursued his journey without any further interruption.

CHAPTER IX.

All things that we love and cherish,
Like ourselves must fade and perish ;
Such is our rude mortal lot—
Love itself would, did they not.

SHELLEY.

THE funeral of Mrs. Fairman was numerously attended. A large concourse of the respectable farmers and mechanics of that region, many of whom had been personal friends of Judge Fairman, with their families, filled the rooms of the mansion of mourning. The hospitalities of the deceased had often been shared by the most of them, and they now embraced the sad opportunity of paying their last respects to her mortal remains.

There is something very interesting in the conducting of a funeral in the country. The deep solemnity imprinted upon every countenance shows that the spectators realize the nature of the occasion which has called them together. There

is none of the noise and the bustle of the city to distract the attention, or to prevent any part of the service from exercising its appropriate influence. The collection, too, is composed of friends and neighbours who have mixed together for years in all the social relations of life. One of a limited circle has left them. The virtues—the whole character of the deceased rises before them. Their memories are taxed with the recollection of many bygone hours of pleasurable intercourse; and they sigh, perhaps, over the conviction that a good parent, a kind neighbour, and an obliging friend, has left them for ever.

And then, there is the humble, and silent, and solemn procession to the tomb. It is not an exhibition of the wealth of the individual, but of the affection of his fellow-citizens. There are no carriages hired and decorated. There is no parade, no ostentation of mourning. The tears which are shed are from the fountain of the heart.

The procession enters the graveyard. The eye looks round in vain for monuments of marble and wordy inscriptions. A few plain slabs mark the names and ages of those who repose beneath. Their virtues have found a mausoleum in the hearts of their friends and children, more lasting

and durable than the works of the chisel. "The good things which men do, live after them."

Captain Harley and Jeannette Fairman officiated as chief mourners upon this occasion. Colonel Fairman had excused himself from attending the funeral on the plea of indisposition.

From the earliest period of his recollection, Harley had been taught to consider the deceased as a second parent, and he now recalled to mind her many acts of kindness to him. Jeannette beheld the mound raised over the coffin of her mother with feelings which beggar description. Now, indeed, the solitude and loneliness of her condition burst upon her. An orphan in a world of selfishness and wretchedness.

There are no ties, no affections more endearing than those of children to their parents. Father! mother! these are the first objects who appear before them on the stage of life; they experience from year to year, as they pass from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, their most unbounded kindness. From them are derived their being, their habits, their very thoughts. No wonder, then, that the dissolution of such relations should tear asunder the inmost fibres of the heart.

The most abandoned of the human race—those

whose days and nights are spent in the perpetration of crime and the practice of vice—are not insensible to these natural affections. He whose heart has been seared by the commission of a thousand enormities; whose hand is against every man, and every man's hand against him; who has heard unmoved the last shriek of a dying victim; even he will shed a tear from the long-dried fount of feeling, as he gazes upon the grave of a parent. There are ties which no villany can utterly annihilate; feelings which cannot always be restrained; for they are interwoven in the very frame and texture of the mind; and while the one exists, the other must occasionally operate.

Oh! the holiness and the blessedness of filial affection! The exercise of it is ennobling to the mind. It prepares—it enlarges those principles of general benevolence which render man a social creature. It operates as an incentive to noble actions; for it not only regards the approbation of self, but also the approbation of those who have been our protectors in infancy, our instructors in youth, our advisers and most disinterested friends in manhood.

Harley and Jeannette returned silently and thoughtfully to the deserted mansion. Jeannette, as she surveyed the room, and beheld the chair so

long occupied by her invalid mother, burst into tears.

"Do not cry, Miss Jenny," said our old friend Cato, in a blubbing tone; "de minister say dat missis be gone to heben."

"I hope so—I know it," sobbed Jeannette.

"Well! and be not dat better dan to be sick and sorrowful as she was year after year? In heben dere be no sickness or suffering."

"True, Cato; and in heaven, in the midst of unspeakable and eternal happiness, I trust that both my parents now exist. Their example and their virtues will protect me in the wearisome path of life."

Cato left the room, and Harley, approaching her, whispered, "Would to God I might be your protector through life, Jeannette; and that our destinies might soon be united for ever."

Miss Fairman coloured slightly, and replied, "This is not a period, Edmund, for me to listen to, or for you to propose, such considerations as these."

"It is, Jeannette—a proper, the most proper period. It is manly—it is right—it is our duty to feel, and feel deeply the loss of a parent; but it is neither right nor proper to yield up to unavailing grief. We have duties to perform in the

world involving the welfare and happiness of others, which may not innocently be neglected." He paused.

"Proceed, Edmund," she said, in a low tone ;
"I will not argue with you."

"I trust that I can estimate the depth and the sincerity of your filial affection, Miss Fairman, and the void which such a loss must have occasioned. I, too, have experienced a loss. Your mother was to me as a mother, and I have regarded her with the affection of a son."

"She has—we all have experienced your kind attentions ; and not the least, on my own behalf is your attendance this day at my mother's funeral."

"It was a solemn duty to be performed, and I hesitated not to sacrifice to it all mere ordinary duties. But I am now intrenching upon the time which should be dedicated to my country. I am one of her sworn champions, and there is active service to be performed. Even now my gallant Rangers are collecting in the vicinity of Springfield."

"Must you then depart immediately ?"

"I must, Jeannette, or—or be a traitor to my country's claims. But still there is one subject to which my inclination and feelings urge me to revert. I love you—ardently love you. Your

happiness is to me dear as my own. How, then, can I leave you unprotected, almost alone in this solitary mansion, remote as it is from any habitation, and subject as it appears to the visitation of a brutal enemy?

"Jeannette, let me assume a title nearer and dearer than that of friend or brother—which shall enable me with more propriety to place you in a safe and pleasant retreat, that I may be able to watch over you more constantly and affectionately. Accept, beloved girl, a heart which is wholly devoted to your happiness; a hand whose energies shall be exerted always for your security and protection."

"At such a moment; and upon such an occasion, Edmund, it would be foolish for me to disguise my feelings or trifle with yours. That I esteem you more than any other living friend is certain; for you have indeed been to me as a brother. Any other relation," continued she, blushing deeply, "cannot, for the present, at least, subsist between us."

"What obstacle is interposed, my dear Jeannette?"

"Several years ago my mother requested of me a solemn promise, which I unhesitatingly granted. It was to the effect that I would entertain no pro-

posal of marriage previous to the attainment of my nineteenth birthday."

"And you gave this promise?"

"I did; it is now registered in heaven. She proposed at some future time to explain to me the reasons which she had for desiring me to make so solemn a declaration upon such a subject. She hinted once that there were some family arrangements, which required till that period to be carried into effect; but I never had a distinct understanding of the matter. Whatever may have been the cause of the requirement, the promise has been given, and will be sacredly observed."

"And have you never regretted this promise, Jeannette?"

"Never—till now, perhaps," said she, blushing.

Harley imprinted a kiss upon the hand he held in his.

"It may be," said he, in a low tone, "that while I am absent in the discharge of the duties devolving upon me, and required by my station, that you will yield your affections to some other suitor, and blast my hopes for ever. The poet says—

'Absence is the tomb of love.'

"Do not accuse or suspect me of coquetry, Edmund. I have, perhaps, unmaidenly avowed my

affection, and declared the difficulties of my situation; do not pain me by expressing doubts of the reality of what I utter. I will go still further, and solemnly promise never to marry till my vow releases me, and never to marry any but him who has so warmly declared me worthy of his love, and offered himself so freely at my disposal."

"My own—my own betrothed! with this blessed avowal as the anchor of my hope, I can go forth to my duties without fear or dread. But, Jeannette, will you continue to reside here in this retired and lonesome place? I cannot but fear the occurrence of some disaster. The banditti who occasionally appear in this part of the country may choose your residence as their next scene of pillage."

"The retirement of which you speak is one of the securities of this situation. I have little to allure hither any of the robbers of whose depredations I have heard; besides, their attacks appear to be entirely directed against the active whigs throughout the country. But whither would you advise me to go, Edmund? to my uncle's, Colonel Fairman's?"

"Not for the world, Jeannette. He is in all respects a base and unprincipled man; an undoubted tory, a cruel husband, a libertine, and a profligate.

You appear to be shocked; but I can assure you of the truth of what I say."

"I have heard that his conduct to his wife is very unkind."

"He abuses her shamefully," said Harley; "and, were there no other reason, this alone, I think, should, be sufficient to prevent you from visiting his house. Her health is evidently suffering under his vile treatment, though she is never heard to utter a complaint."

"Poor Louisa! her fate is indeed pitiable."

"But," observed Harley, after a moment's pause, "there is a cousin of your father's living at Morristown, a maiden of forty, whom I recollect of having seen here occasionally. Why could you not spend the winter with her, instead of lingering it out in this place?"

"Certainly, if you think it preferable," said Miss Fairman; "there will be some inconvenience, however, in leaving it unoccupied."

"Oh, none at all, in comparison with your security. I will send a messenger to Morristown immediately to acquaint Miss Granger with your wish, and I doubt not of receiving a favourable answer. To-morrow I shall be unavoidably engaged, but on the succeeding day I shall be happy to accompany you to her residence."

Cato entered the room.

"A soger on horseback want to speak wid Captain Harley."

"Ah ! one of my men—tell him to walk in."

A soldier in a blue uniform presently entered the room.

"Well, Robert, what news?" inquired Harley.

"The Rangers have assembled at Springfield, and Lieutenant Campbell requested me to ride here, and inform you they were ready to march."

"Has Wendall returned from Rahway?"

"He arrived the moment before I started."

"I will be ready to go with you in a moment, Robert. See that my horse is saddled."

The soldier bowed acquiescence, and left the room.

"Farewell, my dear Jeannette," said Harley, pressing her to his bosom, and imprinting a kiss upon her blushing cheek ; "farewell, till we meet again, which I trust will be soon."

"Be prudent, for my sake, Edmund," said she, "and let not your bravery urge you on to rash enterprises."

Harley waved his hand, and rode swiftly away in company with the soldier.

CHAPTER X.

I tell thee once again, I love thee not.

BEAUMONT *and* FLETCHER.

THE garden adjoining the mansion of the late Judge Fairman, was laid out in a neat and elegant manner. The long and spacious walks, bordered with boxwood handsomely trimmed ; the fruit trees, whose branches were loaded with their delightful products ; the various plants, both native and exotic, whose brilliant colours and fragrant smell charmed the senses—all combined to give an exalted idea of the taste which designed and executed their happy arrangement. At the farther extremity of the garden was a handsome summerhouse, of open trellis work, completely shaded by a large and beautiful honeysuckle, which threw its branches in every direction.

To this arbour Jeannette had retired, after the departure of Captain Harley. It was one of the places which she loved to visit—quiet, retired,

romantic. It was there that she could, without interruption, indulge in the dreams of imagination, and give herself up to serious and sacred reflections.

She had probably been occupied in this manner nearly an hour, when a slight rustling was heard without, and a stranger presently entered the summerhouse.

She would immediately have left the harbour, but he placed himself before her, and spake in a sad tone—

“Hear me but a moment, Miss Fairman ; I swear to you that you shall receive no injury from me. Do you not know me ?” he continued, observing that she appeared surprised and terrified. “Look now,” said he, removing an old slouched hat which had before partially covered his features.

She recognised him, and exclaimed, “Major Wilson—unkind, unfeeling man !”

“No, Miss Fairman, you have mistaken me. It is only because I love with a depth, an ardour which those only can estimate who have experienced it to an equal degree, that I am now here. I came once with a warlike band, in the avowed pursuit of my duty—in the array of a British officer, and with a force capable of sustaining my every movement : I come now, unarmed, and alone, with capture and imprisonment staring me in the face,

to ask your forgiveness—to implore your pity—to entreat your love.”

“Why do you press this subject upon me?” said Jeannette: “more than once have I declined your proffers, and rejected your urgent solicitations.”

“Why do I press it? Ask the drowning man why he catches at the straws which float over him, when the waters gurgle in his throat and thunder in his ears! Ask the affrighted victim of the murderer why he pleads for mercy when the knife is raised over him, which was never raised in vain, and the arm which never yet failed is nerved to the blow! Is there not in the path of the most hopeless a glimmering of light, never totally extinguished?”

“I see not the pertinence of your remarks, sir, and am desirous to conclude this interview.”

“I cannot relinquish you, Miss Fairman. I cannot tear away from my heart the only hope which renders existence desirable. With you, the world, with all its imperfections, would indeed be a paradise; without you, it is a hell.”

“Major Wilson, you must excuse me. It is highly improper that I should listen to such language.”

“Nay, hear me, Jeannette; I will sacrifice all for you. I am here unarmed, and free from military trappings. Say but the word, and I return no

more to my regiment; they may post me as a deserter, brand me as a coward, condemn me as a traitor. Say but the word, and I will even enter the rebel army; I will fight against my country and my countrymen. Your people shall be my people, and your God, my God.

“What may I not accomplish in their behalf, with your name as my watchword in the hour of battle, and your approbation as the meed of success. I will win for myself a name and a fame among your own ranks, and feel that for all this I am dearly paid by your smile.”

“It is in vain,” said Jeannette. “I know not if you are sincere; but whether sincere or not, the dream is an idle one, and can never be fulfilled.”

“Never! that is a hard word;” then speaking energetically; “hear me once again, Miss Fairman; I have wealth in my own land, which will support us in the style of the titled ones of the earth; I have rank in reversion, which shall place you among the proudest. Consent to be mine, and all this is at your disposal. We will reside in the sunny plains of France, and visit together the lovely regions of Italy. With a kingly fortune at your disposal, what benefits may not your exalted benevolence confer on suffering humanity!”

“Tempt me not by these dreams of wealth and

power. Far preferable to me is poverty with contentment, to wealth with misery."

"The world think not so, Jeannette. With them money is everything; and he who is destitute of it is regarded neither with respect nor esteem."

"I am not one of those. It is not to such extrinsic advantages that I yield my affection or my esteem. It is to nobleness of heart, kindness of disposition, benevolence of manners, that I accord true respect. Titled vice, the pride of wealth, only excite in my mind feelings of contempt and scorn."

"You cannot intend this last remark for me," said Wilson, in a piqued tone; "my affection, though pure and fervent, is not capable of withstanding the withering influence of contempt."

"My remarks were not personal, nor did I intend them to have a personal application. I am not aware, however, that it is consistent with the character of a gentleman to persist in urging a suit which he knows to be disagreeable, and which can never be complied with."

"Miss Fairman, this is my final visit. It is not for Theodore Wilson to demean himself so basely. In every honourable method I have

sought to win you to my arms. You have rejected, refused, scorned me."

"I scorn only the vile."

"Be it so. I am vile, then! But you know not whom you have attempted to thwart. You have thrown obstacles in the way of one who has never yet yielded a purpose of his heart to the interference of heaven or hell."

"Blasphemous wretch!"

"Ay—ay! I warrant me you can drivel like a priest, if need be. Miss Fairman, I have trifled too long. Your acceptance might indeed have rendered me an altered man; but since you have finally refused me, it is meet that you should know me. I have said that I will never visit you again, and I have uttered my firm intention. But you are within the compass of my toils, and you cannot escape. Though you hide yourself in the bowels of the earth, there are plans at work which shall bring you within my power. Ha—ha! who will be the suitor, then?"

"And you are the man—you who can utter such intentions and entertain such sentiments, with whom I was to spend a happy and desirable existence: you, than whom the tiger is more merciful—the scorpion more harmless!"

"Scoff on, your reproaches are like the idle

wind. The time is coming when they will be changed into caresses !”

“Never ! never !” said Jeannette, proudly.

“Look at the alternative. You will be within my power. If, then, you do not consent to my wishes, you shall be a thing to be despised and hooted at. You shall drag out an existence, to which the misery of devils would be comparative comfort.”

“You do well to insult—to threaten a female. This is worthy of a man, of a soldier. But I despise your threats. You indeed are in my power. A single word from me would place in hazard your liberty and life.”

“Ha ! it is so—by the gods !—but,” said he, drawing a pistol from his pocket, “it would also hazard that of another, even were it your minion Harley. By Heaven ! in my present mood it were not well that I should meet him, for I doubt not, it is to him mainly that I owe my present disappointment. The quarrel should be for life or death.”

“Death ! Dare you talk of death ? a braggart in crime ; an open contemner of right. Fear you no retribution ?”

“Retribution ! ha—ha ! It is the scarecrow which knaves use to keep fools in order. I have

had a sufficient acquaintance with real danger to know how to despise the dreams of superstition, or the vagaries of fanaticism."

"Farewell, Jeannette ; we shall meet again."

"Never ! I trust," muttered the shocked girl.

Wilson walked on in no enviable mood. He was dissatisfied with himself—with the whole world. He looked within—every man must occasionally contemplate his own motives and character. The business of self-examination may be deferred, but some unbidden hour will at last come, brought, perhaps, by the stillness of midnight, the decease of a beloved friend, or the workings of a remorseful conscience, which will disclose to the mind the character of its purposes and feelings. On the present occasion, the retrospect was full of bitterness. He felt that his talents had been prostituted to vile purposes ; that his wealth had only sunk him deeper in iniquity ; that his rank had only made him conspicuous in crime. But with the true hardihood of his fallen prototype, he determined to persevere, and he now eagerly thought of every circumstance necessary to success.

When he had aroused from his long fit of rev-
ery, he found himself on a hill, of which he had no
recollection. He glanced over the face of the

country, but saw no object with which he was familiar. He had evidently in some way diverged from the route which he should have pursued. The sun, however, still shone brightly in the west ; and he was aware that by travelling in the opposite direction he must eventually succeed in reaching Newark, or some vicinity with which he was acquainted.

He now addressed himself to his journey with renewed ardour, for it was all-important that he should find out his situation before the shades of evening rendered it impossible to distinguish distant objects. He had entered one of those forests which covered a very considerable portion of the country, and had pursued a small path which traversed it for some minutes, when he heard the noise of steps behind him. He turned hastily round, and was surprised to behold within six yards of him a large and terrific animal.

It was a panther. Though at the present period this species of animal is entirely unknown in this region, a stray individual, who had wandered hither from the back country, was then occasionally observed. Such an event immediately called out the whole band of hunters in that vicinity, and the sport was kept up day after day, till the worried animal was taken and destroyed.

Wilson instantly perceived that it would be in vain to endeavour to retreat from the wary foe; the bright glare of whose eyeballs almost blinded him. For a moment he felt his blood stagnating, as it were, in his heart, and his eye grew dim, and his brain dizzy. He recovered, however, as the animal paused a moment, uttered a low growl, and prepared to leap upon him. Placing himself on his hind feet, and stretching out his paws, as if to strike, he sprang towards him. The major jumped aside in time to elude his enemy, drew a pistol from his pocket and fired, but without effect. The panther now became furious, and darted upon him like lightning. The discharge of another pistol stunned him for a moment, but it was soon evident that the wound was not mortal, by his rapid recovery from the shock. A deep and short growl evinced his determination not to relinquish his prey. Wilson now turned to fly, but his limbs failed him—his breath grew short—he felt the warm breath of the enraged animal: in another moment he would have been a victim.

A moment like this is terrible indeed—worse, perhaps, in the anticipation than the reality—when an inevitable and horrid death is staring us in the face. He who has experienced it will never forget the sensation—not simply of pain—not merely of severe

mental suffering—but approaching to the extreme of human agony.

The short, sudden crack of a rifle sounded in his ear ; and the next moment Wilson perceived, upon looking round, the panther lying dead at his feet—his eyeballs still, however, apparently fixed upon him in glaring and unsoftened enmity—and a man approaching him with a rifle in his hand, which he was carelessly loading. His dress—his manner—it was Herbert Wendall.

“ You have preserved my life,” said the major, as soon as he was sufficiently recovered fully to appreciate his situation ; “ and I am unable to express, in adequate terms, my heartfelt gratitude.”

“ No matter,” said the other, in a careless and blunt tone, as he idly kicked the head of the animal ; “ he’s a famous creature, though, on my soul.”

“ To whom am I indebted for preservation from his destructive teeth ?” inquired Major Wilson.

“ My name—but names are nothing. To a patriot and a soldier.”

“ Accept this,” said the major, offering a well-filled purse, “ as a slight testimony of regard for the service rendered to a stranger.”

“ Gold !” said Wendall, taking the purse, and tossing it carelessly from one hand to the other. “ This then is the treasure for which men are content to

toil—to fight—to steal—to die. For this, they will sacrifice the holiest feelings of humanity, and sink themselves to a level with the beasts of the field. For this, the slave ship tracks the raging ocean ; for this, the miser endures an earthly purgatory ; for this, the traitor will conspire against the land of his birth, and the holy cause of freedom. No !” throwing it back to Wilson, scornfully, “ I ask no reward—I will accept none.”

“ Noble-minded man—how shall I return the obligation under which you have laid me ?”

“ Speak not of it,” said Wendall. “ I believe, however, I must have a trophy of this day’s action,” he continued, as with his large knife he severed the ears from the lifeless animal, and fastened them to his rifle.

“ I have yet another favour to ask of you,” said the major ; “ I reside some distance in the interior, and am travelling to Newark, where I have a brother, who is very sick. Arriving at Hanover this morning, I heard of the British inroad, and fearful that I might meet a party of the enemy if I pursued my journey on horseback, I left my steed there, and continued my advance on foot. I was once well acquainted with this whole country, having resided here when a boy ; and I determined on pursuing a direct and solitary route. In some way, however,

I have lost sight of all my old landmarks, and am now entirely ignorant of my situation."

"You have diverged considerably from the direct route from Hanover to Newark," observed Wendall; "but I am going to the latter place, and we will jog on together."

"With the greatest pleasure," said the other.

They now resumed their walk through the forest, and proceeded some distance in silence. The sun still threw his declining lustre upon the surrounding objects, though their shadows evidently lengthened every moment. The conversation again commenced.

"It is some time, I believe," said the major, "since an animal of this description has been seen in these parts."

"They appear very seldom," said Wendall; "I recollect but three or four since I was a youngster. This wood, however, is a very appropriate spot for their residence, if popular opinion be correct."

"How so?"

"Have you heard of the Forest Wolf?"

"What, the celebrated robber, to whom that title has been applied? His depredations have extended even unto my neighbourhood."

"Yes—I do mean him. He is a most singular character; and he is supposed to have a rendezvous

somewhere in this forest. By Heaven! it were not well for him that it should be discovered."

"Do you know anything of the history of this man?"

"Nothing that can be depended upon. He was not heard of until after the passage of the British through the Jerseys, in '77. Nor is anything personally known of him. He is, however, undoubtedly in league with some of the tories in the neighbourhood, who are advised of all his movements."

"How numerous is his band?"

"It is not exactly known. Many of them have been picked up by him in his travels, for he is known to spend but little time in this vicinity. Some desperate characters, whose crimes had rendered them universally shunned and despised by all parties, are also said to have joined his marauding crew. His expeditions, however, are all undertaken at midnight; and there is consequently little opportunity to gain information with regard to number or persons."

"Has his person been described?"

"It is said to be small; rather under the middling size; but he is uncommonly muscular and active."

"What appear to be his objects in the course which he pursues? anything besides plunder?"

"I am not aware that he has any other object."

He is said to have a particular desire for gold. If so," he continued, smiling, "it would be dangerous for you to fall into his hands."

"Ha!" said Wilson, as a suspicion of his companion involuntarily flashed across his mind. He now surveyed him with particular attention, but there was nothing in his appearance or manner to confirm his suspicion.

"True or false," thought the major, "I have nothing to fear from him, and, perchance, I am better acquainted with the Forest Wolf than he is."

They now emerged from the forest, and entered upon a tract of cleared ground.

"Ha!" said Wendall, as he gazed towards the west, and observed a small cloud, which already partially obscured the brilliancy of the setting sun, "I would there were some place of shelter near, for we shall need it."

"What mean you?" asked his companion.

"Look at yon cloud," said the other, directing his attention towards it; "I mistake much if it be not a volcano of the sky; and if my weather wisdom do not deceive me, we shall ere long experience its fury."

The breeze was already sensibly increased, and the cloud evidently gathered size and blackness. Like the giant in the Arabian Nights, who was

enclosed in a ball of brass, the mass appeared to extend in all directions from one central point, gradually assuming form and shape. It continued to advance upward, with a defined margin, which was brilliantly coloured by the sun, whose disk, however, was completely hidden from the eye. The travellers now paused under the shelter of an oak, whose mighty branches stretched far and wide, and the thickness of whose foliage promised shelter from the rain, and seemed to wait patiently the coming of the storm.

The sky was now rapidly darkened. Night appeared to have set in at once. The tops of the trees appeared to be agitated by the wind, and anon there came a blast which swept with desolating force over the face of nature. For a moment nothing could be heard but the crash of falling branches and broken trunks. The air seemed animate with the leaves and other light substances which were whirled and tossed about in its furious agitation.

For a moment the wind was hushed. The oak beneath which the travellers stood had borne uninjured the terrific blast. It still reared its head proudly as ever, and seemed to defy the elements.

The heavens were now black, with the exception of a small spot in the east. A low, rumbling

sound of thunder announced the gathering of the mighty forces of the upper sphere. A sharp flash—a loud, sudden report—and then came the pattering of the large drops of rain upon the thick leaves. Flash succeeded flash; one long and continued roar appeared to jar the whole earth; and the rain poured in torrents.

“It is unsafe to remain here longer,” said the major, as a sapling about ten yards from them was split in pieces by a sudden stroke. “I have heard that the open ground is the safest in a thunder shower; and the water now flows so fast through the interstices of the leaves, that we shall no longer experience even protection from the rain.”

“I agree with you,” said Herbert; “it was foolhardy to remain here thus long. I will place my rifle within this hollow, and follow you to yonder eminence.”

The shower had now momentarily ceased; but they had scarcely reached the eminence alluded to, ere it again came on with redoubled fury. The sky was red with fire; the roar was incessant, and the wind again blew with a power which hardly suffered them to retain their foothold. Again there was heard the music of the hurricane through the forest; the crashing of the broken and uprooted trees.

Suddenly a bright and luminous glare appeared in the sky. It seemed as though the heavens were divided in twain, and as if a supernatural brilliancy darted through the magic opening. A deafening report instantly succeeded, which shook the ground as if it were the bursting of some tremendous earthquake; in the midst of which could be distinctly heard, as if contending for the mastery, the quick piercing crack of a rifle.

The travellers looked around as soon as their eyes had recovered from the momentary blindness which came over them. The immense oak under which they had at first taken shelter was a blighted and a broken thing, cumbering the ground.

CHAPTER XI.

I know him for a man of mettle.
Neither hairbrained nor captious like to some,
But full of valorous bearing.

Pomona.

THE clouds passed away as rapidly as they had risen, and the full moon appeared in the east, shedding brightness and beauty over a spot which had so recently been the scene of elemental conflict.

It is pleasant on a moonlight evening to roam among the sequestered scenes of nature. There is a calmness and a purity in the silvery lustre of that glorious orb, which tranquillizes the heart and banishes all those harassing passions which distract the soul. The mind turns with delight from the bustle of society, the din and the tumult of the world, to the contemplation of the high and mysterious things of the universe. Who has gazed upon the imperial queen of night surrounded by her galaxy of minor lights,

“The spangled heavens—a shining frame,”

without unconsciously desiring that the material

•fettters of the soul were broken, so that it might roam in freedom unrestrained through the boundless confines of the upper world. There is beauty and grandeur in the favoured spots of our own insignificant globe ; but who can imagine the super-added splendours of those shining spheres, where sin and sorrow are perhaps unknown, and where the blighting influence of the Creator's curse has cast no spell over the unshackled energies of nature.

It is pleasant to walk beneath a canopy of shadowy trees, when the moonbeams are playing among the foliage. There is an indistinctness in the prospect which favours the thick-coming dreams of the imagination. The fancy loves at such an hour to fill up the airy void with beings of its own creation. Then there dances a fairy on every leaf which moves with the night breeze. The sighing of the branches at a distance is the music of the mountain nymphs. And, ever and anon, as the breeze freshens, and the murmurings and rustlings increase, we fancy there is contention, and wrath, and the storm of battle among the unsubstantial beings around us.

“ There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy.”

"God be praised ! we have met a narrow escape," said Wendall, as the travellers looked behind them, and saw in the distance, in dim perspective, the remains of the fallen oak.

"Narrow, indeed," said the major ; " a moment longer, and we should have been annihilated."

"I have to lament the loss of my rifle," observed Wendall ; " the stock was torn from the barrel, and shattered in a thousand pieces. It has done good service, and I am sorry to part thus with an old friend."

"I never witnessed a more severe shower, nor a more terrible concussion of the elements."

"Nor I, but upon one occasion, and that was in the days of my boyhood. But let me examine our situation." He paused, and looked around for several minutes, as if debating in his own mind the course to be pursued.

"Ay, ay ! I have it. We must cross yon strip of forest, and a short walk will bring us upon the highway leading through Camptown to Newark."

They accordingly now pursued the direction pointed out—Wendall leading the way, and Wilson following closely in his rear. They had arrived within a few paces of the forest alluded to in perfect silence.

Wendall now spoke.

“What may your brother’s name be? I am acquainted with almost every individual in Newark; and perhaps know something of your family.”

He looked round, and observed that the other hesitated, and appeared confused; he now surveyed him more attentively, and thought he had an indistinct recollection of having seen him before. Just at this moment the branch of a chestnut caught the hat of the surprised officer, and exposed his countenance to the withering glance of Wendall.

“Ha! Major Wilson!” he exclaimed, while his eyes shot fire.

“You have the advantage of me,” said Wilson, perceiving that it was useless to attempt concealment, and resolving to treat the affair as coolly as possible. “I have not the honour of being acquainted with you, nor do I recognise your countenance.”

“You will have an opportunity of cultivating my acquaintance before we part,” said Wendall, in a sneering manner.

“What mean you by that, sir? If you know me, recollect that you speak to a British officer.”

“I do know you,” said Herbert, calmly, “as one of the scourges of this country; as one whose appearance is attended with weeping and lamentation. I know you as a foe to the liberties of this country;

and," continued he, in a stern manner, and with a look of determination, "you return not to Newark this evening."

"That will depend upon the will of the strongest," said Wilson, stepping back a few paces.

"Be it so," said the other, drawing a pistol, and presenting it. "Surrender yourself a prisoner to one of Harley's Rangers."

"Harley's devils," said the major, seizing the pistol, and by a sudden jerk wrenching it from the hand of his opponent; at the same time closing with him, and endeavouring, by a powerful effort, to throw him to the ground.

"Ha! is that your game?" said Wendall, seizing him as one would a child, and prostrating him with scarcely an apparent exertion: then placing his knee upon his breast, and brandishing his knife, he exclaimed—

"Surrender! or—"

"Part the fools!" shouted a deep, sullen voice from the wood; "we can save them the trouble of cutting each other's throats."

Half a dozen men instantly rushed from the forest, and seized the two combatants before either of them could assume a posture of defence. Wendall was soon disarmed, notwithstanding the most violent exertions, and held in durance.

The leader now advanced. He was a tall, rufian-looking man, with an enormous pair of whiskers, and a countenance that unhesitatingly bespoke the hardened villain.

"Why, my masters," he exclaimed, "ye have chosen a bright moon and a retired spot for your private tourney."

Neither of them returned an answer.

"Blindfold the villains," he continued, speaking to his men; "and let us hasten on our return. This cursed shower has delayed us."

A handkerchief was soon fastened over the eyes of each of the prisoners. A man on each side attended them, taking hold of their arms, and assisting them in the rapid march which they now commenced through the forest. They advanced in this manner, with unabated speed, for more than half an hour, during which period not a word was spoken by any of the party. Sometimes the prisoners could perceive, by the freshness of the air and the tread of the grass, that they had left the wood, and were traversing the open ground. They at length entered another forest, and proceeded a short distance.

"Hist!" said the leader, in an under tone.

The whole party paused, and now advanced, apparently with great caution, towards a low thicket,

which seemed almost impassable. One of the men thrust aside a heap of dried brush, which disclosed an entrance into the entangled copse.

"Stoop!" said one of the conductors to the prisoners, as they entered the passage. They proceeded several yards in this half-bent posture, and again paused. Some loose brush was again thrown aside, disclosing a trapdoor, which was now carefully raised.

"Friends!" said the leader, in a low tone, as if speaking to some person beneath the surface; and the whole party descended by three or four wooden steps into a large cave.

The handkerchiefs were now removed from the eyes of the prisoners; and they eagerly surveyed the scene before them.

The cave presented a coarse, irregular appearance on two of its sides, which seemed to retain their natural form. The other sides appeared to have been excavated, and built up with rough stonework. They were evidently intended as partitions, for there was a small door in the centre of each; one of which stood ajar, and the other was fastened by an oaken bar, which stretched across it. The walls were adorned with the skins of various animals belonging to this region; and with some which had evidently been brought from foreign countries. In

one corner was gathered a few cooking utensils, which, however, from their appearance, seemed to have been rarely used ; in another a large collection of firearms, and other weapons of offence, were deposited. In the centre of the room was extended a coarse table, around which was gathered, perhaps, a dozen men, whose very countenances spoke of crimes and bloodshed. They had evidently been feasting on the most substantial viands, for there were remnants of dishes still remaining which showed their discrimination of taste. They were now engaged in the task of discussing a keg of brandy, which occupied a conspicuous situation on the table. But there were none of the usual accompaniments of a bacchanalian meeting. The liquor appeared incapable of producing in them its usual exciting effects. There was no song—no merriment. There was not even heard the strife of drunken anger, or the shouts of common revelry. Occasionally a low whispering took place between one or two of them, which, however, soon ceased ; and they again reverted to the all-absorbing employment.

All had risen at the entrance of our party, and for a moment there was heard the clattering of weapons ; but as soon as they perceived the character of their visitants they resumed their seats in

unbroken silence. The leader of the party, who, unobserved, had entered the door which stood ajar, now appeared, and beckoned one of the ruffians to bring Wendall into the next apartment.

Herbert Wendall unhesitatingly followed his conductor. He was surprised, upon entering the apartment, to find that it was fitted up with considerable taste. The walls were completely tapestried with skins, many of which were exceedingly beautiful. On one side the flags of Spain and France were displayed together, and on the other a standard perfectly black, and of the firmest texture.

But the most interesting object was a man of small size, who occupied an armchair near the farthest extremity of the room. By his side was a portable bookcase containing a number of books; this was open, and a volume was lying before him. His head was resting upon his hand, and he appeared to be intently engaged in the perusal of the work in question. As Wendall entered the room, he cast a furtive and momentary glance at his figure, and then again reverted to his book.

It was Smith the bandit.

A few moments elapsed, when he closed the volume, rose slowly, and advanced towards Wendall. The two men fell behind in perfect silence.

The bandit eyed him for several minutes, but was met by a glance of equal pride and haughtiness.

"You are now in the cave of the Forest Wolf," at length said Smith, in a deep, suppressed tone of voice. "Where are now the threats which you have bandied so fiercely in other circumstances?"

"It becomes not him to threaten," said Wendall, "who is not prepared to execute. A single man unarmed is no match for a crew of lawless desperadoes. But give me freedom and an equality of numbers, and I will meet you and your band in open combat, or smoke you in this den of your abominations."

"Ha—ha! you are a bold fellow, upon my word. I have heard your name before, if I am not mistaken. I do not miscall you when I say Herbert Wendall."

"My name is not altogether unknown to my foes as well as my friends," was the reply.

"And am I a foe of yours? Does the lion fight with the barking cur? does the eagle combat with the mousing hawk? When these things occur, then may he who has wandered in every land and traversed every sea—who has fought his enemies on the ocean and his enemies on the land—ever unconquered, ever victorious—then may he rank

as a peer and a rival—as a foeman, if you will—with such a one as you.”

“I am not given to boasting,” said Herbert, in a proud tone, while his eye flashed with emotion, “or perchance I might speak of my own deeds. In my opinion, however, the lowest citizen in this chain of emancipated colonies, who performs his duty to his country with ardent zeal and devoted energy, is far nobler, and far more worthy of respect and courtesy, than he whose whole life has been a scene of lawless piracy and robbery; who has lived only by plundering the honest and industrious, and who is known only to be feared and dreaded. Whatever may be the power of his name—whatever may be the strength of his arm—whatever may be the wealth he has acquired—he is a curse upon the earth.”

“To be feared and dreaded—to be a curse upon the earth—this is the height of my ambition. I would have my name a spell whose mention should spread terror and alarm throughout the world. Would you do good to men? They are vipers that bite the friendly hand which has warmed them into life.

“How pitiable are those who seek popularity. The gale that blows is not more changeable than popular opinion. The idol whom to-day the mul-

Titide worship with a devotion more abject than pagan idolatry, to-morrow they will crush under their feet as if he were a worm. Yet for this—the fate of a dog—how many strive. They wear out the energy of youth, the vigour of manhood ; they toil on, perhaps, when the infirmities of age come thick and heavy upon them ; and their recompense, at last, is neglect, penury, and bitter, irretrievable disappointment.

“He who would be independent must make men fear him ; he must rule them with a rod of iron. They will crouch. I have seen those whose heads were high and whose hearts were proud, and yet they have crouched—ay, they have crouched to me.”

“And perhaps this is your object in sending for me ; in holding intercourse with me ; in bringing me within these precincts of crime. You have for once mistaken the individual ; you have for once, if you know me, failed in your estimate of human character.”

“I do know you,” said the bandit, “and have known you long. Think you not that there are spies who note every action and every event within the circle in which I choose to operate ? who know every agent, high and low, whose actions can in any manner affect my plans ? Your character—it

is written upon your very countenance. I have seen prouder than you there," pointing to his feet.

"Ha—ha! shall I not kneel?" said Wendall, in a bitter tone. "Perchance you may grant my freedom. Kneel! ha—ha! to your greatness," casting his eyes over the small form of the bandit, and then carelessly glancing at his own powerful frame.

"Do you know whom you thus dare?" said the other, as if stung by this last remark; "am I not master here? and are you not within my power beyond the hope of escape? Would not a single word, ay, but the glance of my eye, doom you to a lingering captivity or a terrible death? You may be proud now, and strong, and your heart may beat high and your thoughts flow clear—but would it be thus when the springs of life were drying up? when disease racked the body, and helplessness preyed upon the soul? when your frame became weak as that of a child?"

"Try me," said Wendall, coolly.

"Ho! Pierre! Arthur!" shouted the incensed Smith, "bring chains and bind the villain."

Two of the men rushed in from the outer room with manacles in their hands. His feet and hands were speedily confined, though not without resistance, so as to incapacitate him for motion or exertion.

"I am a man yet," said Wendall, after the men had retired from his person. "These," glancing at the irons—"these fetter not the soul."

"Ay—but they fret the body, and the one exercises a powerful influence over the other. Wear them a week, and then we will see what you think of me."

"I shall despise you as I do now—despise you as I do all villains, be they of high or low degree—despise you, for you are beneath my hatred."

"You will not live till then," said the bandit, drawing a dirk from his bosom, and advancing with its bare point towards the bosom of his prisoner.

There was no perceptible change in the features of Wendall during his progress. "Come on—a brave man never fears death," he exclaimed in an unfaltering tone.

"Spare him—spare him for my sake!" shouted Wilson, who had approached the door, which was partially open, and heard the final portion of the scene we have described.

"Spare him for your sake!" muttered the bandit to himself—"ha—ha! I will spare him for my own; for he has a brave heart and a stout one, and his nerves are of iron. It may be that I shall not succeed: but my purpose is fixed, and I have

gained many by persuasion who would never have yielded to force."

He paused in front of his apparent victim—hesitated a moment, and returned the weapon to his bosom.

"Lieutenant Luttrell," said he to the *ci-devant* leader, "you will see the prisoner taken care of until I see him again. In the mean time, I wish to have some private discourse with the other prisoner. Let him advance."

CHAPTER XII.

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water standing eye,
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

King Henry Sixth.

THE bandit again resumed his chair and reopened his volume.

Major Wilson shortly after entered.

"Take a seat, major," said Smith, pushing a stool towards him, and eying him attentively. "I have now the unexpected honour of receiving you as a guest at my quarters."

"As a prisoner, I should judge, from the manner in which the invitation was given."

"I permit neither friend nor foe to trespass upon my grounds when I am here, without inquiring into their motives and pursuits."

"You knew then that I was passing through this region—my capture was not accidental—my presence here was not unexpected. This is strange conduct in one occupying the situation which you do in relation to me."

"Strange—strange—are my actions thus to be commented upon in my own dominions? I wish to treat you with courtesy, but it should be recollected that here I am master. Within these walls may not be heard the voice of authority, or the language of complaint, except it be mine. I am related to you only by a bargain for our mutual benefit. If you desire to withdraw from the connection, signify it now, and the bargain is cancelled.

"Strange—is it indeed strange that my curiosity and my suspicions should be excited, when I saw a British officer in disguise walking in company with the rankest rebel in the whole country, apparently holding familiar intercourse with him?"

"We were perfect strangers to each other," said the major, "until he recognised me near the place of our capture. I did not know him, and was unacquainted with his name until I accidentally heard it mentioned in this place. I encountered him in the wood on my return from a private expedition, and having lost my way, requested his guidance to Newark."

"And your business on this private expedition?"

"Is secret and confidential," said the major.

"Secret! ha—ha! Think you that I am blind?"

Do I not know that you have this day visited Jeanette Fairman—that you have urged most strenuously your suit—and that you have been rejected—scornfully, contemptuously? This is your secrecy.”

“I have been followed, then, by your myrmidons.”

“And all this has proceeded from distrust of me. How easily can I read the story of your thoughts and purposes? You fear that I may wear the jewel myself which you have discovered, and think yourself entitled to. Do you not know that a suspected servant is already half converted to a thief? But discard me if you will, or if you dare!”

“If I dare!”

“Ay—if you dare—and see how soon your object will be accomplished. Find another who has boldness sufficient to achieve your design; or if there be such a one, are you assured that when he arrives on the spot the bird will not have flown? I am not a man to be thus treated with contempt. Although I may be willing to perform this act for the sake of the gold which purchases it, yet I have done more for pride—still more for revenge.

“When I brought yon flag,” he continued, pointing to the black standard, “to this place, I risked a thousand lives. But I had sworn never to part with it, and I preserved it as the flag of my destiny.

Beneath it, I may yet sail forth, conquering and to conquer. This act did I for pride.

“When I plunged my dagger into the breast of Adrian Montraville, there were guards within and guards without : and but the creaking of the floor, or the rustling of a leaf, would have been to me a death warrant. But he had murdered my best friend—the companion of many a toilsome hour and weary day—the blood of the slain was upon his skirts, and I had sworn that it should be washed out. It was washed out in his heart’s blood. This act did I for revenge.

“Think me not then merely an ordinary plunderer, who heaps up gold from avarice or want. If I desire money, it is for the power that money gives : it is because by its potent influence, I can open the doors of the prison, bribe alike the mean and the honourable, and win my way through the portals of princely palaces and kingly castles. It is for this alone that money is valuable to me.

“Dare you, or rather, dare you not trust me ?”

“I dare, and will rely upon your activity and fidelity in this cause. Even if I were disposed to recede, I have revealed too much at a former interview to do so now.”

“This is well. You are determined then to pursue your purpose.”

"Determined—is the tiger bent upon his prey when he roams hungry through the forest? I tell you, as I have told another, that neither heaven nor hell shall thwart me."

"Bravo! you are a man after my own heart. What plan have you formed with regard to the accomplishment of the enterprise?"

"The following has appeared to me the most feasible, and the one which has the best prospect of success. There will be no doubt, I suppose, of the capturing of the girl?"

"Doubt! ha—ha! she may be in your arms within the hour if you desire it. Her residence is not three miles distant from this spot."

"Nay—that does not comport with my design. But listen: there is now a British force stationed at Elizabethtown Point—a fact with which you are undoubtedly acquainted. To that place I would have you direct your course, when you shall have gained possession of your prize. Colonel Fairman will meet you at the tavern, which is situated at the intersection of the road which you will pursue, with that leading from Morristown to Elizabeth. His presence must be considered accidental, and you will make it appear as though he also were a prisoner."

"How, then, am I to transport my prisoner to New-York?"

"I will explain. To-morrow morning I shall return with my detachment to Paulus Hook. As soon as I have reached that place I will despatch a sloop to the Point, which shall not fail of arriving there by nightfall. I will provide you a passport, and an order which will ensure your safe passage through the British lines, and which will put the vessel under your direction. An easy and direct voyage will then carry you to New-York, where I will await your coming, and where the reward which I have promised shall abide your acceptance."

"It is well," said Smith, gravely, after a few moments' reflection. "The plan is well arranged, and will doubtless be successful. But how shall I discover your residence in the city?"

"Here is my address," said the major, giving him a card.

"To-morrow morning you will leave Newark, I think you observed," said the bandit.

"To-morrow morning, unless some special circumstance should detain me."

"It were well, perhaps, that your departure should be early and secret. I have information which renders it certain that a body of about two hundred

militia are in motion from the lower part of the county ; and I am convinced that their object is to surprise your detachment. Captain Harley, too, I understand, has assembled his Rangers at Springfield ; and I have no doubt that this man whom I have surprised this evening in your company, was intended to act as a spy, and afford early information of your position and movements."

"Ha !" said Wilson, "can this news be depended upon ? I thought the rebels were well plucked in this quarter, insomuch that they possessed scarcely a feather to flutter withal."

"You have not seen all that I have seen, or you would not speak thus. God knows, I have seen little of principle or virtue in this world. But in this people, I have seen courage of the most exalted nature, blended with patriotism too well tried to be corrupted. I have seen men of influence and station throw their fortune and interests into

' The lap of their country's weal ;'

I have seen them forego pleasures and endure sufferings which evinced an unconquerable spirit, and which excited my admiration."

"Well, it may be so. But we must be prepared for the attack to-morrow. How shall I find my way

back to Newark to-night ? It is all-important that I should be there."

"I will provide you with a guide," said the bandit, "who will accompany you to the precincts of the town ; your path will then be unmolested."

"I have one request to make with regard to the fellow with whom I became acquainted this evening," said the major : "I desire that he may receive no personal injury while in your power."

"What interest have you in his safety ?" inquired the bandit, while he scanned the countenance of the other in a searching manner.

"None—except that he preserved my life to-day by ridding me of a dangerous foe ; and although he would afterward have occasioned my captivity and dishonour, I cannot consider my debt of gratitude cancelled."

"Fear not—his safety shall be cared for," said the other, in an equivocal tone.

Wilson now prepared to depart, and a bold, hardy looking fellow was speedily summoned to attend him.

"You will submit to be blindfolded, on your return, for a short distance," said Smith ; "not even our own friends may learn the path hither."

He offered no resistance, and in a few minutes

he again breathed the fresh air of heaven, and strode away with a free step and a buoyant heart.

"What are your commands?" said the lieutenant, as he opened the door of the bandit's private chamber, in obedience to his call.

"Let the other prisoner be brought in. Let him be brought in manacled, and let no one intrude upon my privacy unless specially summoned."

"Again—for the second time have we met," said Smith, as soon as he perceived himself alone with his prisoner.

"We may meet yet again," observed Wendall; "and we may meet where the only superiority will consist in strength of arm and sinew—where the frame will be unconfined with shackles like these."

"You are no longer confined," said Smith, stepping up to Wendall and unlocking his fetters. "You are now free."

"Free! so is the caged bird, that may fly unchidden round his narrow prison."

"You are a brave man, Herbert, as I have this night experienced. My treatment of you in our former interview was only intended to give me a perfect acquaintance with your character. Report had represented you to me in a most favourable light, and I was desirous of testing the correctness of the story. I have been satisfied. There are

few men but would have trembled in your situation."

"Trembled! ha—ha! at what?" said Wendall, surveying him with a look of contempt.

The bandit coloured.

"Nay, we will not bandy words in this style." He paused a moment, then continued, "I have frequently heard of your feats of arms—of your unceasing activity—your untiring vigilance. Now tell me for what you labour—for what you fight."

"For the rights of my country and my countrymen."

"And is this indeed the only object you have in view? Are there no motives of pride—no feelings of interest?"

"I have motives of pride—that my country should be free, and myself a freeman. I have motives of interest—that the treasure which our fathers bequeathed to us should descend to posterity increased in value, not impaired by the hand of tyranny."

"And for these privileges you are content to labour and toil—perchance to die."

"I am."

"What will be your reward?"

"The success of the cause."

"Let me answer the question," said the bandit.
"The prime of your life, the vigour of manhood,

will be spent in these exertions—anon will come the feebleness and helplessness of age. Your cause may be successful, your country may be free, and a generation grow up, enjoying the blessings of liberty purchased by your labours. They will be rich and increased in goods. But you—the hand of poverty will bear heavily upon you; sickness and want will prey upon your frame. As a last resort you will appeal to the generosity of that country to whose interests the best portion of your life was dedicated. You will be treated with neglect—with coldness—perchance with ridicule. As you feebly totter to the bar of your country's justice, and falteringly ask a mere pittance for the few remaining years of your life—a pittance which may save you from starvation—your tale of distress will be told to unmoved countenances and averted eyes. How deep, how unmitigated will be the anguish of that unexpected hour!"

"Your picture is a false one."

"He who lives half a century will have abundant experience of its truth."

"And if it be true—"

"Listen to me, Herbert Wendall. I have seen much—much of mankind. I have studied, as occasion has given opportunity, the inmost springs of human action. All—all are hypocrites. Had

we the fabled mirror of antiquity, which showed by its magic power the thoughts and purposes of all who looked into it, how astounding would be its disclosures to the greater portion of the world! How many of those who are supposed to be pure in heart, patriotic in purpose, and moral in action, would be found tarnished by the most hideous crimes of thought and conduct that are included in the catalogue of vice!"

"My experience of mankind does not lead to such an unqualified denunciation of them."

"You have not probed them deep enough—what appears sound is diseased beneath. How do men obtain wealth? By legal fraud; by deceiving—perchance ruining their neighbours, under the guise of friendship. This is the honour—this the compassion of man. I am at least an open foe. I do not plunder him whom I pretend to relieve."

"Your character is sufficiently understood," said Wendall; "and no explanation is necessary to render it better known. Your plans and your objects are plain and obvious."

"I am not known," said Smith. "Men take me for a common robber, who is content if he find the means to lead a wild and dissipated life. But I have other objects in view. I have plans and schemes in prospect which would stamp upon me the char-

acter of a visionary or a madman. Enough that it is upon the ocean that I must win my fortune or lose it for ever.

"Behold yonder standard!" said he again, pointing to the black ensign. "Underneath that flag I have sailed from the earliest period of my boyhood."

"You have been a pirate, then?" asked Wendall.

"Ay, a pirate, if you will. Well does my remembrance paint to me a thousand scenes of thrilling interest which occurred during my long abode in the bark of the noted Whalley. I was advanced to the second in command. A quarrel ensued from some trifling cause, and I left the vessel in disgust. I escaped in disguise; for I would not have been permitted to depart openly. I escaped—and with me, in despite of danger, I brought that flag."

"To decorate with its hideous colour and appearance the walls of this den."

"No; this was not the object. Hear me, and you shall know more of my designs than have yet been imparted to mortal man. Do you suppose that I can or will remain satisfied with a lot like this? placed on a level with the common highwayman? I have other dreams; dreams of power unquestioned, wealth uncounted, dominion unsurpassed.

“ You think me mad ; I am in earnest ; and I will soon be ready to put my scheme in execution. The few years which have elapsed since I left the pirate ship, have passed in the pursuit of men and money. These obtained, my next object will be to obtain the possession of a vessel of sufficient size for my design. In a distant land there is a castle which may be stormed, and an island which may be won. This is the stepping stone to my power—the foundation of my greatness.”

“ And this is the scheme of one who is represented as sagacious and wary ; a plan which none but a schoolboy would even think of.”

“ It is the purpose which has been the object of my thoughts during the day, and of my dreams during the night. When there—the possessor of that island—who can arrest my progress ? My band will be increased by the addition of the bold and the desperate of every clime. We will build ships of war, and cruise the ocean again, and thunder with our armament, till the tottering fabric of some antiquated empire shall fall to the ground. Then, sitting on the throne of a hundred ages, the world will be free for my conquest and dominion. Ha—ha ! the kings of the earth may yet tremble in their united energies before the uplifting of this single arm.”

"Folly! the weakness of folly!"

"Folly, say you? Did not Maximian wave the sceptre of Roman power? Did not Theodoric sit on the throne of Italy? Tell me, did not the crescent of Mohammed, ere his death, triumph over half of Asia?"

"Those are the wonders of history."

"Are the wonders of history past? no. I have looked into the book of futurity. I have visited the seer of Montedora, and glanced at his magic leaves. There were two scenes which caught my attention. I was assured that a few years would exhibit their reality to the world.

"I looked, and saw a boy whose parentage was obscure, whose frame was diminutive. He was a native of a barren isle, born apparently to linger out a short, unknown, and degraded existence.

"I looked again, and the boy was a man. He was still young, but there was power in his eagle eye, and his words were those of command. Kings were his inferiors, and he sported with empires as if they were the toys of a child. His hand was filled with sceptres, and his brow was adorned with the crowns of a dozen kingdoms. By his side stood the muse of history: the history of his actions was the history of the age. He frowned, and nations trembled. He threw down

his gauntlet of defiance, and an affrighted world shrunk back from the encounter. From that moment—”

“You, then, are this destined hero?”

“It is not for me to interpret the decrees of fate. But in furtherance of my designs I require a friend—an assistant—a confidant. He must be brave, enterprising, prudent, and honourable. I have none such among my band; and to you, Herbert Wendall, I now make the offer of my friendship and alliance.”

“To me!”

“The terms may be your own. Do you desire gold? here may you satiate your utmost desire,” said the bandit, touching a secret spring, which opened a concealed door in the wall, and disclosed a heap of coin. “Join me in this enterprise; devote to my scheme your energies; and your old age shall pass in splendour unequalled.

“Shall we be friends and sworn companions?” he continued, extending his hand.

“No!” said the other, turning from him in scorn. “I have listened to your bravado with mingled pity and derision; to your offers with contempt. Herbert Wendall is sworn to one cause, devoted to one purpose; and if he were not, he is not a man to league with pirates and murderers.”

The bandit turned aside, and a feeling of disappointment was shown by his countenance. He sat down, and continued buried in thought for some time.

"The alternative is death," he said at length, in a cold, austere tone.

"I am unchanged," was the reply.

"Ho ! my men there !" shouted Smith.

Several entered the room.

"Convey the prisoner to the dungeon."

A bitter smile relaxed his features. The next moment he was in a profound revery.

CHAPTER XIII.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight ;
Our men pursued courageously,
And caught their forces quite.

Old Ballad.

THE next morning found Major Wilson attending to the duties of his station. Scarcely had the first straggling beams of light broke forth in the east, ere he summoned Captain Barker to his presence, and eagerly inquired with regard to the movements of the preceding day.

"Well, upon my soul," said the captain, "I am glad to see you safe back to your quarters. It would have been sad news to me, if any accident had befallen you in your adventure."

"I doubt it not, captain ; and I entertain a grateful sense of your affection and regard. But what is the situation of our affairs ? Have the transports arrived ? Are the cattle on board ? What arrangements have been made for the embarkation of the troops ?"

●

"The transports did not arrive till late in the evening, on account of some difficulty in passing the bar. Notwithstanding this untoward circumstance, measures were immediately taken, in compliance with your desires, to embark the baggage and live stock. This, however, could be only partially effected. The completion of the task was deferred till this morning, that the details might be more under your own cognizance."

"The encampment has not been broken up?"

"It was not judged expedient."

The major remained a moment absorbed in reflection, and then observed, "Captain, let the reveille be sounded. One half of the soldiers, under the command of Captain Thomas, will immediately commence striking the tents, and preparing for embarkation. With the other half, under your own direction and command, you will scour the village, apprehend any stranger who may be found lurking in the neighbourhood, and return within an hour to the ferry; by which time I presume we shall be ready to embark. I heard rumours yesterday of an intended attack upon us this morning, and your principal object will be to reconnoitre. Should a considerable force appear you will immediately retreat."

"Yes—if the rebel militia don't scamper off and leave guns and ammunition in our possession. There

Yankees are fond of bush fighting, but mortally hate the sight of a redcoat at close quarters."

"They are probably sensible of their inferiority in every respect to our troops."

"Good morning, major," was the parting salutation of the captain, as he left the room to attend to his duties.

The Americans are not—never were sensible of inferiority in regard to strength of body and intrepidity of action. Raw militiamen, even in those days, were accustomed to meet the veteran troops of England on equal ground, and rarely did they fail to support their characters as men and soldiers. Fighting for their country, their homes, their wives and children, they sustained defeat with fortitude, and merited victory by courage and perseverance.

How is it, that those who would dare and suffer all things rather than submit to personal slavery, are yet willing to be enthralled in the fetters of mental bondage? Have we any of the spirit which animated our fathers in the great struggle of the revolution? We will then spurn the dominion which Europe has been—is now endeavouring to exercise over us—a dominion which would hold in subjection, not our actions, but our thoughts; which would destroy, not our civil rights and privileges, but our independence in all matters of genius and science.

There is too much attention paid in this country to English criticism. There is too much subservency manifested by our literary men to the dictatorship of those who occupy the chair and dispense the oracles of knowledge and science in Great Britain. The one follows perhaps as a consequence of the other. An author will search in vain for a reputation until he has crossed the Atlantic, and been lauded by foreign reviews. A private letter from London confers a temporary celebrity; a foreign diploma makes him at once a man of learning and ability; a paragraph in the *Quarterly* gives him a niche in the temple of immortality, or consigns him to the dreary mansion of forgetfulness.

If this system be not changed, we may bid farewell to every hope of a distinct national literature. If we are to be governed by the rules of a foreign school, we must be content with the reputation, at the most, of being good imitators. But this system must—will be changed. The time will arrive when the people of this country will cast off the trammels of an unfounded prejudice in favour of everything foreign, and learn to think and judge as becomes an independent people.

It was yet early when the company under the command of Captain Barker marched through the main street of the village of Newark. Most of the

dwellings were still closed, and but few of the inhabitants were stirring. The soldiers had advanced a considerable distance down the street, when the attention of the commander was arrested by the appearance of a man at a short distance, who was evidently disconcerted by the unexpected appearance of the troops.

He was standing in the door of a small two story house which had been recently erected. This was known to be the residence of William Plum, an open and avowed whig, and who, upon the entrance of the king's troops, had fled into the country. The presumption immediately arose that he had returned home, supposing that the force had retreated, or intending to conceal himself if it should be necessary.

The conjecture was in part right. It was Plum, who had returned to his house for some articles which had become necessary to him, and which he had forgotten to take with him in his precipitate flight. Hearing a noise in the street, but not dreaming of the cause, he had opened the front door, and thus exposed himself to observation.

"Corporal Stagg," shouted Barker, directing the attention of those who stood next him to the individual alluded to, "take half a dozen men, and

seize yonder rebel. See—he is attempting to escape—away !”

The men rapidly advanced from the ranks, and were soon in full pursuit of the American. His movements were indecisive—perhaps from an inaccurate perception of the situation of the British force. His first attempt was to escape by the door in the rear ; and thus, making his way through the garden, to reach the hill. But it was evident to him, before he had taken a dozen steps, that the foe was too near ; and that he would only present himself as a mark to be shot down unresistingly. His only resource was, by leaping the fence into the next garden, to gain admittance into his neighbour’s house, and endeavour to conceal himself from pursuit. This he was enabled to do by skulking among the high weeds and grass, and seizing a favourable opportunity to effect an entrance. There was no person in the house but a female, whose husband was absent, and who remained in charge of the household furniture.

“ The villain has gone through the garden,” said Stagg, as he perceived the back door open.

They passed through hastily, but could see no trace of the object of their pursuit.

“ He must be somewhere about the house still,” said the corporal, in a rough tone ; “ search it from

top to bottom. I would not much care if the place were on fire, so that he might be smoked out of his rathole."

The party dispersed themselves through the house from the cellar to the garret, breaking open every closet, and thrusting aside the furniture, but their search was in vain. They were about returning to their companions, vexed and disappointed, when one of them observed the path which Plum had made through the grass. Rightly conjecturing that he might have escaped to the adjoining building, they rushed to the door and demanded admittance.

The house was a low one story building of considerable length. Although even then it bore the marks of age, it was standing till within a few years of the present time, a relic of days gone by. The door was opened by the female of whom we have heretofore spoken.

"Where is the rebel whom you have concealed?" demanded the corporal.

"I know of none!" she replied, in a faltering tone.

"You lie, woman!" he exclaimed, pushing her aside, while, followed by his myrmidons, he entered the rooms and again commenced the search.

Again it was unsuccessful.

"He must be concealed here in some part of the house," said Stagg; "bring hither the woman, we will take summary means of finding out what she knows on the subject."

One of the men escorted the woman into the room.

"It is useless to deny," said Stagg, addressing her, "that a person we seek by the name of Plum is somewhere in your house. The rebel has some undiscovered haunt with which you are acquainted."

"I know of none!" she again replied, more firmly.

"It is false—I know that he is here."

"And even if he were," she replied in an animated tone, "think you that I would endanger his life by placing him in your bloody hands?"

"Ha—ha! good, by Jove, for a woman." Then opening a closet glittering with crockery and other ware, he exclaimed, with more sternness of manner, "Woman, are you still obstinate?"

She made no answer; and the next moment, raising his musket, he dashed the ware from the shelves, and trampled it under his feet.

"Again I ask, will you disclose the hiding place of this individual?"

"Infamous monster! do your worst. Shall

the value of a few dollars be put in competition with the life of a freeman—a patriot?”

“She acknowledges that he is here then. Bravo, my boys—we are on the right scent. You refuse still, woman? You know not what you peril.”

“I care not.”

“We shall see. Look here, my boys,” addressing his men—“these chairs will make good firewood.”

In a moment they were broken into a hundred pieces.

“Bring me a brand from the fireplace,” he added; “we will have a bonfire at all events, and see if he be a salamander.”

“Curse your villany!” said a firm manly voice. “I am your prisoner; I ought never to have occasioned even that sacrifice to an innocent woman.”

A shout of triumph was raised by the soldiers as they gathered round him.

“Ay, ay,” said the corporal, “it was a good idea. The sound of fire soon brought him to terms.”

“Ruffians,” said Plum, “as ye have treated this woman to-day, so may the God of justice treat you and your’s!”

“Stop the rascal’s mouth,” said the other. “Bring him along—he will have time enough to rant in prison.”

The prisoner was immediately despatched by Captain Barker, under the guard of the corporal, to Major Wilson, to be disposed of as he should think proper.

It may not be amiss to notice his subsequent history, which was that of many others captured in a similar manner. He was transported to New-York, and there confined in the sugarhouse, a large building converted by the British into a public prison. Exchanges of prisoners were then seldom effected—the balance being greatly in favour of the British. He was detained a prisoner nearly two years, when a fever, brought on by exposure, privation, and anxiety, put a period to his existence.

Captain Barker marched his troops to the lower extremity of the town, and sent out occasional reconnoitering parties to make discoveries. No other adventure, however, presented itself; and he proposed, agreeably to his orders, to return. He reached the spot where the encampment had been made, and found it totally deserted. He accordingly pushed on to the place of embarkation. The road continued free and open for the space of

half a mile, when it passed through a distant part of the forest, which we have already mentioned as lying to the south of the encampment.

The British troops had barely left this spot, and were scarcely out of sight, when a number of men were observed in the edge of the forest as if reconnoitering. They were evidently surprised at beholding no traces of the enemy. Two officers now advanced from the wood and walked over the ground.

"They are gone," observed a tall military man, whose appearance was that of a man of fifty, "and our labour is useless."

"So it appears, colonel," said the other, who was no other than the captain of the Rangers. "I wonder what could have occasioned this precipitate retreat."

"I know not," said the colonel; "but who was it that you despatched last evening to obtain intelligence?"

"Herbert Wendall—one of my bravest soldiers."

"He may have given information of our intentions instead of performing his duty."

"You do not know him," said Harley, "or you would not wrong him even by a passing suspicion. I am acquainted with no man whose patriotism is more pure or more enthusiastic."

"Well—it is singular," said the other, pausing and looking towards the east.

At that moment the British troops had just emerged from the forest, and were ascending a small hillock.

"By heavens! there they go, Harley; we may yet have an opportunity of trying our bullets. They are still a mile from the ferry. What do you say—shall we pursue them?"

"By all means—immediately."

"Be it so then. Your company will cross to the north of the road, and make a circuit so as to come out about a quarter of a mile this side of the Passaic; with my troops I will make a similar circuit to the south. We may still perhaps be able to surprise them."

Harley acquiesced in this arrangement, and both returned swiftly to their respective bands. The Rangers, still, however, keeping within the range of the forest, advanced towards the northward. There were about sixty able-bodied men belonging to that company—nearly all of whom were assembled. Colonel Johnson had under his command about one hundred and fifty men, who had been summoned out nearly a month previous, on a three months' tour of duty.

Captain Harley proceeded rapidly with his men,

and after making a short sweep, to avoid a marsh which lay in his course, diverged towards the main road. The enemy had halted for a moment, apparently to recover their somewhat exhausted strength, and were indulging in the careless postures of soldiers at rest. Some had left the ranks and gathered in small groups for the purpose of holding a moment's converse. Harley thought this so favourable a period for an attack, that he determined to venture it, even before the arrival of Colonel Johnson, although his men did not number more than half as many as the British. It was possible to advance within one hundred yards of them without being discovered, by taking advantage of the underwood in their rear. This plan he adopted, and it was executed with equal skill and celerity.

"Do you see yonder redcoats?" said Harley to his men.

"We do."

"Show them that you are soldiers," he shouted; at the same time leading them on to the attack.

The party now advanced rapidly over the cleared ground. They were within fifty yards of the British force before their approach was observed. The enemy were evidently in confusion at the unexpected appearance of even so small a body of men. Before they could be formed, a volley of rifle

balls whistled among and around them, destroying several of their number.

Captain Barker ordered his men to retreat, after once returning the fire without effect. His object was to discover the number of the rebels, and withdraw them from the protection of the bushes. This movement had nearly occasioned a serious loss to Harley's company; for, attributing the retreat to fear, they hurried upon the pursuit with little regard to order, and little attention to discipline.

The British force retreated some distance, followed by their opponents, and every moment hearing the music of their balls. They had moved in complete silence, when, at a word from their commander, they formed in line, faced the Americans, and returned their fire with a promptitude and an effect which completely checked their advance. It was now the turn of the Rangers to fall back.

"A brave front, my men!" shouted Harley. "We shall soon be succoured."

But the British pressed on, and the Rangers gave way—the fire was too hot to be supported.

"Every man for himself!" shouted Harley, as the royal troops manifested a disposition to surround the party and cut off their retreat. This was no other than a signal for a species of skirmish which was very common in those days. Every man se-

lected a place where his body was partially protected, and from whence he might seize an opportunity to shoot down an antagonist. Captain Harley himself seized a rifle from the hands of one of the wounded, chose a position, and with his men awaited the coming up of the enemy.

The British advanced, but had hardly fired a shot before the force under Colonel Johnson appeared some distance to the south, but rapidly approaching. The Rangers, one and all, gave a shout, and followed it by a sweeping volley.

The enemy no longer hesitated to retreat ; a few moments more would place them between two fires, and might occasion their complete destruction. They speedily pursued their route to the Passaic, and arrived there disheartened in spirits and diminished in number. They were harassed to the water's edge by small parties which advanced, fired, and then retreated. The American force, united and confident, came on : the enemy flew to their boats, succeeded in boarding, and immediately set sail down the river. A large number of cattle, and a quantity of other booty were left behind in the hurry of their departure, which the Americans seized, and carried to Newark in triumph.



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HERBERT WENDALL:

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

"Hortensia. Is this a stirring and right merry tale
which thou presentest me?

"Ambrose. It is, at least, a tale of truth, fair
mistress."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS,

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1835.

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HERBERT WENDALL.

CHAPTER I.

The night is chilly, but not dark.
The thin gray cloud is spread on high,
It covers, but not hides the sky.
The moon's behind and at the full ;
And yet she looks both small and dull.

Christabel.

THE night was of a character especially adapted the prosecution of predatory enterprises. The clouds, sometimes dark and heavy, but more generally light and hazy, flew rapidly across the heavens. Occasionally the moon would for a moment peep out from the mass of clouds which almost continually obscured her brightness, allowing only a dim perception of surrounding objects. A cool and refreshing breeze swept over hill and valley, which was pe-

cularly animating after the enervating heat of a sultry day.

The alternations of light and shade every moment varying the appearance of the country—the increasing noises which the wind conjured up as it eddied through the valleys, or murmured through the forests, could not fail to keep awake the attention. There is an energy and a power in the influence of such a night which operates strongly upon the mind, which spurs to action and enterprise. Then come the dreams of heroic valour—of obstinate conflicts—of mighty deeds achieved by a single arm.

“Hold!” said a voice, in that low deep tone which never fails to arrest attention, and which now operated as a command.

About thirty men paused at the edge of a wood, whom the momentary gleam of moonlight discovered to be armed with muskets and daggers.

“Here we separate, Luttrell,” said the bandit captain to his lieutenant. Your path lies to the west, and you will cautiously observe the directions I have given you. With ten men, whom I have chosen, I shall pursue a separate adventure. I may not return to the cave in a day or two; and in the mean time I leave everything under your care.”

"I shall endeavour to satisfy you," said Luttrell, in a gruff tone.

"Those who are to follow me," observed Smith, "will now step forth."

Ten of the best looking and strongest men advanced.

"Move on," he continued; and they marched forward under the shelter of the wood.

The lieutenant gazed a moment in silence on his departing commander, and then reverted to his own situation. A glance at his men disclosed to him their impatience for action.

He proceeded rapidly in a direction very different from that pursued by Smith. Occasionally he paused to be certain that he was following the proper route to attain his object. There appeared to be little hesitancy in his movements, however, for he was intimately acquainted with the country. The men followed promptly and in silence—not even a whisper escaped from one of them.

After marching for about an hour the party arrived at the foot of a considerable mountain. Near its summit could be perceived a small dwelling-house, which, however, at this period of the night disclosed no signs of being inhabited. The road

leading in this direction was evidently one which was little travelled.

Luttrell now paused and spoke to his men. "Here is our first job for to-night. The old rip that lives yonder has a mint of money about his house somewhere. By G—d ! we will put it in circulation for him."

"Ay, ay," said the men—"lead on."

"Scatter yourselves, and surround the house. Meanwhile I will endeavour to gain admission peaceably. A whistle will be your signal to rush in. Harrison—Carman—follow me."

The lieutenant, followed by the two men, advanced silently and swiftly up the road. He opened a small gate which stood before the house, and knocked gently at the door.

"Who's there ?" asked some person within, in a querulous voice.

"Friends."

"What do you want ?"

"We wish to inquire the road to Springfield."

"Turn to the left after you have crossed the mountain," was the reply.

The men stood still for a moment.

"Don't you intend to get up and show us the road ?" said the lieutenant.

"No !" said the voice within, more sharply.

"Here goes it then," said the lieutenant, bursting open the door by a powerful effort, and entering the room.

"Get up, you old hag," said Luttrell to the woman, while the other two seized the old man and held him down in the bed—"get up, and give us a light."

The woman rose, trembling with fear, and scattering the embers of a covered fire on the hearth, succeeded at length in lighting a candle. She then retired to an upper room, where she hid herself behind some empty barrels which had been stowed away there.

"Don't suffocate me," said the old man in a whining tone. "What do you want of me—a poor, feeble creature as I am?"

"Let him breathe," said the lieutenant.

The men relaxed their gripe a little. The old man, by a violent exertion, wrenched himself free from them, sprang from the bed, and struck Carman a blow which prostrated him on the floor. It was not without a considerable degree of violence, and some personal injury, that they succeeded in again securing him.

"Where's your money, you wretch?" shouted the lieutenant, sternly, and panting with exertion.

The old man stared at him, as if unconscious of his meaning.

"Your gold! I ask you where is it concealed?"

"I have not a cent in the world, as God knows," he replied, wringing his hands. "I am a ruined—a murdered man."

"Not a cent, old Harvey Banks, who everybody knows has hoarded up his thousands! Come, come, old curmudgeon, we know you have money, and you must blab whether you will or not."

"Do not murder me because I am poor," said Banks. "As sure as there is a God in heaven who sees and hears me, I swear that I have no money—that I am poor."

"We do not believe you—we know to the contrary."

"I will swear to it," said the old man, eagerly—"I tell you I will swear to it. Where is my Bible, that I may take the oath?"

"Hold him," said Luttrell, "while I search the room. I know that he is trying to deceive us."

The lieutenant rummaged the closets, broke open an old chest which stood in one corner of the room, and overturned the bedstead—but all in vain. Not a particle of the coveted metal greeted his eyes.

"I told you so," said the old man; "would to God I knew where I might obtain a little money to sup-

ply the necessities of my old age. I told you so," he continued, in a husky voice—"didn't I?"

"I will give you one more opportunity for escape," said Luttrell, sternly. "Will you part with your money, or your life?"

"Do what you please; I have no money," said Banks, unconquerably obstinate. "Won't you believe me on word or oath?"

"Bring the ropes, Harrison," whispered Luttrell, calmly.

His hands and feet were now firmly tied together, and another cord, in the form of a noose, was passed around his neck.

The old man stared wildly and fearfully around. "Do not kill me," said he: "I have told you all I know about it."

"Where is your money, wretch?"

He made no answer.

"Pull away, Harrison;" and the cord was gradually tightened till his breathing was somewhat affected.

"I know not but the old miser will sooner part with life than money. He must be relieved from the latter, however. I am afraid it takes away his attention from heavenly things. Pull away."

A slight spasm passed over the old man's countenance.

"Will you confess?" continued the leader. "Where is your gold—your silver? Loosen, boys, and let him speak."

"I—have—no—money," he slowly gasped.

"Give him some more of it. By G—d, he deserves to die for his obstinacy."

The cord was now stretched till the old man struggled for breath. His countenance became livid, and the big drops gathered on his forehead.

"Mother! mother! mother!" he shrieked three times.

"Oh, don't kill him!" screamed the old woman, rushing into the room. "The money's under the hearth."

Upon hearing this, the men relinquished the object of their torture, who fell lifeless upon the floor.

"Harvey! dear Harvey!" said the old woman, kneeling by his side, "they have killed you, and all for the sake of your money. God's curse be on them."

The old woman had directed them aright. Beneath the hearth was concealed a very considerable sum, which had been scraped together by the hard labour of a toilsome life, and which had become the occasion of the violent death of its possessor. The signal was now given, and a number

of the robbers entered the house. Four were appointed by the lieutenant to take charge of the spoil. The old woman was confined to the house by threats of murder if she offered to leave it. In the morning she was found almost in a state of distraction, lying by the side of her strangled husband.

The leader now summoned his men together, and continued his march. At two other places where he chose to stop, he met with no opposition, and appropriated to himself such articles as he pleased, selecting always those which were light and valuable. The inhabitants had in both these instances secreted themselves or escaped from their houses ; and as his object was plunder rather than violence, little search was made for them.

"Well, my boys, we have done pretty well to-night," said Luttrell, as he halted in a small glen, about ~~one~~ hundred yards distant from the last scene of robbery. "There is but one more venture which I shall undertake, and then we will proceed to disencumber ourselves of our booty."

"Lead on, lieutenant, we will follow you," shouted the men in a flushed tone.

"Ay, ay," said one, "we have sweated the whigs finely to-night."

"We are only trying their patriotism," said another.

"They appear to be scarce," said a third; "we have seen but one to-night, and he is minus."

"Silence!" shouted Luttrell; "march!"

The party now proceeded rapidly in a direction towards the north, diverging from the road they had hitherto followed. They continued to advance, until, after crossing a small rivulet which interrupted their path, they found themselves within sight of a two-story farmhouse of respectable dimensions. Near it was a building of considerable magnitude, occupied for the double purpose of stable and barn. In front of the house was a dooryard, enclosed by a white paling, and handsomely decorated with ornamental shrubbery.

"Come hither, Harrison," said Luttrell.

The man advanced.

"Who lives in yonder house?"

"Timothy Sheldon."

"I thought I was right," said the leader. "He is a devil of a whig, and a man of money. I believe we must give him a lesson both in person and purse. Carman and yourself will accompany me again, while I endeavour to effect an entrance. The men will wait in front of the yard."

The whole party accordingly moved on in silence as far as the road, when the lieutenant with his two men advanced up the lawn. They had proceeded but a few steps, ere one of them found himself in the power of a tremendous bulldog, that seized him by the collar and brought him to the ground. A single stab with a dagger, aimed by too sure a hand, inflicted instant death on the faithful animal, and released his prostrate antagonist.

"Be cautious," whispered Luttrell; "there is danger, it seems, on every hand."

He now advanced to the door, and knocked in a strong and decided manner. For several minutes no notice appeared to be taken of the summons, and he had placed his hand upon the knocker for the purpose of repeating his demand for admittance, when a noise was heard overhead, and a window opened.

"What's your will below there?"

"Open the door, my friend; we have lost our way, and desire shelter."

"There is a tavern about a mile and a half above," said the inmate, in a gruff voice, "where you can be accommodated. Friend or foe, you cannot be accommodated here."

"Nay, but open the door, I beseech you ; we cannot proceed any farther."

"Go on, friend—if friend you be—I shall open no door of mine this night, I assure you ;" and down went the window in a hurry.

Luttrell stood still for a moment, as if to determine upon his mode of procedure.

Meanwhile the inmates of the house were watching the motions of the individual with some attention.

"Pa," said a small boy of thirteen or fourteen years of age to the man, who was Sheldon himself, "look yonder ; now that the sky is less cloudy, do you not see men before the house, in the road ?"

"There are, indeed, a number of them ; and, if I mistake not, they are armed, Henry."

"They are, pa ; they are robbers. Sha'n't I go and call Michael up ?"

"Yes ; softly, my son—make as little noise as possible ; and bring me my gun from the bedroom with the powder and ball. The citadel shall not surrender at discretion."

A violent effort was now made to burst open the door of the dwelling ; but it resisted every personal exertion.

"Here, pa, is your gun, and here is the ammunition. Michael will be down in a minute."

"Thank you, my brave boy; but what have you got there?"

"It's my fowlingpiece, pa. I can scatter the feathers at fifty yards, you know, to a certainty; and now I will send a shot among yonder ruffians if you say so."

His father embraced him tenderly; foreboding, perhaps, that it might be the last time he should be permitted to do so.

"But see," continued the boy, "the whole party is coming up the yard; there are a dozen men of them, at least. Let me run to Uncle Ben's, which is but a quarter of a mile distant, and give the alarm. There are three or four men in his house who will come instantly to our assistance."

"Henry, there is too much danger; the robbers surround the house, and you will be taken and killed at once."

"Nay, let me alone for that," said the boy, in a supplicatory manner. "You will be murdered unless we are succoured, pa."

"Go, then, my boy; and the God of heaven preserve you!"

Luttrell had vainly endeavoured, by his personal

efforts and the assistance of his companions, to burst open the door. It was too well barred and bolted to allow this mode of entrance. He now gave the signal to his men, and they advanced quickly up the lawn. They crowded round their leader, eager to second any plan which he might propose for gaining admittance.

"Once more, you damned rebel," said the lieutenant, "I request you to open this door. A compliance will protect you from a fate of the most terrible description."

"Go to the devil ! you and your threats with you," shouted Timothy, who was now reinforced by Michael ; both of whom, with loaded muskets, occupied a situation on the top of the staircase fronting the door.

"Bring me a couple of rails from the fence," said Luttrell to one or two men who stood by his side ; "we will see if the castle be impregnable."

"Withdraw, villains ! you remain at your peril !" shouted Timothy, at the highest pitch of his voice.

"Go on, my boys," said the enraged lieutenant ; "down with the door—and remember, we give no quarter."

Four or five of the men now took hold of each of the rails and advanced to the door. One blow after

another was unsuccessfully made against it, which only produced the effect of jarring the edifice from top to bottom.

The men, panting with exertion, paused a moment to regain their exhausted strength.

"Once more!—all together!" cried the lieutenant, himself taking hold of one of the battering instruments, and directing its force.

The door evidently felt the force of the shock—one of the bars having been heard to give way.

"Again!" shouted Luttrell, assisting in an effort which the hope of success rendered irresistible. As if but a flaxen cord, the whole paraphernalia of fastenings was broken, and the entrance lay open to the invaders.

Two of the men rushed to the breach, but one of them never crossed the threshold. No sooner had their forms darkened the entrance than the reports of two muskets were heard in quick succession. Both the balls were received by one of the robbers, who uttered a shriek of agony, and fell dead at the feet of his companions.

"Revenge your comrade!" shouted the lieutenant, drawing his sword, and preparing to enter.

But another and a more fearful surprise awaited him. Scarcely had the words been spoken before a

volley was fired from another direction. This proceeded from a party which was stationed behind the barn, whose situation we have already described. It is needless, perhaps, to add that this party consisted of Uncle Ben and three or four of his workmen, whom the exertions of the boy Henry had roused from their midnight slumbers.

The robbers were panicstruck on seeing their leader fall wounded to the ground. Without waiting the effect of another fire, or even consulting among themselves in regard to the plan of conduct to be pursued, they instantly fled.

Luttrell rose with difficulty, and endeavoured by command and entreaty to induce them to stop. They heard not—they obeyed not. Cursing their cowardice, and threatening their disobedience with the severest punishment, he wandered on, till weakened with the loss of blood he fell exhausted to the earth.

CHAPTER II.

The devil hath business for them—and they do serve him so faithfully, that it were exceedingly wrong in him to disavow them.

Letter to Bishop Thornton.

SMITH pursued his journey rapidly, under cover of the forest of which we have spoken. His men followed him with a confidence which showed an implicit trust in his judgment. "Over mountain and moor" they journeyed safely, and after an hour's march found themselves within a short distance of the mansion which was the object of the expedition.

Smith turned to his followers—

"Halt—this is the place I intend to surprise. We will wait till the moon is behind a cloud before we move. Three or four of you will take a position in the rear of the house, to prevent the escape of any person whatever."

Four of them accordingly made a circuit, so as to avoid observation, and took their station behind the building.

"Advance, men !"

The front door was speedily forced, and Smith, who had made himself acquainted with the situation of Miss Fairman's bedroom, mounted the stairs, his men following in the rear. He was surprised, upon reaching the top of the staircase, to see Cato standing before the door leading to her room, in a threatening posture, with an immense club in his hand.

"Out of the way, you black rascal!" shouted the bandit—"how dare you offer any resistance to me?—out of the way, or you shall be hung up in the next field for a scarecrow."

"Massa Wolf, or Massa Debil, or whosomever you may be, you may rummage all de house ober if you please, 'cause you hab one—two—three—seben men wid you; and you may steal what you like, Got damn you, and play de debil among de chickens; but dis is my young missis' room, and by jiminy afore you enter here you must shorten me an inch or two."

"Away with you, I say!" said Smith again, in a commanding tone.

The African retained his station, and upraised his club.

"Down with him, Peters!" said the captain, to one of his foremost men—"throw him over the banisters."

The robber advanced, and attempted to parry the

blow which was aimed at him with his musket : but it was sent with too fearful an energy ; the weapon flew out of his hands, and he received a blow which completely stunned him, and threw him back unconscious upon his fellows.

“Curse the fool—he dares his fate,” said Smith, drawing a pistol from his pocket, and discharging it at Cato.

The unfortunate negro uttered an involuntary shriek of anguish, staggered a moment, and fell against the door, with a force which was sufficient to break it open.

Jeannette Fairman had been roused from her slumbers by the noise occasioned by the party in effecting their entrance into the house. She immediately rose, to learn the cause of the uproar, when her attention was excited by the noise of footsteps mounting the stairs. She paused to listen, and was a trembling auditress of the fearful scene which has just been mentioned. The noise of the pistol, and the sight of Cato, bleeding and groaning at her feet, almost overcame her. Heedless of the robbers, who, with their chief, now thronged the door, she knelt down by the side of her faithful servant and took hold of his hand. The action roused him from his momentary stupor ; he looked up, and seeing his mistress, smiled faintly.

"Dear Miss Jenny," he slowly and feebly uttered, "where be de robbers? Dey will murder you too, I'm 'fraid."

"Do not talk so, Cato," said Jeannette. "How do you feel? Can I do something for you?"

"Oh! I'm faint, missis, and can hardly speak; and de death song of my tribe rings in my ears—

" 'He has gone to Valdina,
To de pleasant fields
Where de Spirit dwelleth,
De Spirit of Light.' "

But I'm willing to die, missis, if you be safe," he continued.

He lay silent for a moment, and Jeannette gazed in heartfelt agony upon him. Again he opened his eyes, beheld his mistress, and by an effort raising himself from the floor, he pressed her hand to his lips.

"Farewell, Miss Jenny. Do de white and de black people go to one heben?" he asked earnestly.

"All—all who are worthy," sobbed Jeannette.

"I hope, den, I shall go dere, and see my old massa and missis."

He now turned his eyes towards the door, and beheld the band of ruffians, to prevent whose in-

trusion he had sacrificed his life. A rapid change passed over his countenance. It had been calm and placid; it now became agitated with fear and hatred combined. With a strong exertion he partially raised himself from the floor, lifted his arm as if to strike, gnashed his teeth in fruitless passion, and fell back a lifeless corpse.

During the few moments which were occupied in the scene we have related, Smith and his gang remained silent and unmoved spectators. But no sooner had the finale occurred, than the bandit motioned his men to advance.

"This is the result of despising, of withstanding me. Away with the carcass, my men."

The robbers removed him from the room, and Smith entered, closing the door behind him.

* "Mercy! mercy!" shrieked Jeannette.

"Fear not, my pretty one," said the bandit, in a tone which seemed to partake of mockery.

"Leave my apartments," said Miss Fairman, recovering firmness, and speaking in a tone of mingled command and entreaty.

"When it suits my inclination," said Smith, coolly taking a seat.

"Oh, that Captain Harley were here," returned Jeannette, "to revenge the death of my faithful

servant; to revenge this outrage on female delicacy and weakness."

"Captain Harley!" said Smith, bitterly. "It is not well, Miss Fairman, that you have mentioned his name, or desired his presence. He is one of my bitterest enemies. He has spent months in endeavouring to discover my rendezvous. He has sought me and hunted me as though I were a wild beast of the forest. For this, I owe him nothing; nothing but the fate which every foeman of mine sooner or later experiences at my hand—death."

"And dare you—you, who are regarded with universal disgust—you, whose crimes are daily crying for vengeance before the tribunal of heaven—dare you threaten with death an honourable man?"

"Ay, I dare threaten, and I dare execute. An honourable man! Yes, he can brawl about patriotism, and fight from pride or ambition; and this constitutes him honourable—this gives him reputation and character. And what is character, forsooth? The good opinion of fools. It is not the best ~~man~~ who possesses the best character, but he who can most readily deceive the mob. The man who can flatter and fawn, who can *talk* of virtue and put his name to subscriptions, and

wear a sanctimonious air—this is the man of character.

“But for this Harley—”

“I am not disposed to hear anything more,” said Jeannette, preparing to leave the room. “If plunder be your object, you have no resistance to fear; and you may gratify your avarice with impunity.”

“Nay,” said the bandit, rising, and speaking in a peculiar tone, “plunder is not my object, at least not merely ordinary plunder.”

“What mean you?” asked Jeannette.

“I mean, then, that the possession of your person is the object of my present visit, and that you must immediately prepare to accompany me to a residence I have selected for you.”

“Approach me not!” said Miss Fairman, fully awakened to a sense of her utter helplessness, “I will sooner die!”

“Resistance will be vain.”

“By all that is sacred, I entreat you—”

“Entreaty will be vain.”

“Ha! I see through the whole. This is the interpretation of the threats of Major Wilson. You are but the tool—the miserable, degraded tool of a vicious and unprincipled man. Deny it if

you ~~man~~—if you dare. This, I presume, is what you style honourable.”

“Rail on—by the gods, you are a fine one ! But I am in haste, and can wait no longer. Are you ready to proceed ?”

“I go not with you.”

“We shall see. If your obstinacy render it necessary to use force, the harm fall upon your own head. Will you go peaceably ?” he demanded, taking hold of her arm.

Jeannette was now roused to desperation. Glancing at his person, she perceived a dirk secreted in his bosom. Seizing it with singular dexterity, she released herself from him by a powerful effort, and aimed at him a blow, which, but for his agility, would not have required repetition. He soon succeeded, however, in disarming her. Indeed, as if surprised at her own violence, she quietly surrendered the weapon, and no longer made any opposition to her captor. Several of the men were called in, and she was speedily arrayed for her journey.

The house had been ransacked in the mean time from the top to the bottom, and many valuable articles had been seized. Smith, with his own hands, broke open a bureau which was in Miss

Fairman's room, and selected therefrom such of the articles as he thought proper. All his men, with the exception of two whom he retained, were despatched to the cave with the plunder which they had taken.

CHAPTER III.

How speed the outlaws ?—stand they well prepared,
Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock, to guard ?

The Corsair.

BEFORE daybreak a considerable collection of people had assembled at the residence of Timothy Sheldon. There was evidently a great deal of excitement on the subject of the outrages which had been committed during the preceding night. Never had the robbers acted in a more open and daring manner, and never had they carried their enormities to a greater excess. A universal desire to discover their retreat and break up the gang pervaded every bosom ; and it was the unanimous determination of the whole company to devote their entire energies to that purpose..

“ Ay, ay,” said Uncle Ben ; “ we will see whether honest men cannot sleep in their beds for fear of being robbed or murdered by a set of villains whom the devil himself would scarcely own. What say

you, fellow-citizens?—will you volunteer for the day?"

"We will," was the universal reply.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "I have despatched a messenger for Colonel Townsend, who will be here presently, and will direct our proceedings. In the mean time let us search the rascal who was killed at the door last night. Perhaps something may be discovered which will lead to further disclosures."

The clothes of the deceased were thoroughly searched, and his features narrowly examined; but neither the one nor the other afforded the slightest information to the curious and interested spectators. None could remember his countenance or recognise his person.

Henry Sheldon now directed the attention of all to marks of blood which were become plainly visible on the grass.

"Yes," said his father, "there must be another wounded; and it is very probable that he has crawled somewhere for shelter."

"His fellows may possibly have carried him away to a place of safety," remarked another.

Colonel Townsend now came up, with several others of the neighbourhood. He was a blunt, plain looking man, of middle age and stature, with a countenance expressive of an equal degree of

shrewdness and determination. He listened to the accounts which were given him of the proceedings of Smith's gang during the night with officerlike nonchalance.

"We must put a stop to this, my friends," he at length remarked. "It is a disgrace to us that we have not long since extirpated the whole crew of them."

The bloody track was now referred to; and it was immediately determined to endeavour to discover what had become of the wounded man. Small parties were sent out in different directions for this purpose. In a short time a shout of triumph declared the success of one of the parties, and all immediately rushed in the direction from which the noise proceeded.

The morn was now fairly come, and the sky was already streaked with the golden light of the orb of day. Beneath a small tree lay a man evidently suffering from the effects of a very severe wound. Around him were collected a number of men whose countenances expressed little sympathy for his situation, and whose actions exhibited little regard for his feelings. On the contrary, he was evidently regarded with hatred and disgust which could scarcely be restrained; for he was immediately recognised, by several who had aforetime suffered, as

one of the most brutal of the brutal followers of the Forest Wolf.

Colonel Townsend advanced, and demanded his name.

"Arthur Luttrell," he replied, in a feeble voice.

"You belong to the band that assaulted yonder house last evening?" said the colonel, inquiringly.

Luttrell was silent.

"Come, come—no airs!" said the colonel, in a decided manner. "If you are dying, so much the better—so much the more proper that you disclose the truth: but whether dying or not, I am determined to obtain from you a knowledge of the secret rendezvous of your master. It is known that he has, somewhere in this vicinity, a hiding-place where he secretes his plunder and conceals his men. Will you disclose it?"

The man raised himself partly from the ground, and said, in a firmer tone, "I will disclose nothing. Did not the most solemn oaths of secrecy bind me to silence, I should disdain the thought of endangering the safety of my former friends and associates. Leave me to die."

"Again I ask, will you voluntarily disclose what I have desired?"

"No."

"Sheldon," said the colonel, turning to the person addressed, "send for your broadaxe.

Henry was despatched for the required instrument, and soon returned, handing it to Colonel Townsend in silence.

The colonel passed his fingers over the edge of it, as if to ascertain its sharpness; then said to the man, who, although in evident pain, watched his motions with great interest—

"Come, Mr. Luttrell, if that is your name, we will see how much you can bear in the way of martyrdom. You may disclose or not, but, by Saint Nicholas, I swear that if you refuse any longer, I will begin and chop you to pieces, inch by inch."

The prisoner remained silent and unmoved.

"Stretch out his arm, Thompson," said the colonel, with an air of determination; at the same time raising his weapon and assuming an attitude as if to strike.

"Hold! hold!" said the man. "For God's sake, do not murder me thus. I will tell all that I know."

"Very well," said the colonel; "it will save us both some trouble. What is the situation of your place of concealment?"

"Will a free and full disclosure release me from the penalty due to the violated laws of the country?"

"It shall," observed the colonel, looking round.
"We all of us pledge ourselves to procure you a free pardon if you deal fairly with us."

The men nodded acquiescence.

"Listen, then, and let me conclude as soon as possible, for I feel faint and sick. The most secret rendezvous of the captain, and the spot where his treasures are mostly concealed, is a cave situated in the forest, about a quarter of a mile below Major Bergman's residence. If you can discover a large chestnut tree at the commencement of the forest on the north, and will proceed towards the interior, always keeping the major's house in range with the tree, you will in a short time come to a thick mass of underwood. The ground is there somewhat raised, and the trees are low and scrubby. By carefully examining this spot, you will perceive some brush which is loose and may be removed. If this be done, an entrance will be apparent, which, if pursued some distance, will at length end in an area of some extent. Near its centre a trapdoor may be readily discovered, which will afford admission to the cave."

"But suppose the cave should be unoccupied—is there no other place of concealment?"

"You may then proceed to Major Bergman's house, in which there is a secret room which has

sometimes been used. Colonel Fairman is also an ally of the captain's, and has often afforded protection and shelter to his band."

Have you anything further to reveal upon this subject?"

"No—noth—nothing," he muttered, as a sudden faintness came over him which affected his speech.

"Let him be removed to the house and taken care of," said the colonel. "His subsequent treatment shall depend upon the truth of his statement."

The party now proceeded towards the forest which had been designated by the wounded robber as containing within its bounds the cave of the Forest Wolf. The marked tree was discovered with little difficulty, and by following the directions which had been given them, they in a short time discovered the passage leading to the cavern. Proceeding cautiously lest they should be surprised, they moved on, the colonel and Timothy leading the van. Upon arriving at the open space heretofore described, they were astonished to perceive the trapdoor standing open, and no appearance of any occupants within. After stationing a guard at the entrance, and taking every precaution to withstand an assault, should the robbers venture to make one, the colonel with a number of the party descended the steps and entered the cave. Every-

thing was in disorder. The table was loaded with provisions, and several half empty kegs of brandy stood in one corner. Not a solitary individual was discovered, although sundry articles of apparel were lying in various directions, as if recently thrown by. Smith's private room had been left undisturbed, and everything there remained in its previous condition.

The party entered the door to the left. The room was very dark, and it was some moments before objects could be discerned. A bed of straw lay in one corner of the room, upon which was extended a being apparently asleep. It was a female. Anxious to obtain some information with regard to the deserted appearance of the cave, one of the men attempted to awake her. She was dead.

Conjecture was useless ; and after a few moment's conversation among the leaders of the party, it was agreed to proceed, and search the house of Major Bergman.

"I always thought the old German was more than half a Hessian," said Sheldon ; "but I never dreamed that his blunt honesty was assumed as a cloak for these vile robberies."

"Well, well," said the colonel, "we will see ; and if he be really engaged in this business, egad ! we'll smoke him."

"Ay, ay," said another, "we'll break up this hornet's nest if it cost us our lives."

A few moments sufficed to bring them to the house of the old major. At the first call, the door was opened, and the major appeared in person. He stared in amazement at his assembled neighbours, and the next moment demanded their business.

"We are merely paying a visit to our neighbours in this quarter. We have determined that every house in this vicinity shall be searched, for the purpose of discovering, if possible, the fellows who destroy our property and endanger our lives by their midnight depredations. We have now come to yours in course, and ask the privilege of inspecting your premises."

"And this is all your business?" said the major, inquiringly.

"This is the sole object we have in view," returned the colonel.

"Come in, then, and be damned to you," said the other, in his blunt manner. "The house is open for your inspection, and I'll assist you in the search."

"That's right," said Townsend. "This is a thing for our mutual benefit, and none but the guilty need fear."

At the same time he eyed the major sharply—

his countenance, however, was unmoved, and he even appeared to encourage the proceeding.

"Will you begin with the cellar?" said he, as the men watched the movements of their leader.

This was agreed to, and the major accompanied them. Every room was ransacked, every closet opened, and even the chimneys examined.

The major talked incessantly during the whole proceeding. "Here we are now—arrived at the garret," he observed; "it is open to all—but you may perceive with half an eye that it is perfectly bare, and free from any of the varmin."

"Yes, yes—there's nobody here," said the colonel, in a sinister tone, and with a low, stifled laugh. "Friends, I believe our neighbour Major Bergman has proved himself a true man."

"He has," said the men.

"Well, raaly now, but you didn't raaly suspect me?" said the major, in his composed manner. "I thought it was a mere joke you were playing upon me."

"Ay—a mere joke, I can assure you, and now we mean to carry it out a little further. You may be hanged before the joke ends. Seize Major Bergman, my friends. In the name of the good people of this state, I arrest him as a foul traitor to the majesty of the realm."

The men expressed their surprise at this proceeding, but immediately secured him.

"Dunder and blixen!" said the German, in a tone of rage, as he gazed upon the colonel, and then upon the men who surrounded him. "What does all this mean? Let go my arms."

"I have a few questions to ask previously."

"Go to hell with your questions."

"Do you know a person by the name of Luttrell?"

"Luttrell," said the major, now perceptibly agitated—"what of him?"

"He has informed."

"The devil he has!"

"He has told of a secret room in your house. Bring him along, my friends—we will discover it without his assistance."

The colonel led the way to a room in the second story, which had attracted his attention during the previous search. It was purposely darkened, and was nearly empty: but he had noticed a screen which stood against the wall upon one side. He had also glanced behind the screen, and saw that it concealed a door which was not spoken of by the major in his apparent forwardness to exhibit his apartments. He now removed the screen with his own hands, and exclaimed—

•

"Burst open the door, and fire upon the villains if any of them attempt resistance."

The door was speedily forced, and about a dozen men were perceived in a long narrow room, apparently constructed for the very purpose of concealment.

"Down with your weapons, you rascals, and come out, one at a time, or we'll pour in a broadside upon you which will make sore work."

The robbers hesitated a moment, as if deliberating whether to resist or submit.

"Out with you in a moment!"

The men threw down their muskets and surrendered themselves prisoners.

A considerable quantity of booty was found secreted in the room, which had been stolen from the inhabitants at various periods. This was secured so as to be available hereafter.

"Come along, neighbours. Bring with you the prisoners. We have one more call to make before we shall have finished our day's work."

An hour's march sufficed to bring them to Colonel Fairman's residence. The knock for admittance was answered by the appearance of a lady, who was instantly recognised as Mrs. Fairman.

"Is Colonel Fairman at home, madam?" inquired the leader, in a respectful tone.

"He is not. He left the house shortly after midnight, declaring that urgent business required his presence in New-York early in the morning."

"We have an unpleasant service to perform, madam," observed the colonel; "but it is a duty, and cannot be dispensed with."

"What is it?" she inquired, turning pale. "Let me know the worst. Has anything befallen my husband?"

"Nothing—our object is solely to search the house, and ascertain if there be any traces of the robbers who have so long infested this county."

"I can give you satisfactory information on that subject, I presume. There are now concealed in the house a number of persons who, I have reason to believe, belong to that band. They came here last night, and demanded protection and shelter from my husband, which he dared not refuse them. But I have no sympathy for them, and will readily deliver them into your hands. Follow me."

Under her guidance the place of their concealment was readily found. Their astonishment and dismay were excessive upon finding that they were in the hands of enemies; but resistance was vain, and they submitted to their fate. Here also were found a number of articles, which had been stolen and secreted, and which now returned to

the real owners. The prisoners were now assembled for examination.

Colonel Townsend soon discovered that the captain was not taken. From all that could be gathered from the prisoners, it was probable that he had gone to New-York or Staten Island. The colonel determined to pursue, and, if possible, to overtake him before his arrival at either place.

After giving directions to the men with regard to the proper mode of securing the prisoners and detaining them in custody, he started with several of the bravest and most enterprising citizens in pursuit of Smith. It was in vain, however ; he had too great a start. In fact, they could hear nothing of the man whom they sought, and they returned at the close of the day, fatigued and disappointed.

In the mean time the prisoners were marched back to the cave. This was done to enable the citizens to collect the spoils which had been recovered there. This being accomplished, they proceeded to an inn which was about a mile and a half from the place. Here the prisoners were placed in an upper room of sufficient size ; the door of which was guarded by three or four men who were posted as sentinels. The fun and

frolic now commenced. The volunteers had not forgotten or overlooked the brandy which belonged to the robbers. They had confiscated the property to their own use, and they now began to attack it with ardour.

The laugh and the song went merrily round, and half the company were soon drowsy : even the sentinels giggled over the beverage which, against all the rules of war, they swallowed on duty. The prisoners saw their advantage, and determined to avail themselves of it. They readily disarmed the sentinels, rapidly descended the staircase, and fled towards the forest. A few of the men were sufficiently sober to raise their muskets and fire, but without doing any execution. A pursuit was attempted, which failed, however, from the situation of the pursuers, of producing any beneficial result.

Many an old boy, as he brings to mind the reminiscences of his early days, laughs as he thinks of that day of fun and jollity, when the bandits were routed from their hiding-places, and the kegs of brandy were emptied of their baleful contents. When another such day occurs may I be there to see.

CHAPTER IV.

No, no, I'll strait run mad, mad, mad ;
That soon my heart will warm :
When once the sense is fled, is fled,
Love has no power to charm.

Old Song.

IN order to account for the situation of the cave at the time of its discovery by the armed citizens, it will be necessary to advert to some previous events.

Herbert Wendall, after his second interview with the bandit, was thrown into the small, dismal looking room where the corpse was discovered. A small lamp which was given him, served only to render the gloomy character of the place more apparent. A pitcher of water and a brown loaf were brought to him, and the entrance was then barred and bolted.

He felt little appetite, however. The very atmosphere he breathed seemed foul and fraught with death, and his situation appeared every moment to be more and more hopeless. Hour after

hour passed by, and still he expected that the next would be to him only the period of a cruel death. As a man, he was prepared to undergo all that malice could inflict—to submit with fortitude to his fate: but it is not in man to think of torture and death without a shudder.

“The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear.”

Occasionally, he could hear the movements of the men, and catch a straggling word, as the conversation assumed an elevated tone. Then again the sounds would die away, and for many “lover’s hours,” even the spider could be heard at his loathsome work.

Time passed on, but Wendall scarcely marked its progress. At length he heard the clattering of weapons and the sound of voices, among which he could easily recognise the peculiar and thrilling tones of the captain.

“Now,” exclaimed the prisoner, “the moment of my destiny approaches.”

But the noises increased for a time, and there were the trampings of men, and the words of command, and the whisperings as of secret things; and then the whole company ascended the steps of the cave, and an unbroken silence again pervaded its recesses.

"Perhaps I am left here to die of famine," said Wendall.

The thought was a horrid one; and ever and anon, like a terrible spectre, it flitted across the mind of the prisoner.

He ate and drank sparingly of the provisions which had been left him, and then lay down to obtain some repose. His sleep was troubled and unquiet. A succession of fearful images was presented to his mind.

Now he fancied himself standing upon the top of a terrible precipice, on a ledge of rocks which fearfully jutted over the bosom of the abyss beneath. Anon there came the sound of an earthquake, like the rumbling of chariot wheels over the frozen ground. The rock upon which he stood quivered as if it were shaken by the wind. He turned to fly, but could not; his feet were rooted to the spot. In the impotence of despair he would have shrieked for help, but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth, and the spell of silence was upon him. He could see the quivering of the rock—the dark gulf beneath; he could hear the rustling of the wind above—the roaring of the waters below—the rumbling of the earth around him; he could feel, but could not act. Presently a yet louder noise saluted his ear, and the immense mass of

stone upon which he was standing separated and fell with a tremendous crash. Then came the moment of extreme agony. He fell headlong towards the yawning abyss, but he seemed never to reach the bottom ; his motion became less accelerated, and he sailed gently along the air—more gently.

And now he fancied himself lying in a sumptuous apartment on a bed of roses. The air was filled with the perfume of a thousand flowers of every variety of perfection. In the listlessness of tropical indolence, he listened to the warbling of the birds, which on every side saluted his ear with unceasing melody. In the centre of the room was a fountain, the constant play of whose waters preserved a refreshing coolness. Presently a female of seraphic beauty entered the apartment. A robe of the finest texture was thrown around her, disclosing, by

“ Partial concealment yet more fully,”

her faultless elegance of person, Her cheeks were dimpled with smiles, and her eyes were bent on him as if in languishment. As he was about to ask her name, a flash of lightning, sharp and sudden, seemed to pervade the apartment, followed by a burst of thunder of terrible violence. The

fragrance now was gone, and the song of the birds, and the murmur of the fountain; and there stood over him a form of fearful ugliness: her glance was one of mortal enmity, and she held a dagger in her nerved and uplifted hand. As the blow was descending, he awoke.

Wendall was surprised to see standing before him, with a lamp in her hand, a female whose wild and haggard appearance almost disposed him to consider his dream as a reality. He raised himself from the couch and demanded, "How came you here?"

She pointed to the door, and said, in a gay tone, "It was barred and bolted; but what are bars and bolts to a truehearted one seeking her lover?"

"What mean you?"

"What do I mean? ha—ha! Have you never heard of Ariadne and Theseus, two lovers of old, and how she saved him from perishing in the cave of the Minotaur, and gave him shelter in her father's castle?—ay, and she followed him with the devotion of a true woman in his long voyage; she nursed him in his hours of sickness, sorrowed with him in his periods of adversity, rejoiced with him in his time of happiness. Have you never heard of this?"

"I recollect the story."

"Ay, and do you recollect how he recompensed her for all her love, her labours, her sacrifices? I will tell you," she exclaimed, in a bitter, piercing voice. "He deserted her, despised her, left her desolate on an inhospitable shore. But," she continued, in a low and indistinct tone, "he was a man—a man."

"They are all deceivers—they are all false; false in heart—false in word—false in practice. They will steal the affections of the innocent and unsuspecting, by their unmeaning protestations of love, and then leave their unfortunate victims to pine out a weary existence.

"Man—the very name is an epitome of all that is mean, and base, and vile."

"Whence came you, poor wanderer? where is your home?"

"Home—home—why do you ask such a question as that? Home is a delightful place—is it not?" said she. She then sang the following stanzas of an old ballad in a touching manner:—

"Happier than the sceptred king
Beneath his regal dome,
Happier than the sceptred king,
Is the peasant boy at home.

“ ‘Happier than the conqueror
Whom kingdoms tempt to roam,
Happier than the conqueror
Is the peasant boy at home.’

“But I have no home—poor, unfortunate creature that I am,” she continued, bursting into tears.

“I’ll tell you who I am,” said she, approaching Wendall, and whispering in a low tone. “I am Ariadne herself, who has been wandering about to seek a place of shelter. My home—my dominions—you know, are far distant. Here I have been left, by the cruel man whom I loved and befriended, to perish, unless relieved by charity. It was a cruel, cruel treatment, and my heart has grieved until it is wellnigh broken. Do you not think it without excuse, sir?”

“It is indeed abominable.”

“Ay, and for what I know my health is suffering. There was a terrible shower in these parts a night or two since, and the rain poured in torrents, and wet my clothes through and through. I have felt feverish since then, and my head has sometimes felt bad, very bad. Yet I did not feel it then. I even laughed when the storm was at the hardest—ay, I laughed loudly, even when the lightning played and the thunder roared. I was not afraid ;

for I knew there was nothing mean and base enough to harm an unprotected woman—but a man.”

“What aid can I render you?” said Wendall, approaching her.

“Nay, nay—stand off—you are a man.”

“I will not harm you.”

“I trust not your promises. They are readily made—as readily broken.”

“Wrap this blanket around you, at least. You are cold and chilly, and it will be of service to you.”

“No!” said she, pointing to her garments, now almost in tatters. “Do you think I will conceal, with such a covering as that, this dress—the attire of my gayest hours? Never! Do you know the song—

‘Beautiful art thou, my love,
In thy robes of white!’

I could sing it once most blithely—but those times have gone by—when my brother and myself—”

She gazed earnestly at him, put the lamp before his face, and then commenced clapping her hands.

“Ha—ha! I am so glad. You are my brother—my dear brother Herbert. Don’t you know your own sister Marian?”

He groaned as if some thought of agony crossed his mind.

“Nay, then, are you not glad to see me, Herbert? Will you, too, scorn me as he has done? Or do you not know me—not know me? Am I indeed so altered? Why, my brother, I could have recognised you by that high forehead and that dark eye, though I had met you in the wilderness of unknown regions.”

“My poor, poor Marian.”

“See here, Herbert. Do you not remember when I was a little girl, how you kissed and caressed me? And with your hands you would play with my flaxen curls, and you would laugh at my infantile speeches. My hair is long and matted now,” said she, parting the locks with her hands, and twisting them carelessly together. “No wonder you had forgotten me; for my cheek has faded, and the lustre has departed from my eyes, and my strength is gone.

“Why did you leave me, Herbert, to go on that long and desperate voyage? I thought you were dead—dead.

“Ha—ha! it was a queer dream I had last night. I thought I was dead, and that my corpse was laid out in state. And byandby in came a whole band dressed in white, and they put upon me a white

dress spangled with gold and silver, and a crown of jewels upon my head; and they said, 'Thus should a princess go to the tomb.' And then a band of musicians came in, and they played slowly and solemnly their dirgelike strains; and the room was filled with the odour of burning frankincense. And then methought I was conveyed away to a tomb where lamps were burning night and day, and there I was laid, surrounded by royal ashes and princely mausoleums. Ha—ha! it was singular, very singular. If I were a queen—"

"Marian, my dear Marian, do not talk thus," said Wendall, in a sorrowful tone. "Who—who, my sister, has been the occasion of this misery to you?"

"Would you believe it? It was the man I loved—William Fairman."

"Colonel Fairman!" said Wendall, starting suddenly back, while his countenance became deadly pale. "By Heaven, I surmised that your fate had been consummated by his villany, when I returned from a distant land, and found my father's house desolate. Curses on him!"

"Oh no, curse him not," said the maniac. "He will yet repent of his doings. He promised to marry me, Herbert, before I fell into his snares—he promised me solemnly—he swore by the Holy

Book—and I could not believe that he would perjure himself. Yet he married another—ay,” she continued, shrieking at the topmost pitch of her voice, “he married another.”

“He shall suffer for his baseness. This injury shall be washed out in his heart’s blood.”

“Blood—blood,” said the unfortunate female; “I will tell you what I have resolved upon. It’s a terrible thing, too,” she continued, in a low tone, “but I will do it. I have stolen a dagger from yonder room, and have concealed it beneath my dress. I will go to William’s house, and find him and his wife together, and then I will stab her to the heart—deep—deep—to the heart: and then, with the point of the dagger at his breast, I will compel him to wed me. Oh, what a merry bridal we shall have! I will invite the companions of my youth, and we will dance gayly and merrily round the corpse, and we will sing the songs of brighter days again.”

“Nay, rave not thus.”

“I do not rave, Herbert. I will do this and retrieve my character. I will not disgrace you.”

“Will you commit murder?” said Wendall, attempting to reason with her.

“Murder—ay, if it be necessary. Did not Brutus strike his dagger into the heart of Cæsar,

his patron and benefactor? It was for the good of Rome—for her deliverance from tyranny—and he has been applauded by after ages for the deed.

"Hist—hist—I have it. I will not kill her. I never thought of it before; but I must imitate Lucretia. She plunged the dagger into her own breast—and I will do the same."

Marian drew the dagger from her bosom quick as thought, and buried it to the hilt in her own breast.

"Hold! for God's sake, hold!" said Wendall, catching her arm. But it was too late.

The next instant she fell to the ground. A momentary quiver of agony passed over her frame; she opened her eyes, and uttered, in a feeble voice, "Revenge me, brother."

She was dead.

Wendall strode across the room in an agony of passion. Conflicting emotions of grief and anger alternately swayed his bosom.

"Yes, Marian, I will revenge you. By the throne of Heaven, I swear that the dagger which has occasioned your voluntary death shall be crimsoned with his heart's blood!

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "have I deserved this severe, this terrible blow? Would that I were dead also. Yet I live. I live for my country. I

live—yes, I live to bring just vengeance upon the abandoned villain whom my father trusted with the management of his affairs, and who, not content with squandering his property, has ruined, murdered his daughter. I solemnly swear not to slumber or sleep until the wrongs of Marian are revenged, and her betrayer punished.”

He placed the body upon the humble couch, and prepared to depart, for the purpose of procuring a reinforcement that should enable him to remove the corpse, and prevent the interference of the robbers. It was evident that they were absent upon some plundering excursion, and it was probable they would be absent some hours. He found the trapdoor wide open, so as to admit free egress as well as ingress. As there was danger of the robbers returning at any moment, on emerging from the thicket he proceeded slowly and cautiously, in order to avoid meeting them.

The path which he pursued, in the course of an hour's cautious progression, led him in front of the residence of Jeannette Fairman. He was surprised to see marks of confusion about the house, and the front door standing wide open. It immediately occurred to him that the bandit might have chosen it as the scene of one of his robberies, and he entered to satisfy himself with regard to the fact.

No sound was apparent ; and he moved from room to room, till finally he perceived an object crouching behind some old furniture. This proved to be the maid, who had effectually concealed herself from the robbers, and had remained undiscovered until the approach of Wendall. Upon his speaking to her and declaring his name, she soon recovered from her fright, and gave a detail of facts as well as her excited feelings would allow. After hearing her story, he determined to proceed immediately to Newark, where Captain Harley's troop still remained.

The robbers, on returning from their excursion, were astonished to find the cave open, the prisoner absent, and the corpse of a female occupying the room in his stead. They immediately suspected that some discovery had taken place which would endanger their safety, and debated among themselves as to the proper course to be pursued. All were disposed to seek some other hiding-place; and they finally agreed to separate, and obtain shelter under the roofs of Colonel Fairman and Major Bergman, where they had heretofore been entertained.

CHAPTER V.

Up and follow, my Lord Merton,
Up and follow the game.

Old Song.

THE sky had become clear, and the moon was just sinking below the horizon, as a band of soldiers mounted a small eminence which overlooked a portion of the country of whose varied appearance we have endeavoured to give some description. The gray twilight had not yet begun to dawn, though the near approach of morning was rendered certain by the freshness and stillness of the air, as well as by the crowing of the cocks in the distant farmyards. Ever and anon the echo would break upon the ear, shrill and piercing; and then again would succeed a silence broken only by the low tramp of feet and the half-whispered tones of the soldiers' conversation.

The march was conducted with little regularity. The commander walked in front of his detachment, and appeared to be absorbed in a reverie: whether

of a pleasing or unpleasing character could hardly be perceived from his manner. His appearance, however, was unusually grave and reserved. This circumstance seemed to exercise considerable influence on the men, who carried on their conversation in low tones, though occasionally becoming loud enough to reach the ears of their commander.

"I warrant me," remarked one of their number, as if in continuation of a dialogue which had been interrupted by a chuckling laugh, occasioned, probably, by some bon mot of a former speaker, "the British bullies will remember their peppering of yesterday for a week or two. Neighbour Campfield's hogs had a fine escape. In another day the beauties would have had their throats cut. By the hokey, I wonder if, when they have eaten all the American hogs, they won't take a liking to British swine, and devour each other?"

Here another suppressed titter ran through the band.

"Well said, Mr. Penniman," observed a second. "That last cut would have done honour to the wits of any philosopher of the olden time. If ever we have a king in America, I nominate you for his court jester."

"Fy on you, Tichenor," said a third; "how dare you even whisper the thought of an American king?"

Better that every son and daughter of this nation should be buried in their graves, than that, having escaped from a foreign tyrant, they should submit to a domestic one."

"Nay—I meant it not. Only, if our comrade can exercise his wits so sharply, I for one think him worthy of promotion."

"Ay," said Penniman; "Friend Tichenor is a little piqued to think that his cattle were not so fortunate as Neighbour Campfield's. His bullock, of which he boasted so much, and the cow with one horn, on whose virtues and good qualities he could expatiate for half a day, are gone—gone irrevocably."

"May the devil and all his imps torment the cowardly villains who committed the robbery. May the flesh be poison to the consumers, giving disease and death."

"Nay, nay," said another speaker; "that is an unchristian wish."

"Are they not robbers? I do suppose that in all this section of country there is not another cow of so valuable a character as that I have lost. Now you may think I am joking, but I can assure you it is a fact, that I kept that animal all through last winter (and a cold winter it was) on fifty bundles of rye straw, and she gave, on an average, thirty quarts of milk per day."

"For Heaven's sake, Tichenor, don't tell any more of your old stories."

"If you doubt any part of my relation, ask Herbert Wendall, and he will satisfy you."

"He!" said Penniman, in a tone of mockery—"he would be the last man to credit so ridiculous an account—much less to testify to its truth."

"What can have become of our old friend Herbert?" asked another speaker.

"I know not," returned Penniman. "Some accident, however, has assuredly befallen him. I hope sincerely that he has not fallen into the hands of the British. Some feats of his might subject him to harsh treatment; and his tongue is rarely so well curbed as to act the part of a hypocrite."

"Herbert Wendall," observed the inquirer, "is an example of what an American partisan soldier should be. His want of prudence would scarcely allow him to be a safe commander, but is no hindrance to those services which require, rather, undaunted bravery and powerful exertion. Endued with a stalwart frame capable of sustaining the severest efforts, and a courage as well the result of mental as bodily culture, he encounters fatigue with pleasure and danger without reluctance."

"Good!" shouted Penniman, in tones which

seemed to arrest the notice of the leader. "That was a speech worthy of a Cicero.

"But hist! Who goes there?" he hallooed, as the figure of a man became perceptible at the distance of fifteen or twenty yards, and apparently walking towards them.

Half a dozen rifles were instantly pointed towards the individual, awaiting his answer.

The leader now paused, and ordered his men to halt while he ascertained the character of the stranger.

"Who goes there?" again bawled Penniman to the approaching man.

"A friend!" was now heard distinctly uttered in a deep guttural voice—"that is, if you are whom I suppose you to be—a part of Captain Harley's Rangers proceeding homeward from your expedition of yesterday."

"Right, honest friend," returned the other. "But hang me, if I don't recollect that voice—and now I see his figure more plainly, by Jupiter! it is Wild Will of the Hook."

The last part of this speech was rather addressed to the leader, who, as our readers may have conjectured, was Captain Harley.

"Let him advance," said the captain; "he may have some news to communicate, for he is always

prying into the plans and pursuits of others. He has a penetration into the purposes and actions of men around him which stronger heads than his possess not."

"Why linger ye here?" said the half crazy man, as he advanced still nearer the company, which he observed had halted. "If Captain Harley be here, does he not know that his dearest interests are at stake? and will he thus by criminal idleness throw away every chance of redeeming the prize he has lost?"

"What mean you?" inquired Harley, evidently alarmed by the tenour of the communication he had received.

But he had scarcely asked the question when the loud tramping of a horse's feet was heard in a westerly direction; and hardly a minute elapsed before the stout form of Herbert Wendall stood before him, almost breathless from the haste in which he had ridden.

A murmur of surprise and pleasure was heard through the band as they beheld their comrade, so much esteemed by them all, safe and sound, in their presence.

"What news, Herbert?" exclaimed Harley, perceiving by his countenance that he was labouring to disclose some important intelligence.

"The marauders have been out again to-night, and they have assaulted Miss Fairman's residence, and plundered it of many valuable articles."

"Good God! and I was absent."

"And Miss Fairman—"

"They have not dared to injure her? You say not so, Herbert Wendall? They have not dared—"

"I know not what has become of her—but I found the faithful old black, Cato, weltering in his blood, and Miss Fairman was not to be found in any direction."

"Poor, poor Jeannette!" exclaimed Harley, placing his hand upon his head, as if to collect his thoughts. "This is indeed the terrible confirmation of all my anxious fears."

"This is a time for action rather than vain regret and sorrowing, captain. I have reason to believe that Major Wilson, of the British army, is at the bottom of this plan for the abduction of Miss Fairman."

He then gave a short and succinct account of his adventures from the time of leaving Springfield—re-marking particularly upon the interview of Major Wilson with the bandit leader.

Harley coincided with him in opinion of the subject, and was about inquiring his idea as to the best mode of proceeding in so critical a juncture, when Wild Willie again stepped up.

"I say, why do ye linger here! Have you not heard that the Wolf has crept into the fold and carried off the sheep? and do you leave the helpless and unprotected to their fate?"

"Let us hear him," said Wendall, "he may perchance give us some valuable information. What would you say, honest Will?"

"I love sometimes to ramble about at night when the moon is hid behind the clouds—the wild music of the screech owls is delightful, and the wild roaring of the wind through the trees is glorious."

"Nay—but you spoke of a fold that had been broken into and robbed—what meant you?"

"Ay, I had wandered mile after mile in various directions, when at last I approached a small dell of a romantic character. It was surrounded by a growth of copsewood, leaving an irregular circle of open ground perhaps twenty yards in diameter. It was a beautiful playground for the spirits of the valley. In the centre stood a handsome forest tree, whose wide-spreading branches were constantly waving to the night breeze. I had scarcely mounted this tree before I heard the sound of approaching steps, and soon after a man and woman on horseback appeared in the open ground, followed by three or four men on foot. The man on the horse, who appeared to be the leader, called the men

around him, and a conversation ensued which lasted several minutes. From what I could gather, I understood that the female was Miss Fairman, our country belle, whom they were forcing away ; and that the design was to proceed immediately to Elizabethtown Point, and there embark for New-York, where they should obtain a great reward for delivering her up."

After some reflection, Harley remarked, " There is but one mode which occurs to me, my friends, in which we can counteract this vile plot. May I depend upon your assistance in this emergency ?"

" To the death !" exclaimed the soldiers, who had been variously agitated by the disclosures so recently made.

" Thanks, my brave comrades. And to you, Herbert, I tender my sympathy for the afflicting event of your sister's melancholy death. I am almost ashamed to desire your services under these circumstances, but your assistance is indispensable to me."

" Do not prevent me from aiding in this cause of innocence and justice."

" I shall immediately return with my men to Newark. You will mount your horse, and rallying three or four of our friends at the Farms, endeavour to intercept the robbers before they shall have reached

the Point. If, by reason of their advance, this cannot be accomplished, your personal affairs require leave of absence, which is granted."

Wendall bowed ; and mounting his horse, he galloped off in the direction which his pursuit required. It is sufficient to remark that his efforts were unsuccessful.

CHAPTER VI.

He would spin a long story at the shortest notice. A queer chap he was, on my word.

Peter Fudge.

THE march to Newark was performed in silence, and with celerity. Every feeling seemed to be absorbed in the universal one of overtaking and punishing the plunderers whose acts of violence and crime had so long disturbed the tranquillity of the county. They were not indeed apprized of the plan which their commander had formed, but their confidence in his judgment and enterprise was unbounded.

The day had begun to dawn as they entered the town. Here and there might be seen an inhabitant preparing thus early to commence the occupations of the day. They paused : not, however, till they had reached the spot on the bank of the Passaic near which Wild Will had landed from his canoe, as related in the second chapter of this true history.

A small sloop of twenty or thirty tons burden

lay at the side of the wharf, with which it was connected by suitable fastenings. The Passaic, calm and placid as a lake, seemed scarcely affected by the power of its outward current.

At the period of which we write, the scenery on the banks of the Passaic was more wild and romantic than at present. The industry of man has since that period levelled its hills, filled up the waste places, and scattered the abodes of human beings in every direction. Yet even now, with all these drawbacks on the imagination, it is pleasant, of a summer morning, while the grass is yet wet with dew, and before the sun has risen, to walk by the shore and toss pebbles into its bosom. At all times a beautiful river is an object of interest. Many are the streams which have been rendered immortal by the ever-enduring songs of earth's greatest poets.

There is much in the progress of a stream towards the ocean to remind us of the journey of human life. It arises from some distant source, the fountain of which is unknown, and pursues its way, now meandering smoothly and silently, and now rippling and murmuring, to the great reservoir of waters.

So we come into the world, in a mysterious and unaccountable manner. Without any previous

perceptions of sense, we see, and hear, and feel. Without any previous capacities of thought or reason, we find ourselves in possession of an intellect, whose nature we cannot understand, and whose faculties, constantly approximating to perfection, seem never to become fully expanded. We pass through infancy, childhood, youth, manhood—a year seeming as a day—with our thoughts ever bent upon the future, in glorious anticipation of pleasure and enjoyment. As the lights and shadows of external influences fall upon our pathway, we are joyous or sad. Whether we languish on the bed of sickness, or toil in the pursuit of pleasure, or devote the hours of life to the acquisition of learning or wealth, every day finds us nearer in our journey to

“ That undiscovered country
From whose bourne no traveller returns.”

The wealth of a Croesus, the learning of a Johnson; the power of a Napoleon, cannot arrest for a single moment the onward sweep of time. And every moment launches its voyagers on a wide and boundless ocean. The world, which has been the theatre of their hopes and fears, whose mysteries they have scarcely had time to think on, much less to understand, is torn from their grasp.

A newer and wider scene is opened to their eyes—a scene of which we can form no idea approaching in any probable degree to correctness. Wonderful, indeed, is the destiny of man.

The company had scarcely halted, before the somewhat shattered frame of Shoemaker Jenkins was seen limping towards them, dressed in the identical manner heretofore described.

“Why, how’s this, captain?” said our friend Timothy, in his slightly cracked tone of voice. “I thought, or, as I may say, I had reason to believe, that you would return to Springfield early this morning; nor is it within the compass of my imagination to understand the occasion of this countermarch: though I judge, captain—at least, I do really suppose, that there must be some cause for it: not that—”

“You have hit it exactly,” said Harley, smiling. “But, without interrupting you, I should be glad to know where Captain Watkins is this morning. Here is his sloop, I observe, but not a living soul can be perceived about her.”

“That I can tell you,” returned Jenkins; “always presupposing, or, as the lawyers say, reasoning a fortiori, that where he generally is at this period, there he is to be found at the present time. Proceeding on this general principle, it is only

necessary to state, that just over the hill there to the north is a two-story house, in which he resides; and that, in all probability, or, as I may say, almost to a certainty, he is now engaged at his breakfast: a meal which the French, in the old Canada wars, used to call a *dejuny*—we gave them a hot one on a certain day I reckon. You didn't ask my opinion of Captain Watkins as a sailor or a man. I do believe there is nobody sails down this river, that knows how to trim a shallop sich as that better than Toby Watkins. He is a rough devil, and a queer one—though I should call him a goodhearted man in his way."

Harley did not wait to hear Timothy's whole speech; but, on learning where Captain Watkins resided, he despatched a messenger, desiring his immediate attendance. A very few minutes elapsed before he was seen descending the hill towards the wharf, followed by two men, whose dress and appearance proclaimed them to be boatmen.

Harley took the captain aside, and conversed with him privately for several minutes. Whatever may have been his request, it was apparently agreed to with the greatest readiness. The boatmen were immediately set to work to put the sloop in sailing order.

Captain Harley selected a dozen of his ablest

men to accompany him on the expedition. The rest were left under the care of a subordinate officer, to await his return to the village. In order to prevent any suspicion of the nature of their voyage or cargo, the soldiers were placed below deck. Everything which could facilitate the sailing of the sloop was put in requisition. A small carronade, which happened to be in the possession of the owner of the good sloop Fanny, was placed on the forecastle.

The sloop was a trimly built little vessel of an unpretending character. Yet if the current stories of after days may be believed, many a brave adventure was achieved by her means in the partisan warfare of the revolution. It is said, indeed, that her form was seen in other waters than those of the Passaic. I knew an old man a few years since who had been an active partisan in the war of the revolution; and many a time have I listened by the hour to his stories of that period of danger and trial. Peace be to his ashes, for he now rests in the tomb. But once, when we were speaking of these matters, and a reference was made to the capture of a vessel sailing from New-York to Philadelphia, which was laden with powder and other munitions of war, of which the Americans were then almost entirely destitute, the veteran smiled,

and remarked, that he and the Fanny might perhaps know something of the matter. And thereupon he related, with youthful glee, a very interesting adventure.

All these preparations were unaccountable to Mr. Timothy Jenkins. That worthy personage could not conceive why Captain Harley should return from his proposed journey into the interior, nor why, on whatever expedition he might be bound, he should take with him only a dozen men. Surely, thought Timothy, he cannot mean to assail Staten Island with so inconsiderable a body. I trust that his success of yesterday has not turned his brain—and he shook his head and sighed, as he thought of his own exploits in the Canada wars.

In the mean time the necessary arrangements were rapidly going on. One of the boatmen was already stationed at the helm, ready, as soon as the vessel should be loosened from the wharf, to direct her course through the proper channel. To him Jenkins determined to apply for information; and hobbling into the sloop, he gradually edged towards him, and commenced a colloquy.

“How now, honest Short? Where away so early in the morning—eh?”

“Mind your own business, Friend Jenkins,” returned the boatman, in a surly tone, determined

to affect a knowledge of what he was himself entirely ignorant.

“Nay—but—”

“I tell you, man, ’tis a secret.”

“Allow me to say, Mr. Short—”

But while the honest shoemaker had been speaking, the rope had been “let go,” and the sloop was moving slowly into the river.

Just at this moment a fresh breeze came up from the west, and the mainsail was hoisted. The wind filled the canvass, and in the twinkling of an eye, the boom, which had heretofore lain quietly in a line with the helm, veered athwart the vessel.

“Out of the way!” shouted a rough voice, as the speaker caught a sight of the cordwainer.

But the warning came too late. The unfortunate Timothy was taken completely by surprise, and the sweep of the boom plunged him into the bosom of the Passaic.

“A man overboard!” shouted the helmsman.

“Heave him a line!” said Captain Watkins—“though the devilish fool deserves to drown for his cursed impertinence in sticking his nose into everybody’s business.”

The helmsman in the mean time had succeeded in bringing the vessel round to, while Harley

threw him a rope, which, after two or three ludicrous plunges, he eagerly grasped.

"How the devil did this fellow get aboard?" continued the captain—his ire rising in proportion as the safety of the man was rendered more certain.

Each of his men protested that he saw nothing of him until after the vessel had left the wharf.

"It is more than his infernal neck is worth to detain us here when a minute's delay may destroy our only chance."

Poor Jenkins was hauled aboard, however, with no other damage than a complete ducking, and a fright which for several minutes kept him totally silent. He was ordered below with the soldiers, and furnished with a change of clothing by one of the boatmen.

The sloop again moved into the channel, and the main and jib sails were trimmed so as to receive the full influence of the wind. The tide was also favourable, and the little craft did justice to the boatman's rhyme—

"She must be canny
That beats the Fanny."

"Ay ay," muttered one of the men in the cabin, "now we swing it along bravely. Whatever Cap-

tain Harley's about, short and sweet is the word, I know."

"In truth, you may say it," said Penniman, in reply ; "and every brave man should wish it so. None of your sneaking, hesitating, trembling adventurers for me. I want somebody that will go straight slap dash to the mark."

"A great hero, truly," muttered Tichenor, with a sneer.

"But look you," continued the first speaker, "we are already leaving the high ground which forms the bank of one side of the Passaic. Here is the region of meadows and moschetoës."

"In truth," said Jenkins, no longer able to resist his propensity for talkativeness, "the Passaic (or the Passauque, as I am informed the Indians used to call it) is a beautiful river. I have sailed its waters over and over, from the Great Falls to the bay, and I know every inch of the distance as well as I know how to put a welt on a shoe ; and I have followed the business of a cordwainer these many years, as my neighbours doubtless can testify. There is old Tim Nuttman—now if he were here, he could tell you of many a scrape we have had on this river."

"The deuce take your scrapes, and your stories of Tim Nuttman ; but if you know anything about

the river, or these parts in which we are now sailing, let's have it."

"Well, well, the de'il must have his way, they say—only I can assure you, or, as I may say, by my word, I can certify to the fact, that Tim Nuttman—"

"No more of Tim Nuttman, for Heaven's sake," said Penniman.

"How impatient military men are nowadays. I recollect very well when I went to the Canada wars, that our army was just so; but I could never learn their newfangled ways—not I. But sure enough here we are at Point Nopoint."

"Point what?"

"Point Nopoint. Don't you see the point, or, indeed, as I may say, the angle which the two banks of the river make with each other, in consequence of its winding course? Well, that point or angle remains the same in size and appearance for several miles together, though the shore is continually changing. Hence the boatmen call it Point Nopoint. You see it is the same now as when your attention was first drawn to it."

"So it is, faith," said Penniman; "and it is queer, upon my word."

"Not so queer," observed Tichenor, "as a story I have heard from several travellers concerning the

Mississippi. They say that in one part of that river, where the banks are very rocky, the current is so swift that floating trunks of trees are often set on fire by the friction of the wood against the stones."

"Ha—ha! Hercules outdone, by Heaven."

"The travellers were men of—"

"Unquestionable veracity—no doubt—but for God's sake, Tichenor, don't tell these tales among strangers."

"Mercy on me!" observed Jenkins, "how the sloop does travel! Well, raaly, if there isn't Snake Hill aready."

"Where?"

"There—look to the left, as the sloop beats across the river to take the wind."

"It looks like a mountain in the desert."

"Tis a terrible place for venomous reptiles of all kinds, they say, and hence its name. My old grandfather (he was a man of great strength and nerve, and avoided no species of danger) once told me that upon a certain occasion, when he was out a hunting, (my grandfather was, as I may say, one of the first settlers in this part of the country, and well remembered when there were but three houses in Broadstreet,) he took a notion into his head that he would go over to Snake Hill. So he rowed up the Hackensack, and running his canoe ashore, by dint of wal-

lowing through the low meadow ground, he got within twenty yards of Snake Hill. And sure enough, there he saw rattlesnakes, and blacksnakes, and adders, and copperheads, and poisonous lizards, crawling by thousands around the low stunted trees which grow on its sides. If you would like to hear it, I will give you the account which my grandfather had from an Indian chief concerning the origin of this hill."

"Go on—Jenkins for ever!" shouted Penniman, while the rest apparently acquiesced, for they gathered around the old man in listening attitudes.

He reflected a moment, and then proceeded.

"'Mighty warrior,' said the Indian chief to my grandfather, (for my grandfather had shown himself dexterous and courageous in battle,) 'many thousand moons have gone by, since the fathers of our tribes came here and sat down by these waters. All our traditions represent them to have been men of unequalled strength and bravery. They were mighty chiefs in battle, they were mighty hunters in peace. Like the oaks of the mountains were they in strength—like the deer of the forests were they in fleetness. They worshipped in truth and sincerity the Good Spirit and the Evil Spirit whom they were bound to worship. And so they grew in courage and numbers—they and their children after

them. But as the moons passed away, they forgot to reverence the Evil Spirit, whose terrible power they had only heard of, and his festival days were suffered to pass unregarded.

“‘Gradually their success in battle failed them. Their enemies smote them with spears and arrows, and from almost every contest they returned defeated and dispirited. The pestilence came among them, and the bravest of their warriors and the loveliest of their maidens fell a sacrifice to its terrors. Yet they saw not their errors, or refused to amend.

“‘At length came a festival day which should have been sacredly devoted to the service of the Evil Spirit. The nation met, but not to perform their duties. A band of hunters was sent out to provide the materials for a splendid banquet. The hunters returned ; but instead of finding their parents, and brothers, and sisters, and friends, they found their encampment destroyed, and the ground strewn with dry bones, in which there was neither life nor comeliness. Then they knew how grievously the great Spirit of Evil had been offended, and they bowed their heads like children, and wept. And they offered their prey to the Spirit ; and for a whole moon they bowed their heads to the ground, and performed, silently and humbly, the almost forgotten rites of his worship. So he be-

came appeased, and they gathered together the bones of their relatives and erected over them a mound of earth. Then they retired a day's journey into the country towards the setting sun, and laid the foundation of a people even mightier than that which so nearly passed away.'

"The mound which was erected over the dry bones is Snake—"

Here the story was interrupted by a loud cry of "Sail ahoy!"

CHAPTER VII.

Thomas. Will they catch her, measter ?

Hargrove. It is a dubitable thing, Thomas.

Old Play.

NEWARK BAY is about five miles in length, from the junction of the Passaic and Hackensack rivers, by which it is formed, to the shore of Staten Island, which bounds it on the east. It exceeds a mile in width in some parts, and has been celebrated in times past for the abundance and flavour of its oysters. It communicates, by means of two outlets, formed in different directions, by the coasts of Staten Island and New-Jersey respectively, with the bays of Amboy and New-York. The situation of Newark would be abundantly favourable for the coasting trade which is carried on among the Atlantic states, were it not for the bar at the entrance of the Passaic, which renders it impossible for vessels of great burden to enter the river even at high water. The bar is formed by the Hackensack, which, possessing the larger and stronger current,

throws an embankment of mud across the mouth of its sister stream.

The voyagers had passed the bar, and were rapidly advancing before a fair wind into the middle of the bay, when the shout of "Sail ahoy!" from one of the boatmen who had been stationed at the mast-head in order to keep a lookout, fell upon the ear.

"Where away?" shouted the captain, in his usual gruff tone.

"Off towards Staten Island. She's a York schooner—I know by the cut of her jib."

"Which way is she bound?"

"Southerly."

"Southerly—she's not our game then," muttered the captain. "Let her go to the devil, if she will—but keep a good eye, Benson—and mind the lower gap."

"Mind the helm, Short, and wear away to the Bergen shore, that the wind may strike her fair."

"Come, come, friend Harley," continued Watkins, "don't be cast down about this matter; for by the Lord Harry, if the infernal rascal has not yet escaped through the Narrows, we'll fish him to a certainty."

"Yes—but, captain, there is that chance against us; and when I reflect that it is owing, in a great measure, to my own neglect and imprudence—"

“Tush! man—tush!—but I declare, if there isn’t Sammy Jones, the fisherman, with his canoe right before us. We will see if he cannot give us some information.

“Halloo!” he shouted to the fisherman, as the sloop came within fifteen or twenty yards of his canoe—“what luck to-day, Mr. Jones?”

“Pretty fair, Captain Toby,” returned the other; and he held up a bass which might have weighed five pounds.

“How long have you been fishing this morning, Uncle Sammy?”

“I was on the spot at the turn of the tide—that is always my rule—he—he!—catch ’em as they are coming out, I say.”

“Have you seen any vessel from below, bound to New-York, since you have been stationed here?”

“Not even a canoe has ruffled the surface of the bay this morning, except yonder schooner off by the island; and she is bound another way, I reckon.”

“Good enough! Do you hear that, Harley? I say, my boy,” slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, “do ~~you~~ hear that? We have got them in spite of the ~~old~~ Nick.”

The vapours of the morning were now completely dissipated, by the genial warmth of the

king of day—the great dispenser of light and heat to the inhabitants of our globe.

“Halloo! aloft there.”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“A good lookout, Benson.”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

“A sail to the south!” he bawled out in a moment.

“Which way does she move?”

“This way. She’s a Newport sloop, by her rigging.”

“By George! I can see her mast top myself. Bear down upon the Staten Island coast, Short—bear down, I say. Egad, now she goes like a streak of lightning.”

“What is your object,” said Harley, calmly, “in standing so directly for yonder shore?”

“Why, curse it, man, don’t you see we must cut her out from that island, which is full of British troops? We must give her no chance even to run ashore there.”

“But suppose, in the mean time, she suspects your designs and sails ahead of you?”

“What! a loggy Newport sloop beat the Fanny? No! I’ll be hang’d if she does it!”

The vessel now rapidly approached the opposite shore of Staten Island. In the course of twenty

minutes, a pebble might have been tossed to the land by an ordinary exertion of strength. The sloop now began to beat off and on, with the intention of awaiting the coming of the suspected vessel.

As she approached, the character of the latter craft was rendered apparent. Her hull was low, scarcely reaching above the surface of the water; the mast was short and heavy, and all her movements were laborious and snaillike.

"I fear me this is not the craft which a runaway party would choose," muttered the captain to himself; at the same time, however, giving orders to the helmsman to bear down upon her.

As soon as the vessels had approached within hailing distance, Watkins seized a speaking trumpet, and, after one or two flourishes, demanded the name of the vessel.

"George the Third."

"She ought to be sunk for the name," again muttered the captain. "Where are you bound?" he continued.

"To New-York, with provisions for the army."

"Hold back, then, friend, till I can send an officer aboard."

The commander of the George had undoubtedly supposed, from the tone of authority in which he

was hailed, as well as from the direction whence the Fanny had sailed, that it was a British vessel. This accounts for the readiness with which he answered the questions detailed, as well as the obedience he granted to the aforementioned command.

Watkins, Benson, Harley, and three of his men, who were summoned for that purpose, entered the pinnace attached to the Fanny, and in a few minutes boarded the George. The only inhabitants of the vessel were three men, one of whom, buried in a large greatcoat and slouched hat, reposed, apparently asleep, in the stern of the vessel. Of the remaining two, one was evidently an ordinary boatman, while the other officiated in the double capacity of captain and helmsman.

"Yield yourselves prisoners at once!" said Harley, advancing to the men, and presenting a pistol.

"But—but—I tell you we are going with supplies to the British army. We are no rebels."

They were evidently taken altogether by surprise, and a minute elapsed before the captain could stammer out the foregoing words.

"So much the worse for you," said Watkins; "we are rebels, and feel a particular desire to attend to some of your business. So down on your marrowbones."

Perceiving that resistance against half a dozen armed men would be useless, they yielded, though with a very bad grace. The muffled gentleman, who proved to be a vindictive and wealthy tory of one of the lower counties, railed loudly about his violent detention, and the loss he was fearful of experiencing; for it appeared the principal part of the cargo belonged to him, and was already engaged by the English commissary at high prices. A strict search was made in every part of the vessel, but no trace of any other passengers could be discovered. The *George* was immediately despatched to Newark, under charge of Benson and two of the soldiers—the prisoners, with the exception of the tory, being confined in the cabin. Captain Watkins and the remainder of the party returned to the *Fanny*, and resumed their anxious watching for the approach of the expected sail.

Nearly half an hour elapsed before another vessel appeared. The wind, in the mean time, had veered round to the south, and was now blowing fresh from that quarter.

The approaching vessel was a *periagua* of small but substantial make and appearance. Her light hull seemed to dance upon the water, as a sudden gust of wind fell upon her sails, and she darted forward like the famished tiger upon his prey.

"I do not like the appearance of yonder sloop," said one of the individuals who occupied the forepart of the periagua to his companion, who was engaged in looking at the same object through a small pocket telescope. "Methinks I have some recollection of that long and tapering mast. I have seen her before, or I am much mistaken. Ha! what do you see?" he continued, observing the countenance of the other to change, as if he recognised some unpleasant object.

"Hell and fury! we are betrayed."

"What do you mean, ~~o~~lonel?"

"Look for yourself," he replied, thrusting into his hand the telescope. "Why, don't you see, man? There's that infernal Toby Watkins, and that imp of Satan, Harley, who, I believe, was created for the sole purpose of tormenting and thwarting me."

"Humph!" muttered the bandit, after gazing a few minutes, and then handing back the telescope.

"Well, Friend Smith, what shall we do? They are after us, without doubt. See—even now they are bearing down upon us."

The bandit walked the deck for a minute in silence.

"One, two, three, four," he muttered at last. "We are too few to fight; the hold of yonder ves-

sel is no doubt crammed with soldiers. Else, by all that is sacred, nothing would please me better than a battle for life or death with Edmund Harley. We must trust to our wings, I say, Colonel Fairman; and methinks our sylphlike vessel will hardly be outdanced by yonder water log."

The Fanny approached slowly towards the periagua, with the design of intercepting her in the same manner that had proved so effectual with the George. But this was prevented by the manœuvres of the latter vessel. She advanced for a certain length of time in the direction originally pursued. As soon, however, as they were within one hundred yards of each other, the periagua diverged somewhat from the line of her track, and moved towards the centre of the bay.

"Hold back!" shouted Watkins. "By Heaven, they avoid us. Do you see that movement, Captain Harley?"

"They appear to have some reason to fear us, indeed. Now hail them, captain; they are nearly abreast of us."

"Who goes there?" shouted Watkins, at the highest pitch of his trumpet.

The demand was unanswered.

"Ay, ay," muttered the captain, "that's your game, is it? Do your best, my hearties: we'll

give you a fair start and plenty of sea room--that is, if you can get it."

The periagua was now somewhat in advance of the sloop, but with this disadvantage in the chase about to ensue, that the former lay two or three hundred yards to the westward, on the Jersey side of the bay; so that if her sailing should prove deficient, she would be driven ashore on that side, or intercepted at the entrance of the Narrows. But she was now fairly at the top of her speed. The breeze blew fresh from the south, and the little vessel seemed almost to dance from one wave to another—a thing of air rather than of water. Away, away she went—now dipping her prow into the bosom of the waters, and now bounding along as if by the energy of her own powers of motion.

"Give chase!" shouted Watkins, with excited interest. "She darts onward like a sea bird. North and by east, Short—I say, north and by east. 'Twill drive us straight to the highland yonder."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Make the helm fast."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"Haul the mainsail round. There, that will do. She goes it now finely."

These preparations had sufficed to bring the Fanny under the full influence of the wind. For a moment she rolled violently, as her sails filled, and the men reeled as if they were intoxicated. But the next, she glided on with a firm and equable, but rapid motion. There was not manifested so much buoyancy or lightness of movement as by her rival; but this fault (if fault it was) was atoned for by a steadiness which allowed her to receive at the best advantage every iota of the propelling power of wind and current.

For several minutes it was a doubtful contest. Gradually, however, it became more apparent that the Fanny would eventually take the lead. Both having aimed at nearly the same point, the vessels had gradually approached each other, till they were now within a distance of fifty yards.

"Good enough—we are up with her," shouted Watkins. "Slack away to the north, Short."

"Ay, ay, sir."

This movement tended immediately to intercept the periagua. But it was followed by a corresponding tack on the part of the latter. The direction, however, now became such as to drive her towards the Bergen shore. The little craft still careered gallantly onward. The bandit

stood in the fore part of the vessel, gazing around him with a composed countenance, as if to survey the remaining chances of escape and the best mode of procedure. The Fanny was approaching still nearer every moment. Whatever may have been the conclusion of the bandit, his vessel still continued its course, unaltered by the near approach to land.

"Mind your helm!" shouted Watkins, in a voice which sounded clear and distinct in the ears of those to whom it was addressed. "Don't you see the Table Rock just before you? Mind your helm!"

But the warning came too late. The last word had scarcely escaped the lips of the speaker, ere the periagua struck with a tremendous crash. The front part of the vessel was dashed in, and the rushing of the water, as it poured into the interior, could be heard at a considerable distance. At the same instant, far over the water, could be distinguished the shriek of a female voice, and the cry of "Help! help!"

"Hold back!" shouted Watkins; "the pinnacle! the pinnacle!"

"The pinnacle! the pinnacle!" exclaimed Harley, distractedly.

Scarcely a minute elapsed before Watkins and Harley, with two oarsmen, were seated in the small boat, and rapidly approaching the wreck.

"Look yonder," observed Watkins. "Upon my soul, the crew have swum ashore. They are looking at us now."

And such was indeed the fact. No sooner had the concussion taken place, than Smith and his two followers threw themselves overboard, and being expert swimmers, a few moments sufficed to ensure their safety.

As soon as the boat had approached sufficiently near to the wreck, Harley sprang on board. So powerful was the exertion, that the pinnacle recoiled eight or ten yards into the stream.

"Jeannette! my dearest Jeannette! where are you?" shouted Harley.

There was no answer save a groan, and the sound of a voice, low yet distinct, crying, "Save me! save me!"

"I will perish else," he exclaimed, leaping towards the cabin, which was already half filled with water, and bursting open the door, which had evidently been securely fastened.

The figure of a woman, almost exhausted and lifeless, met his eye. He clasped her in his arms, and carried her with the rapidity of lightning to

the deck. A cry of joy escaped from his lips, on perceiving that his anxious efforts had been crowned with success. It was Jeannette Fairman whom he held in his arms.

She opened her eyes and exclaimed, "Dear Edmund—is it you?" and then sank to rest upon his bosom.

The small boat had now again come alongside the wreck—Captain Watkins having succeeded in rescuing from the water a drowning man. This proved to be Colonel Fairman; who, having been thrown overboard by the shock, and being unable to swim, must inevitably have perished but for the timely succour which was afforded him. He had already partially recovered from the effects of the accident, and was evidently affected at the termination of the adventure.

Harley deposited his precious burden in the boat with the greatest possible attention to her safety. A few minutes only elapsed ere she reposed quietly in the best and only cabin of the *Fanny*.

The men had now gathered upon the deck, and were rejoicing over the success which had attended the design.

"But let me understand," said Jenkins. "What is the meaning, or, as I may say—"

"Three cheers for the *Fanny*!" shouted one of

the men. And with caps off, "Huzza! huzza! huzza!" reverberated from shore to shore.

"See the sneaking villains yonder," exclaimed Penniman. "They are just now vanishing among the trees. I would give six months' service for a fair shot at one of them."

"And the periagua"—said another—"Royal Charlie, I think, was painted on her stern—where is she?"

"She has gone to the devil," said Penniman; "where every king and royalist ought to be."

The Royal Charlie had indeed disappeared. The Fanny alone floated on the bay, whose calm and unruffled waters had so lately been the theatre of an exciting contest for superiority.

"Bring her round, Short—bring her round, I say—to Newark—hey, my boys," said Watkins, rubbing his hands.

The men expressed their delight by loud and reiterated cheering.

The wind still blew from the south, and although not entirely favourable, the sloop still made good progress. But the accidents of the day were not yet over. Owing to some negligence in the helmsman, as well as the low state of the tide, the vessel grounded in attempting to pass the bar. In spite of every exertion, the Fanny became fixed in the

mud, so that it was impossible to move. The only remedy was to await the rising of the tide, which, gradually elevating the vessel, would, in the course of three or four hours, enable her to proceed.

Captain Watkins spent this portion of time alternately in praising his vessel, and in cursing Short, the bar, and the tide. The soldiers whiled away the lazy hours in merry jokes and songs; now listening to Jenkins's long yarns, and now to Tichenor's tough ones. Colonel Fairman and the old tory talked together in one corner of the vessel in low tones.

But the time which was long to all others, appeared short to the occupants of the cabin. Miss Fairman had completely recovered from her fright and indisposition, and the period of detention was spent in mutual explanations, and the most delightful interchange of affection. Harley had found a new claim to her regard, in his generous exertions for her safety. Hereafter, they were to be united by a love commenced in childhood, founded on mutual esteem, and cemented in scenes of danger—a love which should endure through life, and be strong even in death.

Gradually, however, the vessel began to move from her bed of mud. Slowly and lazily she moved along; the men aiding her progress by the

use of poles provided for that purpose. The water became gradually deeper ; and as soon as she had gained the channel, she proceeded with her accustomed rapidity of motion.

The men became more and more jovial, as they approached the end of their voyage. The afternoon was now nearly spent ; but the sun shone brightly, and gave even the unattractive scenery through which they were passing a cheerful appearance.

"Harrison, a song—a song," said one of the soldiers, merrily.

"A song—a song," repeated his companions, and gathered around him.

"Well then," returned the soldier, "if I sing, you must all join in the chorus. Here goes for Yankee Doodle."

"Ay, ay—that will we. Go on."

S O N G.

"King George he swore that we should pay

A duty on our tea, sirs ;

The Yankee boys declared that they

Would from this tax be free, sirs."

Chorus.—"The Yankee boys are full of stuff,

And words they never bandy :

Come on—he's flogged who cries **Enough**—

Yankee doodle dandy."

“ King George he sent his tea along,
And asked us for the tax, sirs ;
We danced a jig and sung a song,
And sent his tea all back, sirs.”

Chorus.—“ The Yankee boys—”

“ King George he swore we rebels were,
And sent us some more tea, sirs ;
Our kettles all were thrown away,
So we made it in the sea, sirs.”

Chorus.—“ The Yankee boys—”

“ King George then sent his redcoats o’er,
And raised a mighty squall, sirs ;
The rogues have had their tea before—
We’ll give them now a ball, sirs.”

Chorus.—“ The Yankee boys—”

“ Bravo ! a good one !”

“ Let us give them a salute,” said one of the soldiers, when they had approached within half a mile of the wharf. “ I declare it’s a solemn fact, that we haven’t smelt powder to-day.”

“ True as the gospel,” said another. “ Give them a salute.”

It will doubtless be remembered that a small piece of ordnance was placed in the forepart of the sloop. It was loaded with ball, and was now directed towards the town.

One of the men stepped forward with a lighted match, and fired the priming. A loud and tremendous report followed, which awakened anew the curses of the captain. The ball lodged in a building near the centre of the town; but no personal injury resulted from this idle and dangerous freak of merriment.

The voyagers were received at the wharf by cheers from a large concourse of spectators. The meeting of Dame Jenkins and her husband was truly affecting.

CHAPTER VIII.

He is a man, my lord,
Full of accursed villany of heart ;
A traitor to the realm, and otherwise
Blackened with hideous crime.

Hildebrand.

IN the examination which was immediately instituted before one of the magistrates of the town of Newark, the most abundant proof was exhibited of treasonable acts, on the part of Colonel Fairman, against the liberties of the country. It was shown that upon divers occasions he had held confidential communications with British agents, and that at times important information had been given by him to the British general. A letter, recently intercepted, bearing his signature, was read publicly, in which he advised certain movements upon an unprotected part of the country.

A charge, however, which, if in reality no more serious, bore the appearance of deeper degradation in the prisoner, was yet to be made. His connec-

tion with the marauders, whose ravages upon the lives and property of a portion of the inhabitants of the county had excited the greatest alarm, was proved beyond a doubt. A detailed statement of the discovery, capture, and escape of the gang was given, which evidently branded him as an accomplice in their guilty and criminal projects.

These facts excited much speculation on the subject of his connection with Smith in the abduction of Miss Fairman. His pretence, that Smith had forcibly detained him as a prisoner, was universally disbelieved, and the blackest motives were assigned to him. The indignation of the populace was excited to the greatest degree, and it was with difficulty they could be prevented from laying violent hands upon him. His examination resulted in an immediate committal to prison.

The Old Courthouse (a cognomen now universally applied to a building, which some five and twenty or thirty years ago occupied a site in a central part of the town) was, in like manner as its successor now is, used for the double purpose of courthouse and jail. It was situated a few rods south of the inn we have had occasion to mention, and nearly opposite the spot where the First Presbyterian Church now stands. It was a stone building, two and a half stories in height—the courtroom

being in the second story, and the apartments for prisoners ranged above and below. Here the oracles of law were dispensed from time to time with admirable impartiality ; though the troubles of the revolution, in the period of which we write, interfered in some measure with the strict administration of justice. Here the criminal met his trial and endured his punishment. And here the incarcerated debtor experienced the tender mercies of his cruel and relentless creditors, and the barbarities of a law which affects to consider poverty a crime of the most odious character.

Oh ! if there be a law which I desire to see expunged from the statute book of every nation under heaven, it is that which gives a creditor the power to imprison his unfortunate debtor. It is a remnant of barbarity which should no longer be permitted to disgrace the code of civilized nations ; a principle which in its practical operation leaves unharmed the fraudulent but wealthy debtor, and presses with tremendous energy on the truly honest, the truly unfortunate. It has a demoralizing effect upon the mind. How can the man whose soul has felt the shame of a dungeon come forth into society and walk as proudly as before. The integrity of his character is perhaps unsullied, yet he shrinks at the remembrance of an abasement which prudence

could not avoid, and which innocence rendered the more revolting.

The room into which Colonel Fairman was introduced—a solitary and degraded prisoner—was situated on the ground floor in the back part of the building. A single window, secured externally by an iron grating, was the only medium for the reception of light into the apartment. The view from this window exhibited a small yard bounded by a fence of the ordinary height. Beyond this was the public burying ground, a tract of considerable size, where moulder the last remains of our worthy forefathers. Still farther the eye rested on the high ground which bounds Newark to the westward, covered with forest trees, and other products of the vegetable kingdom. The dirty walls, the floor covered with filth, the furniture, consisting of a broken chair, and a common straw bed in one corner of the room, presented a gloomy appearance to an individual who had been accustomed to the comforts and luxuries of life. For the space of two hours he paced the room in lonely yet troubled musings. It was evident that the spirit was not at rest, and occasionally deep and bitter curses would break, as if perforce, from his lips.

“Ah,” he exclaimed at last, soliloquizing aloud, his emotions varying as the different views of his

situation appeared to break upon his mind, "this, then, is the end of all my plans, and of all my dreams—discovery, disgrace, imprisonment, perhaps a death of shame and ignominy. Fool, fool, that I have been, thus to venture all that is dear to human nature, without the certainty of success.

"How deep is the weight of crime which I feel pressing on me. Oh! conscience, conscience, thou art a scourge indeed! When the eye of man seeth not, and the wrath of Heaven is disregarded, the voice of conscience will be heard. In tones loud as thunder, she arrays before us the most secret and abominable offences of the soul. I—am! What she repeats—a traitor, a seducer, a cheat, a robber, a murderer? Good heavens!

"Ay, ay, I have turned driveller then. I am caught—entrapped in my own snare—and now I feel remorse. If I had succeeded, I should only have tasted enjoyment.

"Begone, ye thoughts unworthy of a man. I quail no longer beneath your influence. I have done those things which, if suffered freely to act, I should perform again. Not for me a life of what the hypocrites call virtue. If God has given us passions, surely he meant that we should gratify them.

"Pleasure—the gratification of all my inclinations—has been the watchword of my existence.

I cannot, will not live and be miserable—better the annihilation of the tomb. To thee then I fly for relief.”

And so saying, the infatuated prisoner took from his pocket a small vial, filled with a liquid of a poisonous character. A single moment he hesitated, and a partial shudder passed over his countenance—the next he swallowed the deadly contents at a draught.

“Now,” he exclaimed, “I am safe from the snares into which I have fallen. Death, thou art the friend of the miserable and discontented—in thy lake of oblivion all remembrances of care and sorrow are washed away. Is crime too forgotten? Oh! God!

“What is it to me? I believe in no immortality—no retribution—no eternity. Death is annihilation—ha—ha!

“Hark! what noise is that?” he continued, after a short pause, as the rough grating of a stone near his cell fell upon his ear. “Who comes?—is it for my deliverance? Perchance I have been too hasty—too hasty. Oh, God! the poison works.”

He threw himself upon the bed, and for several minutes remained partially insensible, as well from mental anguish as severe bodily pain.

In the mean time, it was evident that some person was endeavouring to effect an entrance. The

noise continued, as of a lever grating against the surface of a stone; though great caution ~~was~~ apparently observed to prevent the sound from being noticed. The hour of midnight had nearly arrived, and the moon was darkened by the thick clouds which swept across the heavens. The stone was soon entirely loosened; and being removed, the only remaining obstacle was the wooden casement which surrounded the cell to the height of three or four feet. One of the boards forming the same was perfectly loose, and the intruder found no difficulty in entering the apartment.

His appearance was wild and somewhat ferocious. Fire seemed to shoot from his eyes as he glared around and beheld the prisoner lying upon his bed. He advanced, and stood over him, while his teeth gnashed and his lips quivered with excessive passion.

"Asleep?" he muttered, in a low tone.

"No, not asleep," said the prisoner, raising his head from the clothes in which he had concealed his face. "You have then come to deliver me from ~~this~~ place—this hell, I may call it. Rash fool that I was. Ha!" continued the ~~unhappy~~ man, as he looked full in the face of the other, ~~is this~~ a dream, or is it a reality? I have reason to know you, Herbert Wendall."

"And I have reason to know you, William Fairman," said he, calmly.

"Know me," said the colonel, forgetfully.

"I know you for a villain and a traitor."

"Yes, yes," said the other, while a smile of bitter scorn passed over his features, "these are the watch-words of every petty demagogue in this land. Every one who will not unite in the factious and revolutionary movements of a few ambitious and discontented leaders is a traitor forsooth to the country. By means of a few imaginary evils, these demagogues have raised an excitement among even the honest yeomanry, which has resulted in a rebellion against their rightful sovereign. Who is the traitor? The man who resists law—who resists government? or the man who, from a sense of loyalty to his sovereign, in the singleness of his heart, opposes even his own countrymen in their unjust demands?"

"I can tell you who is the traitor. It is the man who, when his country is oppressed, takes the part of her oppressors; who, when her children are famishing for food, speculates upon their misery, and strives to deprive them of their last scanty pittance. It is the man who, for a little base gold, or a few empty honours, would sell the happiness, the liberty, nay,

the lives of his countrymen. And he is supremely a villain, who, to treason like this, adds the want of common humanity and common honesty."

"These are hard words, if intended to have a personal application."

"The innocent conscience is not alarmed at the name of crime. Those who are guiltless, fear not shadows."

The countenance of the prisoner was distorted for a moment, as if in pain; his eyes became fixed, and rising upon one knee, he exclaimed fiercely, "I am guiltless, and yet I fear shadows. See! there they come!" and he pointed with his finger to the wall opposite—"there they come, in their robes of death!—terrible, terrible—their countenances are full of anger—and they shake their daggers threateningly at me. Oh, God!—they come nearer, nearer—and their breath is as a flame of fire. Away! away!—ha—ha! they are shadows, after all. I am calm again;" and he placed his hand upon his brow,

"Is this madness?" muttered Wendall.

"Do you not see? I am calm."

"But what meant your wild and incoherent gestures just now?"

Colonel Fairman gazed at him a moment.

"Why are you here, Herbert Wendall? Have

you come to insult a weak and defenceless man—a prisoner.

“I thank you for that, Colonel Fairman,” said Herbert, in a voice full of bitterness and wrath. “I will tell you for what I have come—to avenge the wrongs—the sufferings—the death of my unfortunate sister, Marian Shirley.”

“Marian Shirley—your sister!”

“My mother was twice married.”

“Good heavens! and Marian is dead!”

“Dead—yes, villain—her happiness blasted—her life destroyed by your cruel and relentless villany. May the curse of her death rest upon your soul for ever.

“She was a fair, fair flower ere the spoiler came—lovely as the rose which blooms in the gay parterre.”

“She is dead.”

“Yes, villain—and this is the dagger which pierced her heart. I have sworn to dip it in the blood of her seducer—her murderer.”

“Strike—the death will be quicker, though even now my vitals are on fire.”

“What mean you?”

He pointed to the empty vial.

“Ha! poison. Die then in the lingering tortures

you so well deserve, and which will be the mere prelude of those eternal miseries which the Holy Book describes. I will watch by your deathbed."

"Away! leave me alone!"

"No—I would see a traitor die. Is there no feeling of remorse in your bosom for your crimes and your treachery? Remember your vices which have beggared your family—your crimes which have destroyed yourself."

"Mercy! Oh! God!"

"Ask not for pardon, either from man, or from God. The measure of your iniquities is full, and the flames of hell are demanding their victim."

"Hell!" exclaimed the unfortunate man, "there is no hell. Why do you fright me with this bugbear? Why do you torment me?"

"Remember Marian."

"Away from me! Are you Satan in the form of the man I supposed, come to rejoice at my agonies?" and again a paroxysm shot through his frame.

"Remember Marian."

"She is dead. I wish that I were dead also. How long must this be endured? Yet if there should be an hereafter—a hell,"

"Remember Marian."

"I will remember nothing. Oh! the curse of memory! Oh! for the stream of Lethe, that I might bathe and forget my past existence!"

"Remember Marian."

"Away, fiend! My God! is this death? Ho! there—shelter me from that sight! It is she, dressed in her shroud of white—and she approaches towards me. Who is that fearful demon by her side whom she is motioning to seize me? Fearful—ay, the impress of the world of darkness is upon him—he approaches. Thy dagger, Herbert—thy dagger—this is agony unutterable. Keep him off—keep him off! Oh, God! Save me—save me!" and with a last powerful exertion, he threw himself into the arms of Herbert Wendall. A sigh—a faint groan—and he was a corpse.

"It is indeed a terrible death," muttered Wendall, as he left the cell—"but so die all traitors to their country."

The next morning the body of Colonel Fairman was found lifeless on his bed. It was rightly conjectured that he had committed suicide by swallowing poison. Nor was his end regretted. The visit of Herbert Wendall, as here recorded, remained a profound secret until related by himself in after times.

CHAPTER IX.

He give up his old plans! I'll tell you, friend,
His soul is occupied with nothing else,
Even in his sleep.

Death of Wallenstein.

SMITH and his two followers experienced but little difficulty in finding their way to Paulus Hook, where the pass of Major Wilson procured them a ready passage to the city of New-York. After partaking of some refreshments, the bandit directed his steps towards the quarters of that officer. He was, however, absent on duty, and was not expected to return during the day. On the morrow, the servant informed him, he would probably be disengaged, and might then be seen.

Smith turned away disappointed.

"Everything goes wrong," he muttered to himself. "What will my men think of my continued absence? But remain I must and will, till this business is settled."

The afternoon was tempting, and he strolled out of the city. Its limits then scarcely extended

above the present site of the City Hall. Beyond this, were the green fields and the pleasant meadows, whose beauties delighted the eye, and whose fragrance filled the air. Here youth pursued its sports, and manhood resorted for reflection.

The sky was calm and serene, and he was soon beyond the tumult of the city. The birds sang melodiously, and a thousand forms of light and life fell upon the eye.

“How beautiful is nature!” at length exclaimed the bandit, as he contemplated the whole scene with emotions to which he had long been a stranger, “and how callous must the heart be which can survey a prospect like this without feeling! Methinks I am carried back to early infancy and childhood, ere I adventured on the wide ocean. Memory feebly recalls some scenes of this description, where I chased the butterfly from morn till night. Oh, that those days of innocence and happiness could return!

“Yet why do I wish it? The child is weak—the man is strong. If he must battle with a harder destiny, his nerves are firmer, his ambition higher, his victory more triumphant. And even if he fail, if his brightest hopes are destroyed, his fondest anticipations blasted, he possesses the fortitude of a

man. He knows that to all evils, whether of mind or body, there will be an end—that death will blot out for ever his poverty, his crimes, his suffering.”

The twilight of evening had arrived, and the bandit found himself, after a long and circuitous walk, standing upon the Battery, surveying the expanse of waters before him. His attention was at length arrested by a small boat rowed by a single man, which appeared to be moving in a direction towards him. It continued to advance, and something in the appearance and motions of the oarsman struck him as being familiar. The boat reached the shore, and the individual sprang to the land, muttering, in a low voice, “Safe—thank God.”

Smith stepped forward and accosted him—

“How now, Forrester, what does this mean?”

“Ah, captain,” exclaimed the man, “is that you? Well, this is lucky indeed.”

“You were in search of me, then. What news from our comrades?”

“You have not heard, then?”

“I have heard nothing.”

“We have been discovered and captured. All our retreats are known, and we were all of us, at one time, in the possession of the rebels. They indulged, however, too freely in our favourite

brandy,*and we took advantage of their situation to effect our escape."

"Hell and damnation! Where was Luttrell?"

"He was wounded in an attack on old Sheldon's house, and must have been taken. We fear that his disclosures have proved the cause of our detection."

"This is the consequence of my absence. All my plans destroyed—all my designs broken, just at the very period when success seemed most promising. But I cannot be everywhere."

"Well, captain, what shall we do?"

"Do—why go and hang yourselves."

"That would please our enemies too much."

"Right, honest Forrester. But who are they? I would swear that Captain Harley originated the plan. He has been a very serpent in my path. Yet he shall find that I too can sting. The scorpion is crushed, not killed."

"What will you seek?"

"Revenge."

"We are your men," said Forrester. "We have one and all determined, with your permission and encouragement, to join the British army. In that situation, we may have an opportunity to deal with Captain Harley and his company to better advantage."

Smith mused a few moments, and then remarked, "I will think of it. Meet me at the sign of the horseshoe an hour hence, and I will speak further with you."

"I will do so, captain."

On the succeeding morning, Smith again repaired to the quarters of Major Wilson, and was immediately admitted to his presence.

"Ah!" exclaimed the major, while his face flushed with pleasure—"you have succeeded, then?"

"I have not succeeded," said Smith, calmly.

"Then what has become of your boasting?"

"I have not boasted."

"For what purpose, then, am I honoured with a visit by the—"

"Ay—the Forest Wolf—speak it out. I am proud of the name, and of the deeds by which it was acquired. As a wolf of the forest I have been hunted by my fellow-men, through all my wanderings in the world. Yet I have escaped them all—all their plans—all their modes of punishment—the prison and the gibbet. I have escaped, but I have not spared my hunters. And in this have I done wrong? Is not retaliation a law of nature, implanted in our bosoms by the great Author of our being? If a man insult me, shall I

not insult him? if he strike me, shall I not strike him? if he heap on me injury after injury, shall I not in return visit him with a vengeance as terrible and deadly in its effects as the poison of the upas tree? But I have done—proceed.”

“In reference, then, to the plan which we adopted at a former conference—I have thus far performed every part assigned to me, in furnishing you with passports, and placing a suitable vessel at your disposal.”

“Well—and I have failed.”

“Explain.”

“The Royal Charlie is sunk to the bottom of Newark Bay.”

“And Miss Fairman—Good God!”

“Was taken from the wreck by her favoured protector, Harley. In some unknown manner, he must have received intelligence of the design. Everything operated with entire and perfect success, until we had entered the bay, when we were hailed by a strange vessel, whose commander we recognised to be Captain Watkins, a well-known privateer in these parts. We attempted to escape, but the vessel outsailed us; and not being well acquainted with the bay, we ran against a rock which shattered our peringua. We made our escape, but

Miss Fairman and her uncle fell into the hands of the rebels."

"I have, then, lost my prize."

"And I, my booty and my revenge."

"Your revenge?"

"Ay, my revenge. Think you it would be nothing to wring the heart of that Harley who has been my most determined foe. As yet, he has triumphed over me, but my day will come."

"Methinks that were easy," said the major, glancing at the dirk in his bosom.

"Assassinate him? No! that would be poor, pitiful revenge. How would he treat me? He would deliver me into the hands of the harpies of the law, to be disgraced, condemned, and punished by an ignominious death. Let him live. The worst torture is that of the mind; and I have in store for him a mountain of mental suffering which shall press him to the earth."

"You speak in riddles."

"Read that," exclaimed the bandit, placing in his hands a packet of considerable size. The major commenced its perusal, while Smith walked across the floor, buried in profound thought.

"And this is authentic," said Wilson, inquiringly, after he had finished it. His manner of speaking implied a doubt.

"I found it last evening—the seal unbroken—in the chamber of the deceased mother of Miss Fairman."

"Thank Heaven! this, then, will answer both your purpose and mine for the present."

"Ay, ay; you understand me now."

"I do; but how shall this packet reach the hands of the rightful recipient?"

"That will I manage. I must learn the movements of this girl who has been so triumphantly snatched from my grasp, in order that I may plan my future operations accordingly. In my peregrinations for this purpose, some mode of transmitting it safely will occur to me. This will be the first blow."

"You do not, then, relinquish your enterprise?"

"Relinquish it—because I have failed once! You know me not, Major Wilson. Does the fisherman relinquish his prey because the first harpoon did not reach his heart's blood? does he not, on the contrary, follow him up, with blow after blow, till his object is accomplished? I have told you that this girl shall be placed in your power, and never yet have I broken my plighted word. In spite of all the machinations of hell, she shall be yours."

"Your services will be appreciated," said Wilson.

"But," observed the bandit, "I have not yet informed you of the disaster which in my absence has befallen my band. I learn, from a messenger despatched to me, that they were betrayed or discovered in some manner, (by the vigilance and bribery, no doubt, of that arch-rebel Harley,) and that they were all captured, but finally escaped through the intoxication of their keepers."

"Is it possible?"

"All our places of concealment are known, and it would require some considerable time to get a secure footing in that part of the country, so as to elude discovery. Under these circumstances, we have concluded to offer our services to the British general, and to join the army, if it be agreeable to him. In case he should think proper to invade the Jerseys, our knowledge of the interior of the country will be of no small advantage to him in the prosecution of his object."

"I have not the smallest doubt but your wishes will be immediately acceded to. Any influence at head-quarters which I may possess will be cheerfully exerted in your favour."

"I should be glad if the business could be settled before I leave New-York this afternoon."

“How do you return?”

“I shall travel incog, through Newark in pursuance of an adventure I have revolved in my mind.”

“And suppose you should be arrested?”

“Ha—ha! I do not fear. I am not old, Major Wilson—the bloom of youth has scarcely vanished from my brow—yet through many scenes of peril and of danger have I passed. From my earliest childhood, my destinies have been suspended, as it were, by a single thread. That thread has proved firm, and I believe my fate will prove triumphant. The star beneath whose influence I was born still shines brightly in the heavens; and when the night is clear, I gaze upon its brilliant course with feelings of pride and joy. Adieu.”

“He is a most singular being,” muttered Wilson, as Smith took his departure, “both in his sentiments and actions; and should he live, he will no doubt perform some great enterprise.”

The proposal of Smith was embraced at once by the commander-in-chief of the British army, and a captain's commission was immediately given him. He was directed to collect his men as soon as possible, and report to the commanding officer at Elizabethtown Point.

It was nearly dark when the ci-devant leader of

a band of robbers, now transformed into a refugee captain, arrived at the landing at Paulus Hook. He immediately proceeded to a low, ill-favoured house standing in a by-street, and tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" said a rough voice.

"One who knows the watchword here—

Twelve full months will make a year."

The door was now speedily unlocked, and the visitor admitted.

"Come in, come in, Friend Tyrrell—how speed you?"

"So so. When does Madam Luna rise to-night, Williams?"

"About eleven o'clock, I believe."

"You are right," said Smith; and he relapsed into a fit of musing.

"It will do," he finally exclaimed.

"Your honour will stay with me to-night?" said Williams, inquiringly.

"Only till the rising of the moon. I must then be off, and thread my way through the swamps to Newark at least. Till then, however, I will endeavour to obtain some sleep."

"Throw yourself upon the couch in the next room, I will awake you at the hour."

“How many men are stationed here at present?”

“About three hundred.”

“The place is a strong one, and a few men will suffice to protect it from an assault by land.”

“True—the soldiers are, however, very negligent, and I have sometimes wondered that the rebels never seek to take advantage of their want of discipline and watchfulness.”

“Perhaps they fear the lion, even though he sleeps.”

“The greatest difficulty lies in the proximity of the station to New-York; and the facility with which reinforcements could be sent thither if it were necessary.”

On the morning of the same day a messenger arrived in Newark from the American camp. He had evidently ridden in great haste, for both himself and his horse were much fatigued. He inquired for Captain Harley, and deposited in his hands a packet bearing his address.

Harley broke it open and hastily perused its contents with feelings of the utmost gratification. He turned to the messenger, who awaited his answer.

“You came from the camp this morning?”

He nodded assent.

"Tell your master that my feeble exertions shall not be wanting to secure the success of his enterprise."

CHAPTER X.

And when the dead of night had come,
With slow and stealthy pace,
We did surprise the enemy,
All by a *coup de grace*.

We did surprise the enemy,
And laid full many low,
Which caused full many hearts to sigh,
In bitterness and wo.

Old Continental Song.

In the early part of the afternoon, Captain Harley assembled his troops, and having made them acquainted with their destination, commenced his march. Their road lay along the Passaic for several miles to a bridge, which allowed their free passage, and which communicated by a direct highway with their point of rendezvous. The scenery along this route is very beautiful. There is nothing striking—nothing sublime—but the whole is highly romantic and picturesque.* The banks of the Passaic, clothed with verdure and flowers, through which the waters, now slowly, now rapidly,

course their way, contrast finely with the varied wildness of the surrounding country, where a succession of mountain and valley, forest and morass, greet the eye.

The company reached the bridge of which we have spoken just at the time that a small party of ten or twelve men were passing with six boats of considerable size on their way down the river. Captain Harley instantly recognised the officer under whose command the men were employed.

"Lieutenant Brooks," exclaimed Harley, "already thus far from Pluckemin?"

"Ay," returned the other; "we shall be on the ground in good time, I trust."

"So may it be. I should be sorry to have our expedition fail, as many other enterprises have done, by reason of the want of a single link in the chain of operations necessary to ensure success."

"The name of our commander is almost a warrant of success."

"True. What news from head-quarters?"

"Nothing important that I have heard. Washington is still playing his game of hide and seek in the Catskills—and an embarrassing game it is to Sir Henry Clinton. Every plan has been devised to draw him from his present strong and tenable position, but without success."

“The Fabian prudence of our commander-in-chief cannot, indeed, be too much admired.”

The officers exchanged their parting salutations, and each returned to his respective charge.

The day was far advanced when the party under the command of Captain Harley reached the new bridge over the Hackensack. This had been the place of rendezvous appointed him, and he found the post already occupied by a body of the continental troops under the command of Major Lee. He had scarcely arrived ere a servant waited on him to request his immediate attendance at the quarters of that officer.

Major Lee had already greatly distinguished himself as a partisan officer. Wherever the place of danger might be, there was he found undauntedly exposing his life in defence of his country. Through the whole war of the revolution, Lee's corps of light infantry was conspicuous for courage and bravery. In the field of battle, none met the enemy more firmly, none contributed more to win victory or lessen the consequences of defeat. In the skirmishing warfare of the times, none was more celebrated for activity, stratagem, or courage.

In person and manners, Major Lee was prepossessing. He added to the dignity of the officer the

suavity of the man of refinement. He was at this period in the prime of life—an object of almost idolatrous affection to the troops who were immediately under his command, and of general admiration for his many noble qualities. In stature he was of the middle size, stout and athletic, and from his constitution capable of great and continued exertion. His military talents embraced rather the executing than the planning of an enterprise. Not that he was deficient in judgment, but the natural boldness of his temper occasioned him to regard the greatest difficulties as easily surmountable and scarcely worth a passing notice.

Captain Harley was conducted to a small house in the vicinity of the bridge, and was ushered into a small room on the lower floor, where sat Major Lee, with several maps before him, which he appeared to be studying intently. The two officers greeted each other with the greatest cordiality, and a conference ensued which lasted nearly an hour, in which the minutiae of the plan were discussed and settled.

It was about nine o'clock of the evening, when the detachment—about three hundred in number—under the command of Major Lee, commenced their march. The night was dark, though

“The sentinel stars held their watch in the sky,”

and the unevenness of the road prevented the party from moving with the anticipated facility.

"By the Lord Harry," exclaimed Tichenor, to a fellow-soldier, as he stumbled for the twentieth time over a huge stone, "this is too bad. I shall be banged into a jelly before this night's march is over."

"Never mind that," returned Penniman. "You may think yourself well off if you don't get riddled so as to form a good apology for a sieve."

"Good God!" said Tichenor, as his lower extremities again came into unfortunate collision with the stump of a tree. "Heaven protect me from these torments, and I will willingly meet the balls of the enemy. There is some satisfaction, when the bullets are whistling round your head, in returning the same with interest; but he who in his anger kicks a stone or a stump breaks his own toes, and hath his labour for his pains."

"Well, well, I'll not dispute with you about this matter—but I'll be hanged if I like this running into the very jaws of the lion. There is too much quixotism about it."

"Silence!" exclaimed the voice of Herbert Wendall, in those low deep tones so peculiar to him. "Comrades, are ye men or children, that ye thus murmur at a few difficulties, or an appearance of

danger? I thought you had been bred up in a school where these things were little regarded. Silence—for shame!”

The march was continued with little interruption till the party arrived on the summit of a small hill in the vicinity of Paulus Hook. A halt was here ordered, and Captain Harley, with a part of his company, was sent forward to reconnoiter.

The peninsula, or point of land which is designated by the name of Paulus Hook, lies on the west side of the Hudson River, opposite the city of New-York. It projects considerably into the river, and is connected with the main land by an isthmus of marshy ground, which at high tide is frequently overflowed. Across this isthmus of land a deep ditch had been dug, so that the water of the river completely surrounded it, and thus formed an artificial island. The ditch was fordable only at ebb tide. The communication with the adjacent country was maintained by means of a drawbridge and barred gate. A creek running in front of the ditch, fordable at only two places, and a row of abattis about thirty paces within it, served to give still greater security to the position.

A garrison of between four and five hundred men occupied this point, on which a fort and several blockhouses and redoubts had been erected.

The distance of the continental troops, as well as the strength of the position, had caused a great relaxation of discipline on the part of the garrison. Unapprehensive of danger, the commanding officer had dispensed with those precautions against attack which are generally thought necessary in a defensive position.

The object of Captain Harley was to penetrate as far as the ditch, and to ascertain whether any alarm had been communicated to the garrison. To perform this task judiciously was an important consideration, as upon the information to be obtained would very materially depend the success of the enterprise. For this purpose he selected from his company those men on whose circumspection and judgment he could place the greatest reliance.

The party halted in front of the ditch. Not the slightest symptom of animation was visible in the dark vista beyond. The silence of death reigned over the scene. Unheard was the tramp of a sentinel or the hum of a wakeful crowd. Herbert Wendall and two other soldiers volunteered to cross the ditch, and investigate still more narrowly the situation of the garrison. Their offer was accepted by Captain Harley, with positive orders, however, not to expose themselves to discovery by advancing too near.

The men crossed the drawbridge, and advanced cautiously about fifty yards, when their attention was arrested by the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Hist!" said Wendall, in his lowest whisper. "Crouch to the ground—we must see who this nightwalker is."

The sound came nearer and nearer, and presently the dark outline of a single person could be observed.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed Wendall, in a low voice, and standing at his full height.

The stranger evidently started at the sound of a voice which he seemed to recognise, but he continued to advance.

"Another step, and you are a dead man," said Herbert, raising his weapon.

The next moment the tick of a pistol was heard in the direction of the stranger, but neither flash nor report followed. The sound had scarcely reached his ears, before the intended victim, with a single blow from his rifle, stunned his antagonist, and sent him reeling to the ground. His comrades immediately rose from their hiding-places and secured him.

"A single word from your lips," muttered Wen-

dall to his prisoner, in a fierce voice, "and you die the death of a dog."

Wendall left him in the charge of his companions, and proceeded alone in the prosecution of his original design. Everything within the Hook appeared in a state of the utmost negligence, and a severe and perfect scrutiny left no doubt of the surprise which awaited the foe.

The report of the reconnoitering party was made to Major Lee by Herbert Wendall, who was sent by Captain Harley for that purpose. The commander instantly put his detachment in motion, and conducted it to the spot where Captain Harley had halted and still remained.

"Is all quiet yet?" said Lee, as he approached the aforementioned officer.

"Not a sound has escaped from the enemy's quarters."

"We have them then in our power."

The major now summoned several of the subordinate officers to his side, and briefly explained to them the course he desired them to pursue in the attack which was about to commence.

The detachment crossed the ditch, and reached the outer works undiscovered. Never was a partisan enterprise more prudently or successfully conducted. The surprise of the British was complete,

and the greatest confusion reigned throughout their quarters. Many did not even wake from their slumbers till they were in the power of the Americans.

Major Sutherland, the commander of the post, succeeded in rallying forty or fifty Hessians, and entered a redoubt, where he awaited an expected attack from the invading party. The remainder of the garrison, one hundred and fifty-nine in number, including several officers, were made prisoners. Few of the enemy were killed—the resistance being of the most trifling character, and needless slaughter having been peremptorily forbidden. Captain Harley's corps especially distinguished itself for activity and efficiency. The loss of the Americans was two killed and three wounded.

The enterprise did not contemplate any advantage further than the surprise and capture of the garrison. The proximity of Paulus Hook to New-York, where the whole British force was posted, prevented even the idea of retaining the post. The great object was already effected. The reduction of the redoubt would require time which could ill be spared. The firing from the shipping in the harbour, and from the forts at New-York, evinced that the alarm had already been given. It was therefore thought inexpedient by Major Lee to hazard any of his acquired advantages by exposing

himself to the risk of pursuit by a superior foe. A retreat was immediately ordered, and conducted with the greatest possible celerity.

On arriving at the bank of the Hackensack, a great disappointment awaited the fatigued and harassed troops. In accordance with the original plan, a number of boats had been brought from Pluckemin to Newark the preceding day, and had been transported during the night to Dow's Ferry on the Hackensack. The object was to transport the detachment to the opposite side of the river, where they would have been safe from pursuit or interception. The boats were guarded by Lieutenant Brooks, a trusty officer of Lee's corps. It was expected that the party would appear by three or four o'clock in the morning: but daylight having arrived without the appearance of Major Lee, or any information from him, Lieutenant Brooks supposed that the expedition must have been deferred. As his discovery by the enemy would have resulted in the capture of the boats and of his party, and might probably have prevented the success of a subsequent attempt, he concluded to return with the boats to Newark. The detachment shortly afterward reached the ferry. The absence of the boats rendered it necessary that they should retreat with

the utmost expedition by the same route on which they had advanced.

Lord Stirling, with a body of five hundred men, had dropped down to the new bridge on the preceding evening, to afford aid to the detachment on duty if it should be necessary. A horseman was instantly despatched to that officer by Major Lee, informing him of the failure of the boats, and the consequent alteration of the plan of retreat. Two hundred fresh men, under the command of Colonel Ball, were immediately sent to his assistance.

The British were encamped in force along the North River; and the distance from it to the Hackensack is at no place more than two or three miles. The danger of being intercepted in a march of fourteen miles along this narrow neck of land was therefore very considerable.

Towards noon, both detachments arrived in safety at the station on the Hackensack whence they had departed.

The soldiers of Lee's party were now resting upon their arms, while the officers were deliberating in regard to their future movements.

"Comrades," said Herbert Wendall, speaking to the soldiers who had volunteered with him in the morning, "where is our prisoner? But for the treachery of his weapon, I fear he would have

marred our enterprise, and perhaps taken our lives."

"There he stands," muttered one of them. "I warrant me, I kept a good lookout for his precious hide in the *mêlée*."

"He ought to be hung for his impudence," rejoined the second; "he appears to be in nowise concerned at his misadventure."

"Ha!" said Wendall, after scrutinizing the appearance of the prisoner till he was fully satisfied of his identity, "the robber Smith has not been favoured by his usual good fortune."

"The robber Smith," presently echoed through the whole detachment; and the fact of his having been taken prisoner seemed a matter of universal exultation.

"You must observe with pleasure," remarked Wendall, "the very remarkable sensation which a knowledge of your presence excites. It is a consequence perhaps resulting from the extraordinary plan which has been partially revealed to me."

A smile of scorn gathered upon the features of the bandit, which, however, did not prevent a few taunts and jeers from being launched at him.

"Where is your band, Mr. Forest Wolf? Verily, they are wandering to and fro, like Satan, upon the face of the earth, else they might come to your

relief. You have heard, perchance, of the uprooting of your stronghold?"

"Ay, ay," said another, "the cave has been discovered, and despoiled, and filled up. Poor soul! he will have occasion for a narrower one in a day or two, which we will all cheerfully assist in preparing."

"Talk on," muttered Smith, in an under tone. "Ye do well thus to treat a defenceless prisoner. Man to man, there is not one of you who would have dared to encounter him."

"Comrades, he is muttering," continued a third. "How many hencoops, most worthy monarch of robbers, have you assailed and plundered?"

"If the habitations of rebels were hencoops the number were not readily counted," said Smith; with a coolness and sarcasm which not a little enraged his auditors. Their indignation might possibly have resulted in personal violence, if the officers had not at this moment returned to their commands. The prisoners were placed under a competent guard, and a certain period allotted to the fatigued soldiers to obtain that rest which had become absolutely necessary to them.

In the afternoon, Captain Harley returned with his corps to Newark. A proper representation to the commanding officer obtained an immediate

permission to convey Smith to that place, where the proof of his numerous villanies was at hand, and where he might meet with the punishment which his multiplied crimes deserved.

CHAPTER XI.

Could terror tame—that spirit, stern and high,
Had proved unwilling as unfit to die.

The Corsair.

OH, glory ! thy name is a delusion. What time the song of the minstrel is heard, then the infirmities of age and the helplessness of second childhood have come upon the man. What time the voice of applause falls upon his ear, then the buoyancy of his mind and the pride of his soul are gone for ever.

How vain, then, are the ceaseless aspirations of the enthusiast after eminence and fame ! How idle the dream of immortality—of undying remembrance by the countless generations of men who shall succeed us ! How absurd the conduct which renders the present a joyless and a comfortless scene, to feed the fancy with a future of unknown honour and renown !

Yet all who are endowed with intellect or powers superior to the common mass, cling to the hope of future and enviable distinction with a tenacity

that fails only with life. The minor pursuits of wealth and pleasure, to most the object, to them the mere playthings of existence, are comparatively disregarded.

The world contains much that is beautiful and attractive, much that is capable of imparting enjoyment. In the natural world, there is grandeur to excite and loveliness to delight the mind. The earth and the sky are filled with objects of instruction and admiration. In the moral world, the affections, in all their various ramifications, afford the most exquisite pleasure to the soul. The satisfaction they impart cannot be estimated or described; for, entirely destitute of them, life would be more cheerless than even the imagination can conceive.

There is one point of view in which the aspirant, after glory presents a sublime and interesting spectacle. We gaze upon a man endued with all those passions and feelings common to human nature, but who, casting aside the ordinary pursuits of humanity, devotes his days and his nights to the acquirement of posthumous celebrity. Success will not bring wealth, nor present fame, nor applause which will sound in his own ear. He labours that the name uncared for now may be loaded with praise by after ages; that his ashes

may be covered with monuments towering to the heavens, should the depth of his intellect and the power of his genius have succeeded in awakening the admiration of the world !

Oh, glory ! how false is the brilliancy of thy meteor glare, yet how dazzling ! Thou hast power to awake the mightiest energies of the soul, but thou directest them not either for good or for evil. ~~What~~ time thy name is spoken, there come across my sight the visions of cities sacked and plundered, countries devastated and despoiled by hostile armies, fields of the dying and the dead ; and there fall upon my ears hideous sounds, like to the groans of wounded men, and to the cries of bereaved widows and of fatherless children.

The report that Smith, the celebrated robber, had been captured by the Rangers, soon spread among the inhabitants of Newark, and a crowd was speedily assembled to view the person of the bandit.

"Where is he ?" said Shoemaker Jenkins, in a somewhat impatient tone of voice, as he limped up to the crowd, and endeavoured to squeeze into the circle. "Neighbour Van Cortlandt, where is he ?"

Van Cortlandt, who possessed a tall lank figure, just fitted to gaze at sights in a crowd, vainly endeavoured to point him out to Jenkins, whose size would

not permit him to look over the heads of his neighbours.

"Can't you move?" whined out the irritated cordwainer to several men whose situation impeded his purpose, and who seemed indisposed to gratify him.

"Go to the devil!" said one of them, at the same time giving him a push which made him recoil backward several paces. "What has such an old gunny as you to do with this business?"

"Pretty airs—pretty airs," returned the old man, thoroughly angry. "And who are you, Jamie Hawthorn, that you dare to interfere, or as I may say, to strike me? They do say that you have fingered British 'gold afore now yourself, and, troth, I believe it."

The man coloured, but said nothing.

One rebuff did not intimidate Friend Timothy. He came to see the robber, and see the robber he would. By dint of pushing and pulling, he finally gained the front of the ring, and looked round for the object of his curiosity.

Their eyes met at the same instant, and both started as if from a similar impulse. It was one of those instinctive recognitions which depend less upon a correct remembrance of person, than upon some innate faculty of perception.

"Do you know him, Jenkins?" inquired a man who stood by his side.

"No—yes—not I—that is to say, it does appear to me as if there were some recollection;" and the old man fell into a fit of musing.

"Well—what do you make of all this?" continued the former inquirer.

"Let me see—ten—twenty—yes, 'tis more than twenty years—but I could almost swear to the eye—or—or—"

"Have you seen this fellow before?"

But the most talkative man in the county had suddenly become incommunicative. Shaking his head gently, and turning from the crowd, he silently wended his way homeward.

The bandit appeared, however, to be in no way concerned at his situation. His brow wore its usual air of calm composure, and his features exhibited less than ordinary the workings of his mind. He was aware that many eyes were fastened upon him with curious regard—many with venomous hatred—but he shrank not from the gaze of the curious, he quailed not beneath the fiery glances of his enemies. Yet there were bitter thoughts within him—not the less bitter that they were betrayed by no outward emotion.

Once, when some cause had excited the attention
VOL. II.—N

of the crowd to another object, his eye wandered over the group with some degree of inquisitiveness. A glance of recognition was exchanged with a stout man dressed in the habiliments of a farmer, and a slight motion was made by the latter which he appeared to understand.

After a short examination, he was committed to prison, and the crowd dispersed.

The bandit paced up and down his narrow room for a length of time, absorbed in profound thought. He had reached a goal from whence his mind darted back to the earliest period of conscious existence, embracing a thousand scenes of danger from which he had escaped, and of crime for which he had as yet experienced no retribution. Once or twice, a slight shuddering might have been perceived, as some occurrence of more than ordinary cruelty was drawn forth from the storehouse of memory. Back, back he went to the days of his childhood, when he gazed in wonder at the dashing of the waves.

"It is well," he exclaimed, at length—"it is well, perhaps, that this blow has overtaken me. I had grown too proud, too confident of my destiny, and it was necessary, for the attainment of my higher hopes, that I should be undeceived.

"I am then in prison, and, as men think, on the eve of a disgraceful death. Fools, fools that they

are. While yonder star shines so brilliantly in the west, do they think that the tale it tells of glory and of power is a false one?

“By Heaven! it grows brighter and brighter, till the eye can scarcely bear to gaze upon it. Shall I falter then in the prosecution of my objects—objects which have been contemplated for years in my waking and my sleeping dreams? How often, when the shades of night were upon the earth, have I lain upon my couch and fancied a sceptre in my hand and a crown upon my head! Are all these for naught—the signs of the heavens and the determinations of my own breast? Away, ye disheartening and inglorious thoughts which would goad my spirit into madness!

“Yet something must be done for revenge. This, and some other reasons, have induced me to enter the army. I must crush even the insect that has endeavored to sting me.

“Where could I have seen that old man who mingled with the crowd around me? Methinks I have some recollection of living on the land when a child, and—”

He was interrupted by a rustling noise under the window, on the outside of the building. Presently a small stone was thrown through the iron grating and fell upon the floor. Smith picked it up, and

found attached to it a short note, to the following purport :—

“ CAPTAIN,

“ Four of your faithful friends are assembled at the marsh in the lower part of the town. Have you devised any mode of proceeding by which they can be of service to you ?

“ EDWARD.”

After a moment's reflection, the bandit wrote a few lines on the back of the note, directing the writer of it to find some means of diverting the attention of the sentinel who had been posted in front of the building to give the alarm should any attempt to escape be made. This he threw out of the casement, and a low whistle assured him that it had been received by the proper person.

A portion of time passed unheeded and in silence. At length, however, footsteps were heard approaching, the door was unlocked, and the jailer entered, followed by an officer.

“ Captain Harley, sir, wishes to see you,” said the official, as the bandit looked up inquiringly at the intrusion ; and he left the cell, locking them in together.

Harley approached a few steps towards the pri-

oner, who was carelessly leaning against the wall of the dungeon, and paused.

“Mr. Smith, I have come here this evening neither to reproach you for your crimes nor to triumph over your degradation. I shall explain myself clearly and explicitly, for I wish not to cause the indulgence of any false hopes.”

The bandit smiled scornfully, but said nothing.

“Whatever may be your disposition in regard to this interview, it cannot affect your fate. The innumerable injuries which you have inflicted upon this country—the outrages upon public justice are of too glaring and atrocious a character to permit even the thought of a compromise with their unprincipled author.

“But,” continued Harley, with emphasis, “there is no monster so unprincipled, none with a heart so entirely hardened, as never to feel compunction for past offences. Few there are who, when they find themselves on the confines of another world, can turn aside the whisperings of conscience, and brave their doom, with a thousand crimes upon their heads unrepented and unatoned for. With the hope that your power and inclination might be able to prompt you to a partial recompense for the many atrocities inflicted by your means on society, I have visited

you this evening. God grant that you may repent of them all."

"Well preached," muttered Smith, sarcastically. Then knitting his brows, he continued, "These are bitter words—very bitter. Foeman of mine hath never before said them to my face—yet I must be calm, and inure myself to the insults of a prison."

"They are said in truth, but not in anger. God knows, I would not triumph over the fallen, whatever may be his crimes. But you have deeply injured mankind; and you are bound by the strongest motives to make whatever reparation is in your power."

"By what motives? Does the traveller who kills the rattlesnake in his path feel compunction for the deed when he knows that his own life might have paid the forfeit of clemency? Does the farmer spare the panther that has preyed upon his flocks and herds with unsparing appetite, from sentiments of pity? No. Do I not hate the world as a man hates his bitterest enemy—and for the same reason? Like Hannibal against Rome, I have been from my cradle its sworn foe, and whatever may be the extent of the injury which I have inflicted, I do not regret it. The reality has never kept pace with the desire."

"These are indeed the principles of fiends. Never

did I expect to hear them avowed by a being bearing the semblance of humanity."

"Of fiends, indeed. And in what respect are devils worse than men? They may, indeed, prey upon the weaknesses of men, and take delight in their evil thoughts and malignant propensities—but do they prey upon each other?"

"Oh! it is sickening to me to hear of the virtue of the world, and to see men bolster up each other's characters at the expense of truth and justice. What is worldly honesty but a pretence—a mere parade of words, meaning nothing? Does it prevent a universal system of legalized fraud, by which a large portion of society is gratuitously supported at the expense of the labourer? What is prudence but avarice? What is generosity but a deceit? And yet men prate of themselves as if they were deities."

"My purpose, then," observed Harley, "is vain. The mind which has become thus perverted by false and distorted views of the world and of mankind may be appealed to without effect."

"Have I not fathomed them to the very bottom? have I not dived into the inmost recesses of their bosoms? And what have I found there enshrined and worshipped?—the vilest passions, the most hideous corruptions. Show me religion which is not hypocrisy, virtue which is aught more than

the tinkling of the cymbal, patriotism which cannot be purchased with gold."

"I should think your memory not so treacherous but that you might recollect at least one case in which the latter position was false."

"And I hate him"—and his brow was more firmly knit, and his black eye glowed with a basilisk brightness—"ay, and I hate you."

"Was it the pride of superiority, or the hope of fame, or the love of country which impelled you to hunt me down as if I were a wild beast of the forest? Yet I baffled you, and could for ever have done so, but for a chance against which no cunning could provide."

"I have sworn against you, Captain Harley, a deep and deadly revenge. The means by which I shall inflict it are already in my power; and if I die to-morrow, you will find that, like the wounded scorpion, the sting which is given in the agonies of death will be the most severe."

"The threat of a ruffian is little to be heeded; and as for you, I pity rather than hate you."

"Leave me—leave me!" and the bandit threw himself upon the couch.

The next moment the step of the jailer was heard, who came to announce that the hour had

arrived for closing the doors, and to inquire if the captain was ready to depart.

Harley assented, and rose from his seat. He turned as he reached the door, and said to Smith, "A single word of advice would I leave for your reflection—prepare for death."

"Ha—ha! and so they think me in the toils beyond a chance of escape—that I have naught to do but to drivel in prospect of certain destruction. I know better the secrets of this prisonhouse.

"But should death come, am I not prepared? What does it effect but a change from one part of the universe to another? If it matter little to me whether I breathe on the ocean or the land, so does it whether I sail upon the stream of time, or toss upon the boundless sea of eternity. In either situation alike I am a being who will dare all to rule his fellows.

"Hark!"

CHAPTER XII.

Watchman. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him ?

Dogberry. Truly, by your office you may ; but I think, they that touch pitch will be defiled. The most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Much ado about Nothing.

THE night was dark and chilly. Not a star twinkled in the heavens. A thick pall of clouds overspread the firmament, shrouding all nature in blackness and gloom.

The sentinel paced his rounds in silence. A small lantern which he held in his hand shed its glimmering light on his path, and afforded him a species of companionship.

One hour of his watch had elapsed, and another was yet to pass ere he would be relieved. The citizens had long since retired to rest, and the streets were as still as if the hum of business were unknown to them.

The soldier was aroused from a momentary revery by the sound of some person approaching.

He appeared to be talking to himself, (as the phrase is,) and occasionally chimed in with some stanzas of a drinking song very popular in those days.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed the sentinel, as the individual approached near the place where he stood, apparently attracted by the light, at the same time elevating his weapon, more from habit than from fear of the evil designs of the object of his summons.

"I say, mister, what the devil is the reason that you build your streets so cursed crooked in this town?—ugh—ugh. A man can't walk straight without coming slap against a house every five minutes—ugh—devilish provoking."

"Who are you, friend?"

"Who am I—ay—who am I?—ugh—ugh. I'll be hanged if I know who I am—but who the devil are you?—ugh—ugh;" and he advanced another step, but unhappily stumbled against a stone which nearly laid him sprawling on the ground.

"Keep your distance, friend, and answer my question."

"Answer your question yourself—ugh—ugh."

" ' Drink, boys, drink—here's to the foe—
And may the devil get them—

Drink, boys, drink—here's to our friends—
 ↓ ~~And~~ may no harm beset them'—ugh—ugh.
 ' Hurra—the glass
 Shall merrily pass—
 Drink, boys, drink.' ”

“Stop your infernal noise. You will alarm the whole neighbourhood.”

“Well, curse it—ugh—ugh—its my only chance for a lodging. The night's as black as Cunundy's hind foot. Where is my team?—ugh—or the tavern where I left my team?—ugh—or the town where I left my team and the tavern?—ugh—ugh. Damme if I know where I am myself—let alone the team, or the tavern, or the town—ugh.”

“Here's the jail,” said the sentinel, laughing; “and unless you become a little more quiet, I shall provide you with quarters here for the night.”

“Oh ho! this is Newark, then—ugh—and the courthouse, sure enough. Well, then, the tavern is a little way above—ugh. No—it's a little way below—ugh. Wrong again—it's above—no—its below—ugh—ugh. Curse me if I know whether it's above or below. I say, mister, where is the tavern?”

“Which tavern?”

“Why, the tavern where I left my team—ugh

—ugh. I wonder if my team has lost its place too.”

“There is a tavern a few rods below this place which is much frequented.”

“Ay, ay, below—ugh—ugh. Let me see;” and the fellow attempted to look around him—an operation which his want of balance rendered sufficiently ludicrous. “Below—well, that isn’t above—ugh—ugh. Below—that’s below,” pointing to the south. “No—that’s below,” pointing to the north. “Damme if I know which below is—ugh. When it’s so dark and cloudy how a man can be—ugh—bewildered.”

“I am to understand, then, that you are from the country?”

“Ay, that am I—ugh—and I am going back again to-morrow—ugh—ugh.”

“Where do you live?”

“Don’t you know old Tom Parker? well, that’s a good one—ugh—ugh.

“‘Come all ye continentalers,

I’d have you for to know

That for to fight the enemy

We’re going for to go.

Then shoulder on your musket, boys,

All loaded for the fight;

We’ll conquer, and march home again

Before to-morrow night.’”

"Well, march about your business, now; we have had enough of this foolery."

"I say, mister, you haven't got such a thing as a bottle of good whiskey about you—eh?—ugh—ugh—but I have, though;" and he took from his pocket a flask, which he shook in drunken glee over his head. "Come, we'll take a friendly drink together—ugh—ugh—and then you shall show me where this cursed tavern is—ugh."

At this moment a noise was heard in the rear of the building which arrested the attention of the sentinel. He assumed a listening attitude, with his gun by his side, and appeared to be awaiting a repetition of the sounds.

Before he was aware of it, the pretended drunkard had sprung upon the steps, wrested the musket from his grasp, and presented a pistol to his head.

"Be silent and you are secure from harm. A single word or action to give alarm, and your life is the forfeit."

"Oh, God!" exclaimed the sentinel, as the noise as of a falling stone reached his ear. It appeared to be of considerable size, and was evidently in the rear of the jail.

"Silence!" muttered the other, in a low stern voice.

The approach of his comrade was the signal which Smith awaited to commence his preparations for escape. No sooner, therefore, did he hear his voice, which was easily distinguished in the stillness of midnight, than he rose from his couch, and began attentively to examine the room. A short search enabled him to discover and remove the loosened panel of which we have heretofore spoken. The only remaining obstacle to the success of his design was a stone of large size, forming a part of the foundation of the building, but so designed and placed as to be removable at pleasure.

To dislodge this stone, on the present occasion, proved, however, a most difficult task. The interstices had been filled with dust and gravel, which operated with considerable power to wedge it in. The bandit exerted his strength to the utmost, in repeated trials, but apparently not the slightest effect followed.

He threw himself upon the couch, exhausted by his continued exertions.

“Am I deceived in this also? What mean these fearful forebodings which now, for the first time in the whole course of my existence, press with benumbing weight upon my soul? Have I forgotten the motto inscribed upon my banner?—

‘Fate wills that I should conquer.’

Let me gaze once more upon the heavens. The star of my destiny has mounted still higher, and methinks smiles upon me. One more effort for safety."

Nerving himself for a desperate exertion of strength, the bandit again approached the stone. He was now more successful. The resistance evidently yielded, and in another moment was entirely overcome.

He was free.

A corporal and his guard were soon after heard advancing in the direction of the courthouse—the object being the relief of the sentinel stationed there.

"Tell them that you have already been relieved from your charge," whispered the robber in the ears of his companion; and shouldering his captured weapon, he made a precipitate retreat in the opposite direction.

"Well met, my friends," said Smith, as he joined a party of four individuals, whom he recognised as a portion of his band.

The men gathered around him, and congratulated him upon his escape.

"Where is Robinson?"

"He has not yet returned," said one of them in reply.

"He is here," exclaimed the individual alluded to, at the distance of a few yards. "I was obliged to make a little circuit, in order to put the hounds on a false scent, should they wish to pursue us."

"My brave fellow! you deserve my thanks for this night's service."

"We are all more than compensated," said Robinson, "by your safety."

"Did they think to hold me in their power by means of prison walls? Poor fools!

"Comrades," he continued, addressing his men, "you are aware of the change in our plans and intentions. You are about to join the British army under my command. There will be some chance of revenge and some of plunder. But I believe you are all agreed."

"All."

"Have our friends assembled in mass?"

"The rendezvous is appointed at the old orchard to-morrow morning, at sunrise."

"Robinson," said the leader, "I have one further request to make of you—the duty is one of difficulty, perhaps of danger."

"Name it."

"This packet," said he, drawing a small parcel from his bosom, "belongs to Miss Fairman, the young lady who was rescued from our hands a few

days since by the unlucky wreck of the Royal Charlie. I find that it is a dying bequest from her mother, lately deceased. It came into my possession on the night of our attack upon her residence. For several reasons, it is very important that it should be delivered into her own hands speedily. She is probably at this time in this village. I wish you to discover her residence, and, if possible, personally, place this paper in her possession."

"If within my power, your desire shall be accomplished," replied the robber, at the same time receiving the packet, and placing it in his bosom.

CHAPTER XIII.

Listen to me—I have a story to relate to you.

Gil Blas.

MISS FAIRMAN was soon absorbed in the contents of the packet which she had received. They were as follows:—

“MY DEAR JEANNETTE,

“When your eyes shall glance over these characters, the hand which has traced them will lie cold and palsied in the tomb. Already I feel the benumbing influence of the king of terrors. Yet not to me is his approach terrible. He comes to terminate my period of sorrow and melancholy. Still do I mourn for thy sake, my beloved daughter, who will be left an orphan in a world of strangers.

“Jeannette, you remember the promise which I required of you, and which you so solemnly gave—years—long years ago. My reasons for desiring it I promised to disclose; and I now sit down to relate to you the story of a somewhat eventful life.

"I was born in a small village of Devonshire, where my parents resided. Their premature death left me, at an early period of life, a weeping orphan. I was young, however, and the young soon dry their tears. The lapse of a few weeks found me comfortably settled at the residence of my maternal uncle, where every attention was paid to me which affection could suggest. With a gay heart and an unburdened mind, the days flew on almost unconsciously. Happy hours of childhood and youth! The experience of riper years forms a bitter contrast to your innocent pleasures.

"A change came over my prospects. The little fortune which my parents had left me was ruined by the villanous speculations of the agent in whose hands it had been placed. Now, for the first time, did I feel the miseries of dependence. The attentions which had hitherto been so profusely bestowed were unequivocally withdrawn, and even the rules of ordinary politeness were no longer observed. Revilings and taunts were thrown upon me, until, in the bitterness of my heart, I cursed the day of my birth. I became a prey to listlessness, and but for one circumstance should perhaps have fallen a victim to that melancholy which I now feel coming upon me.

"To escape from my persecutors, I was in the

habit of spending much of my leisure time in walking through the beautiful country which surrounded the residence of my uncle. I became a votary of nature. The skies, the streams upbraided me not, and I loved them.

“At the distance of half a mile from my home was a small and picturesque lake of water, around which was my favourite walk. On a fine summer afternoon, I had wandered, as usual, in this direction, to view the calm placid appearance of the lake, and listen to the carolling of the birds. As I strolled along the bank, immersed in thought, a careless step precipitated me into the stream below me. The horrors of a dreadful death stared me in the face. Already I felt deprived of the power of breathing, and the rushing sound of the waters was in my ears. As I rose a third time to the surface of the water, a loud shriek burst from my lips, and then I sank into a state of lifelessness. How many hours of misery I should have escaped had that sleep been the sleep of death!

“I know not how many minutes elapsed before I became conscious of existence. When I opened my eyes, I perceived that I was reclining on the margin of the lake, and a young man was leaning over me, whose countenance, which was entirely unknown to me, seemed full of anxiety and alarm,

“ ‘Where am I?’ I exclaimed, in a low voice, as I in vain endeavoured to recall my astonished senses.

“ ‘Thank God ! she recovers,’ exclaimed my preserver, in fervent accents.

“ A short time now sufficed for my complete recovery, with the exception of the debility consequent upon the alarm and danger to which I had been exposed. My preserver now declared his name, and requested permission to see me home in safety. His request was unhesitatingly complied with, and an intimacy thence resulted, which at length changed into reciprocal and ardent affection. Ofttimes did we walk by the side of that stream where my screams of terror had arrested his attention and aroused his activity. And there did my heart fervently express its gratitude to him who perilled his life for mine, as well as to that Providence whose kindness watched over and protected me.

“ I became the wife of Edward Harley. He was the model of all that is generous and manly. His miniature is before me now, and I see him as when, in the pride and strength of youth, he supported me a trembling bride on his arm. There is the same open, frank countenance; the same dark and piercing eye, now smiling in tenderness, and now beaming with pride; the same gravity and

nobleness of demeanour which characterized him then.

“We removed to London. Happy in each other's society, we lived alone in the wilderness of human beings which surrounded us. The days glided on unnoticed and uncounted.

“It was while we resided there that I first saw your father. Some business transaction had occasioned the acquaintance between him and my husband. He was introduced to me as a young American of estimable character. During the few months he remained in that city he was a frequent visiter, and his conversation, turning almost entirely on the situation of the North American colonies, was listened to with the greatest interest.

“It was about this period that the birth of a son awoke in my breast the sacred feelings of maternal love. And even to us, the happy parents, this event seemed the cementing tie of a holier affection. We looked forward in the opening vista of coming years, when our boy, reared in the hallowed circle of home, should go forth into the world, endowed with every quality to excite respect and elicit admiration.

“Had it not been for this depth and constancy of affection, bitter indeed must have been the days which had now come upon us. The hand of pov-

erty fell heavily upon us. Reverse after reverse blighted the once fair prospects of my husband, until utter ruin stared him in the face. Yet there was no mystery, no secrecy between us, and I loved him better and better as the clouds of adversity gathered around him. For a long time he struggled nobly against the stormy sea in which his bark had been propelled; but the struggle was useless. Ruin came. The name of Edward Harley was posted as a bankrupt.

“My husband’s pride would allow him to remain no longer in London. A trifling sum which remained after the settlement of all his engagements sufficed to procure us a passage to America, whither he had determined to proceed. With heavy hearts, we took leave of the country endeared to us by a thousand recollections of bygone times, and intrusted ourselves to the mighty empire of the waters. Yet though we were exiles, and poor, we did not despair. The frowns of fortune might dissipate wealth—they could not destroy affection.

“We were never tired of gazing upon the expanse of waters which surrounded us. There is a grandeur in the great deep which powerfully affects the mind of sensibility. It had not then become, as now, an object of terror to me. I had

never seen it lashed into fury by contending elements. There was only the gentle swell which ever slightly agitates its surface, making it seem like a thing of life and motion. Still our course was onward, and every day brought us nearer to that port which was now the haven of all our hopes.

“It was at the close of a bright and sunlit day that the joyful cry of ‘Land ahead!’ burst upon our ears. Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of earth. For days and weeks, nothing but sea and sky had greeted our eyes, and we longed for the pleasant fields and the haunts of men.

“Those who were returning to home and friends were occupied in the pleasing recollections which a protracted absence clusters in the mind; and those who, like ourselves, were adventuring to a strange country, were anxious to behold the land of promise, and gather some omen of future success from its appearance.

“We were roused from the contemplation of the fanciful dreams of a glowing imagination by the appearance of an unusual bustle among the crew of the vessel. The sails were taken in, one after one, and the captain, although making great exertions to suppress his feelings, was evidently discomposed. He hurried from one part of the ves-

sel to another—now reconnoitering her situation, and now glancing at the distant horizon. Yet was there no apparent reason for this anxiety.

“‘Is there any cause of alarm?’ inquired my husband, as the captain approached the spot where we were standing.

“‘Only a slight blow coming up,’ he replied, calmly, at the same time pointing to a small cloud in the southeast, which had not till now attracted our attention.

“All eyes were now turned upon the cloud, and fearfully and quickly did it increase in size and blackness. Soon there was heard a low rumbling sound, gloomy and portentous, and anon, the rushing of the wind, as it coursed its way over the waters. For a moment there was a calm, and the great deep was unruffled, and the masts of our ship towered proudly to the heavens—and then the hurricane was upon us. The waves swelled to mountains in height, and the ship reeled and quivered as if it were a rush dancing upon the ocean. The shadows of night gathered around us, Oh! that was a night of horror. Few words were spoken, few sounds were heard, save the loud roarings of the mighty tempest, and the creaking of the ship’s timbers as they strained beneath the influence which threatened to rend them asunder.

"The morning dawned, but the gale still blew frightfully. Every countenance betrayed anxiety and fear. The seamen were fatigued by long exertion, and no longer obeyed the orders of the captain with alacrity.

"My boy had just awaked from a short slumber, and in attending to his wants, I had momentarily forgotten our critical situation. A violent shock at this moment occurred, which occasioned a general shriek of alarm.

" 'Good God !' exclaimed my husband, 'the ship has struck.'

"It was now discovered that a considerable leak had been formed, and the hold was rapidly filling with water. The passengers assisted at the pumps, but it was soon evident that the catastrophe was only delayed, and could not be avoided. Some abandoned themselves to despair, and listlessly refused to make any exertions for safety, while others raved in all the insanity of fear.

" 'This is terrible, Emma,' said my husband, as he tenderly embraced me, and exhorted me to submission; 'but we shall at least have the satisfaction of dying together.'

" 'Out with the longboat !' shouted the captain, in a voice rendered hoarse by incessant exertion; 'it is our last resource.'

“The boat was let down and secured to the side of the ship ; though, in consequence of the dashing of the waves, this was rendered no easy task. A few provisions and some articles of value were placed in it, and the passengers began to descend into it. I was among the last that entered, and I could not avoid a shudder as I beheld the frightful proximity of the waves. I extended my arms to receive my child, when, terrible moment ! the rope which held the boat parted in twain, and a gulf of foaming water rolled between us. The separation of my husband and infant from me at so fearful a conjuncture drove me to phrensy. The boatmen refused to return to the ship, as it could only be done at extreme hazard. I implored, I entreated, but without success, and almost without attention. So soon does personal danger dry up the channel of sympathy in other bosoms. At length I relapsed into a state of insensibility, which rendered me unconscious of the horrors which surrounded me.

“When, after a long interval, consciousness returned, I found myself the inhabitant of a small but comfortable room in a farmhouse near the sea-coast. It was some time before I could acquire sufficient courage to make those inquiries of my kind benefactors which I desired. Alas ! I learned

only the confirmation of my fears. Not a soul had escaped but myself, of the many who had been my fellow voyagers.

“ My health returned slowly, and a distressing melancholy seized upon me. Vigorous exertions were made to gain further information with regard to the wreck, until even a glimmering of hope was destroyed.

“ The energies of youth could not remain dormant for ever. When two years had elapsed without eliciting any discovery, I began to feel it my duty to bear up against the melancholy which had so long been preying upon me. In the mean time, a few friends, with whom my husband had been familiar in former times, offered me their hospitality. Their kindness supported and cheered me. Change of scene and a new mode of life finally restored me to comparative cheerfulness. The world which had once so cruelly deceived me, again became an object of interest.

“ It is not necessary that I should descend into particulars with regard to the intimacy which ensued between Mr. Fairman and myself. Suffice it to say, that his kindness and worth attracted my highest esteem, and that I again became a cheerful if not a happy bride.

“ The duties consequent upon my new situation

tended still further to relieve my mind, by preventing leisure for the indulgence of morbid reflections. And finally your birth, my dear Jeannette, opened another field of cares and duties, kindled a new source of affection, reawakened the dormant but inextinguishable feelings of maternal love.

“It was about this period that your father removed from New-York to the residence which has been your home from infancy. Engaged in rural pursuits, and surrounded by few objects of amusement, his days were spent in the bosom of his family. Occasionally, however, he would devote a few days to the enjoyment of the chase, in company with a select party of friends *who sometimes* visited us.

“It was during one of these absences that my attention was arrested by the shouts of the servants in front of the house. The cause was apparent, for a handsome coach lay overturned in the middle of the road, and the driver had just succeeded in freeing the horses from the shattered vehicle. Presently, a gentlemanly-looking man and a small boy were extricated from it—the former being apparently much hurt. He was immediately carried into the house, and surgical aid was obtained. The injury was not considered im-

mediately dangerous, and every attention was paid to his wants.

“On the succeeding morning, I entered the room of my sick guest, to inquire after his health, and learn if he had any particular communication to make in regard to his situation. Good God! how did it effect me to discover in the stranger the countenance of my long-lost husband—of him who had been wept as dead, and now was living before me. The recognition was mutual; both of us fainted, and neither of us left a sickroom for many, many weeks.

“When I had recovered from a long fit of sickness, during which the strictest silence was enjoined upon any subject which might agitate me, an open letter was placed in my hands. It was as follows:

“‘DEAR EMMA,

“‘I have had a long and confidential communication with Mr. Fairman, my former friend and your husband. I feel that I must ere long leave this weary world, and to his kind care and protection I bequeath you. He has kindly consented to act as parent and guardian to our little boy. Assist in the cultivation of his mind and morals; render him worthy of you and me, that he may grow up an honour to you and a blessing to the world.

“ ‘ One thing, however, I think it necessary to insist on. You must never openly acknowledge him as your child. There are numerous reasons in your present situation to forbid it; and I leave it as my dying request, the last wish of a once beloved husband, that you observe a strict secrecy upon the subject.

“ ‘ Oh, Emma—that fatal shipwreck—how much anxiety and distress has it caused us both ! How instantaneously did it destroy all our schemes of happiness and joy !

“ ‘ When the boat into which you had just descended parted from the ship, my feelings were for a few moments of an indescribable character. It was not the fear of death (though death was hovering about us) which affected me. I could have died with you—for you—but I could not die without you.

“ ‘ The vessel continued to fill with water, and we, the devoted ones, stood, bereft of hope, awaiting the fate which seemed rapidly approaching us. The wind continued to increase in strength, and the vessel danced from wave to wave, as if even yet she scorned the power that was causing her destruction. I clasped my child to my bosom, determined that no earthly power should part us even in death.

“ ‘ It came, the awful moment, at last. A sound,

like to the rushing of a host to battle, came from the hold of the ship, and a simultaneous groan of despair burst from the lips of the statuelike men on the deck. A pause ensued, and many found an unbidden grave in the depth of the sea.

“ I rose to the surface of the water, and instinctively grasped a spar which had parted from the vessel and was now floating near me. With the slight assistance thus providentially afforded me, I was enabled to support both myself and my child, until the force of the waves had carried us to the shore, which proved to be only three or four miles distant.

“ At the first cottage I stopped, worn out with anxiety and fatigue. The family, although poor, appeared kind and hospitable, and I remained with them several days, until my health and strength were recruited. The woman had recently become a mother, and after some consideration I finally concluded to leave my boy under her care.

“ I posted to New-York, and made the most diligent inquiries after you, but could learn nothing upon which to “hang the shadow of a hope.” At length a situation was offered me on board a vessel bound to a distant port, which I accepted.

“ Four years elapsed, and I stood again upon a quay in London, my native city. What a crowd of

overwhelming recollections pressed upon me in that moment !

“ ‘ By the death of a distant relative, who had bequeathed to me his entire fortune, I became a man of wealth. But the magic charm of home was gone. My health also began to fail. I at length determined to make another voyage across the Atlantic, and take my child under my own care. In the development and improvement of his opening faculties, I proposed to employ a considerable portion of my time.

“ ‘ The accident which discovered to me your existence, and at the same time, in its effects, will shortly put a period to my own, has taught me the folly of human expectations, and induced me to withdraw all reliance save upon the goodness and mercy of the great Author of the universe. That he may grant you happiness in this life and in the life to come is the earnest prayer of

“ ‘ EDWARD HARLEY.’

“ As soon as I had sufficiently recovered, I visited the grave of my beloved husband. You must remember the spot, Jeannette, for you have no doubt wondered at the emotion which I have displayed in your presence, at the tomb of one hitherto supposed to be a friendless and unfortunate stranger.

"Edmund Harley is your brother. You may now understand the reason of the promise which I obtained from your lips, ere perhaps a thought of marriage had entered your mind. I did not consider myself at liberty to disclose the relationship existing between you, and was fearful that your constant association might awaken an attachment from the consequences of which I was desirous to protect you.

"I have sometimes feared that against all my precautions, and in spite of the most watchful jealousy, such an attachment had been formed. If so, my poor, my unfortunate daughter will repose upon the excellence of her own judgment, and prove herself capable of encountering disappointment with fortitude. And remember, my Jeannette, that the world is a world of trial and of disappointment. Such have I found it, and such must all find it. The dreams of youth are but idle fancies which, one by one, drop away, as the years pass on, like idle bubbles floating in the air.

"My hand trembles—I can write no more. Farewell, Jeannette, till we meet again in a world where sorrow and sin shall be unknown, and where there shall be joy eternal and unceasing.

"Your affectionate mother,

"EMMA FAIRMAN."

CHAPTER XIV.

And she was lost—and yet I [†]breathed,
But not the breath of human life ;
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,
And stung my every thought to strife.

The Giaour.

OH, the agony of disappointed love ! When the deepest and the holiest affections of the heart have been called into action, how tremendous the blow which crushes them at once and for ever !

There are many who jeer at the story of a broken heart, and look with an eye of unconcern on the miseries which they are pleased to consider as fanciful vagaries. To such the passion of love, in its pure and unadulterated character, is unknown. They are strangers to the nobler and higher feelings of our nature. Earth is to them only a theatre for the exercise of unworthy and unhallowed passions. The thirst for gold, the desire of power, the gratification of self, are the ruling principles of their actions, and constitute their only means of enjoyment.

How mystic are the sympathies by which the chord of love is vibrated. A glance of the eye, a tone of the voice, will oftentimes awaken a flame too bright to be quenched by absence, or calumny, or neglect ; too enduring to be affected by the severest vicissitudes of life.

And is it not a pleasing, a glorious, and a happy sight to behold two beings, in the springtime of life, joined together in the bonds of undying affection ? to behold them supporting and cheering each other in the trials with which this weary world abounds, sharing each other's joys, and sympathizing with each other's woes, till a green old age finds them ready to lay down, side by side, in the hope of a glorious resurrection ?

A certain degree of enthusiasm is the concomitant of this passion in its exalted character, as it is in all the higher aspirations of our nature. There must be some beau-ideal of perfection to which the object of pursuit is supposed to assimilate. On this natural representative of the picture of a glowing imagination the heart lavishes all its deep-seated and mighty feelings. How often has the hero turned away from the crown of glory which beckoned him on, how often has the philosopher relinquished the study of the sublime and mysterious secrets of the universe, to worship at the shrine of vir-

tuous affection? These are the men who can estimate the value of such love—men who, by the power of their inherent and mighty genius, have escaped the contamination of the world, and have occupied themselves in the improvement of those higher faculties which constitute them the lords of nature.

To such minds, how exquisite must be the suffering which results from a total sacrifice of all these tender sympathies, when, by some unforeseen and fortuitous occurrence, the beloved object on whom they were all concentrated is irremediably removed from the operation of their influence! Is it wonderful that a state of mind should be induced bordering upon insanity or despair? Is it wonderful that, with feelings crushed and blighted, even such intellects should be wrecked in the whirlpool of excited and contending passions?

How many gifted individuals have, from this cause alone, become the tenants of a madhouse? How many have drowned the remembrance of their disappointment in the cup of intoxication? How many have resorted to the last boon of the irremediably wretched—a premature death? The friend of humanity will not refuse a tear to the memory of those who have been victims, not of crime or of folly, but of too stern a devotion to the best and holiest feelings of our nature.

The parting interview between Captain Harley and Jeannette Fairman was characterized by emotions of an indescribable nature. The love mutually cherished towards each other was now rendered criminal by the discovery of the relationship which existed between them. The parting was bitter ; but each felt how important it was to the welfare of the other.

CHAPTER XV.

There be warlike rumours, Timothy.

Old Play.

AND now, gentle reader, on the wings of imagination, we must fly over the dreary weeks of a dreary winter.

It is June; and the warm sun shines refreshingly on the earth, already carpeted in green. How glorious' to sit on yonder hill, and gaze upon the enlivening prospect which is spread out so broadly. The succession of hill and dale, the meandering stream, the cottage half buried in the foliage of spring—all these greet the eye and elicit admiration.

But at this period yon eminence resounds with the noise of an armed host. Within those tents, and upon the summit of that hill, the little band, to whose bravery and fortitude the freedom of America is intrusted, lies encamped. Their numbers are small, their equipments incomplete; but the flame of liberty is inextinguishable, and in their bosoms it shines with a light pure and uncontaminated.

On a small knoll, directly facing the village of Springfield, stood perhaps half a dozen men, with rifles in their hands, engaged in conversation. They were a part of Harley's company of Light Infantry Rangers, now engaged in a regular tour of militia duty.

"Well said, Herbert," muttered several.

"Yes," continued the speaker, "the soil of New-Jersey has been drenched with the blood of her children; it has been overrun in every direction by the enemy, and the bones of that enemy are strewed on every hill and in every valley. May the state of our nativity ever be proud of her exertions and her sacrifices in this glorious cause."

"Amen," echoed his auditors, in a serious tone.

"Have we any news to-day?" inquired a new comer, who at this moment joined the company, and who was instantly recognised as a fellow-soldier.

"Nothing of importance," returned Wendall. "Sir Henry Clinton has really returned from the South, but as yet appears undecided what particular course to adopt."

"Well, if he make as short work here as he did in that quarter, we must soon bend our necks

to the yoke, and beat our weapons of war into instruments of husbandry."

"Never," replied Wendall. "There is a spirit abroad in the land which the arms of a tyrant can never destroy. While there lives a man who fought at Bunker Hill or at Trenton, the country is safe. While Washington lives, America need not despair."

"Bravo!" said Penniman; "there I agree with you. He is the man on whose courage and prudence we can safely rely. The intelligence from the South, however, is gloomy."

"Ay, the rascally tories are there so numerous as altogether to paralyze the efforts of the whigs. May the curse of Heaven light upon them for the part they have chosen in this momentous struggle."

"Tut, tut—you should have more charity."

"Charity for them! I should as soon think of bestowing it on the fiends incarnate."

"Is there any expectation of fighting in this quarter?"

"It is impossible to conjecture what course the British general means to pursue. Knyphausen still remains at Elizabethtown Point, with six or seven thousand men, ready to take advantage of any opportunity which may present for an attack.

At the same time, demonstrations are making towards the north, as if West Point were the real object."

"The half burnt village of Connecticut Farms continues to exhibit an evidence of the recent visit of the British army."

"Ay, their whole course in this war has been to weary out the patriotism of the people by a continued series of privations and distresses. It has been, on their part, a war of extermination. As if we were a nation of savages, they have slain women, and children, and old men. But instead of submission, their conduct has occasioned a desire of revenge, which, superadded to the springs of action heretofore prevailing, will make our exertions irresistible. Three millions of free-men cannot be conquered. Courage, my friends, and we shall yet see these bands of foreign mercenaries driven from our shores."

"Heaven grant it!" was the audible reply of the soldiers.

A messenger at this moment arrived, requesting the attendance of Lieutenant Wendall at the tent of General Greene.

He immediately obeyed the message, and was ushered into the presence of the general.

"You have been recommended to me," observed

Greene, in his usual dignified manner, "as a person well acquainted with the character of the surrounding country."

"I have lived in it from boyhood," replied Wendall, with a bow.

"It is well," returned the general. "We have reason daily to expect a visit from the enemy, and in our present weak condition, it is essential that we keep ourselves well advised in regard to their movements. I have some information which leads me to expect an early attack, and it is my wish that you should select a few men, in whom you have confidence, from the company to which you belong, and reconnoiter the position of the *British* army. If you can obtain any information in relation to their intended movements, you will immediately communicate it to me."

Wendall proceeded at once to the performance of the duty which had been assigned him. In discharging it, he narrowly escaped being captured by a foraging party that was returning to the British camp. His intimate knowledge of the country alone enabled him, with the men under his command, to evade a pursuit which was immediately instituted. At a late hour he returned from his expedition, and immediately proceeded to the quarters of the commanding officer.

CHAPTER XVI.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail ;
The wounded men on both sides fell,
Most piteous for to see.

Old Ballad.

THE British army commenced its march towards Springfield early on the morning of the twenty-third of June, 1780. They advanced in two divisions—the right column proceeding on the Vauxhall road, and the left taking the direct road. They proceeded with great rapidity, under the expectation of taking by surprise the small continental force which was there stationed.

The return of Sir Henry Clinton from the South naturally induced the supposition that active operations were about to be commenced in the North. For some time the proceedings of the British general were very equivocal. His object

appeared to be to divide the American army, by threatening different points of the country at the same time. His demonstrations against West Point and the Highlands induced General Washington to march the greater portion of his troops in that direction, leaving General Greene, with about one thousand regulars and the Jersey militia, at Springfield.

As soon as General Greene had received positive information of the approach of the British army, a messenger was despatched to General Washington, who was about eleven miles distant, with the intelligence. Speedy arrangements were also made to intercept and retard the approach of the enemy, as well as to assume a tenable position for the small force under the command of the American general. Major Lee, with a small detachment, was despatched on the Vauxhall road, and Colonel Dayton on the direct route. A regiment was also stationed at a bridge over the Rahway, a small river which runs in a southerly direction on the east side of the town of Springfield. The remainder of the continental troops, with the militia, were drawn up on the heights in the rear of the town.

These dispositions had scarcely been made before the front of the British army appeared in view. The skirmishing between the advanced troops under

Colonel Dayton and Major Lee was severe, and considerably retarded the approach of the enemy. But they were gradually driven back, and a party of the British having forded the river above the road occupied by the latter, he was obliged to retire for fear of being surrounded.

A brisk cannonade now commenced between the van of the British army and the American artillery which had been posted so as to protect the bridge. The regiment under Colonel Angel, who defended the bridge, behaved with the utmost gallantry. At the instant when the right column had compelled Major Lee to retire, the left attacked Colonel Angel. For thirty minutes, the little band resisted the combined efforts of the enemy, who were ten times more numerous. The skirmish was one of the most severe which occurred during the whole course of the war. Against a foe so superior in numbers, it was however impossible to contend with any prospect of ultimate success. General Greene did not dare to leave his position, for fear that it might be seized by a party of the enemy, who could readily have forded the river and occupied the heights in his absence. Their superiority in numbers would have ensured the destruction of his whole force. After a warm contest, therefore, Colonel Angel retired with his regiment, and the other troops, which had been en-

gaged, to the heights where the remainder of the American force was stationed. The retreat was conducted in perfect order. The British then crossed the bridge, and took possession of the town.

The object of the British general, in the present expedition, was to penetrate as far as Morristown, and capture or destroy the stores which had been collected at that place for the use of the Americans. But the ardour with which he had already been assailed, the strength of General Greene's position, and the proximity of the rest of the army under General Washington, were considerations of a character so serious as to induce him to relinquish his enterprise.

In that spirit of wanton destruction which characterized all the proceedings of the British army in their marauding expeditions, the flourishing village of Springfield was reduced to ashes. Many were the hearths which were on that day made desolate by the messengers of that arbitrary power which sought as well to ruin as to enslave.

A constant skirmishing was kept up between small detachments of the two armies during the whole morning. The ardour of the British in perpetrating their nefarious designs constantly brought them in contact with small bands of Americans, who kept hovering on their flanks, and between whom

many adventurous combats ensued. This was particularly the case in the western part of the village, where the army, in case of defeat, could protect the retreat of the attacking party.

In the work of destruction none were more active than the company under the command of the refugee, Captain Smith. It was a mode of warfare consonant with their habits and disposition. The flaming pile possessed an attraction of the highest character, and the *ci-devant* robbers embraced the opportunity of despoiling the property of those persons to whose remembrance any ill feeling attached itself.

In the prosecution of their objects, they at length proceeded to a building which stood at a considerable distance from the road, in the western part of the town. They had ransacked the building, and were on the eve of applying the desolating torch, when, to their surprise, they were saluted with the music of a score of rifles. A portion of Captain Harley's company of Rangers, under the command of Herbert Wendall, had advanced, unperceived, between them and the British army.

"Advance," shouted Wendall, "and exterminate the rascals."

Smith had been listlessly gazing at the proceedings of his men, who required no urging to perform

the work in which they were engaged. But no sooner did he observe the attack, and the quarter from which it was made, than his voice was heard at its highest pitch.

“The rebels are on us. Form and defend yourselves.”

The men formed in front of the house, and presented a bold appearance.

The Rangers likewise assumed a position, and a regular skirmish was kept up for some moments, in which the loss was much the greater on the part of the refugees.

Another party of Americans was now seen to advance in the direction of the firing. Smith perceived that on their arrival his company would be surrounded and inevitably destroyed.

He formed his course at once, which was to charge upon the attacking party, and breaking through them, thus obtain a free passage for his men to the army. With this design he commanded them to load and reserve their fire. Then placing himself at their head, he advanced rapidly towards the Rangers.

Wendall perceived his object, and exhorted his men to receive them with firmness. The meeting was terrible, and the Rangers gradually gave way before the phrensied desperation of their opponents,

who sought only for an avenue by which they might escape.

Smith himself met a formidable antagonist in Lieutenant Wendall. It was a contest between agility und strength. They were both perfectly cool, and both animated with those feelings of hatred which generally ensure a deadly result. The clash of their swords was tremendous. The activity of the refugee captain enabled him to avoid those blows which his strength would not have proved sufficient to parry. At length, however, in attempting the feat, his sword was struck from his hand as if by a thunderbolt. The sword of Wendall was snapped in twain, and a severe cut was inflicted upon his arm by the accident.

"Curse upon the ill-tempered blade," he exclaimed, throwing away the remnant, and closing upon his antagonist.

The struggle was more protracted than the difference in size of the two men would have rendered probable. The strength of Wendall was somewhat crippled by the wound which he had received. At length, by a violent effort, Smith was thrown to the ground.

Wendall stooped over him.

"Surrender yourself my prisoner."

"Never while I retain life," exclaimed the cap-

tain, partially rising, and at the same moment, with one hand drawing a dagger from his bosom, and aiming it at the breast of his antagonist. The blow might have been fatal, had not one of the men observed the movements of Smith, and prevented the effect of his intention by discharging at him the contents of his rifle. He fell back severely wounded, and was instantly removed to the American camp.

The approach of a British detachment of considerable force induced the remaining combatants to retreat with all convenient haste.

In the afternoon the British army retired from Springfield to Elizabethtown Point, and thence to Staten Island, where a large force remained stationed for a considerable time.

CHAPTER XVII.

Well, well, it's a raal mystery ; and I'm consarned if I could have guessed it aforehand, no how. But I'm glad it's no wuss.

Letter to Aunt Deborah.

AN old building at Morristown had been fitted up as a hospital for the American army during their occupation of that village. To this place it was determined to remove the wounded men, whether friends or enemies, whose situation might require attention for any period of time. This course was peculiarly necessary, as the burning of Springfield had destroyed the accommodations which might otherwise have been there obtained.

A number of vehicles were accordingly procured for the purpose of conveying them to that place. They were placed under the charge of Captain Harley, whose company was designated to act as a guard upon the occasion.

Among the persons who were ordered to be removed was the refugee Smith, whose wounds were pronounced by the surgeons to be of a dangerous character. But no immediate result was

apprehended ; and it was thought advisable, for various reasons, to remove him to a place of security until his fate should be determined.

The removal was accomplished with little injury to the unfortunate men whom the fate of war had reduced from health to disease.

It is not necessary to the purposes of this story, that we should relate the course of circumstances which induced Mrs. Jenkins to discharge the functions of a nurse at the hospital of which we have spoken. It is sufficient to remark that she had long possessed a high reputation for the healing of wounds and the knowledge of diseases. The reader will require no further introduction than the assurance that she was the spouse of the garrulous Mr. Jenkins, about fifty years of age, with a countenance indicative of much native shrewdness and firmness of mind.

Before returning to the army, Captain Harley resolved to make himself acquainted with the situation of the refugee captain. He was introduced into the room which had been prepared for the reception of the wounded officer by Mrs. Jenkins. According to the directions which had been given, a separate apartment had been furnished for his accommodation. The feelings of hatred with which he was viewed by the American sol-

diers, as well as the consideration of his security, induced a resort to this step. As Harley entered the room, the surgeon had just finished the examination and dressing of the wounds of the prisoner, and was standing silent by the bedside as if buried in contemplation.

"What is the situation of your patient?" inquired Harley.

"I fear he will not recover," returned the surgeon. "His symptoms argue the injury of a vital organ."

"Fool!" shouted Smith, rising in his bed, and glancing around him with a wild air, "what do you mean?"

They were the first words he had spoken since his capture.

"Be composed," said the surgeon. "These violent exertions may produce immediate death."

"Fool! fool! I will not die."

"When the death warrant is signed," replied the surgeon, calmly, "no hand can arrest the summons."

"But my plans are unaccomplished. The hand of destiny is stronger than the wisdom of man, and I have not yet fulfilled the purposes of my existence."

His gaze was now for the first time fixed upon Harley.

“Ha ! are you, too, here, to feast upon the sight of my helplessness ? This dotard lies when he prophesies my death. The cup of revenge which I have sworn to mix for you is not yet prepared—and must I be balked by bodily infirmity ? It shall not be, by Heaven ! The arrow already rankles in your bosom. It is in my power to fix it there for ever.”

A violent paroxysm of pain here interrupted the wounded man, which awakened the compassion of all who were present.

“Oh, God !” he murmured, “this is indeed the agony of death !” and his enfeebled form sank upon the bed.

The surgeon ran to his assistance, and raised him slightly, while he gasped for breath. The paroxysm passed off, and he began slowly to recover.

“Give me some drink,” he muttered, in a feeble tone of voice.

The nurse advanced with a cup of water, and held it to his lips.

The prisoner opened his eyes. He gazed upon her countenance inquiringly for a moment, and

with evident agitation exclaimed, "Who are you, woman?"

But the nurse appeared the more agitated of the two. She gazed at him a moment in silence, when, accidentally casting her eyes upon his bosom, which had become partially bared in his struggles, her attention was arrested by a mark which she evidently recognised. She fell to the floor with an hysterical shriek, exclaiming, "It is he!"

An undefinable interest was awakened in the breast of Captain Harley by this scene, and rushing to the prostrate woman, he raised her from the floor, and demanded, in an authoritative tone, "Woman, do you know that man?"

It was several minutes before she came to her senses, during which she continued to exclaim in a loud voice, "It is he! it is he

A composing draught was administered by the surgeon, which soon restored her to consciousness; but she was still agitated and alarmed.

Smith, however, had entirely recovered his composure, and fixing upon her his stern, piercing eye, he said, "Woman, I have seen you before, and I must know your name. Who are you?"

"Do not hurt me, and I will confess all."

"Be not alarmed, nurse," said the surgeon; "he

is a dying man. If you have aught to say that concerns him, be speedy."

"Listen to me, then," said the nurse. "I am a wicked, wicked woman, and my guilty secret must be exposed—though Heaven knows that I have suffered deeply for my conduct. The loss of my only child has been a heavy punishment for my offence."

"The secret! the secret!" exclaimed Smith, impatiently.

"It is now many years," continued the woman, "since a gentleman stopped at my house in a state of the utmost weariness and fatigue, bearing in his arms a young infant. According to his story he had been shipwrecked on the coast during his passage to this country from England, and had saved his own life and that of his babe, only by the most powerful exertions. He requested shelter and food till he should be able to proceed to New-York, where he proposed to make inquiries after the fate of the other passengers, among whom was his own wife. These, he informed me, had attempted to reach land in the small boat, but he was fearful that all had perished.

"I had then an infant a few months younger than that of the strange gentleman. The children soon grew extremely fond of each other—they

slept in the same cradle, and received their nourishment from the same breast.

“At the expiration of a week the stranger entirely recovered and prepared to depart. At his urgent request I consented to retain his child until he should have satisfied his mind in relation to the fate of his wife.

“In the course of a month he returned. He was much depressed in spirits, and I rightly conjectured that his inquiries had been unsuccessful. By this time I had grown much attached to his child. He informed me that he was about to make a distant voyage, and he requested me, with tears in his eyes, to be a mother to his destitute babe. I consented at length to take charge of the infant until his return. He placed a sum of money in my hands and departed.

“It was more than four years before I saw him again. A short time previous to his return, a distressing event occurred. The children had become so large as to pursue their sports in the open air. About half a mile from the spot where we lived was a small cove, where, in those days, might occasionally be seen a pirate ship. The anchoring place was retired, and as they committed no depredations on the surrounding country, their presence excited little apprehension. It was, there-

fore, without much alarm, that I perceived a party of five or six men, whom I readily recognised to be pirates, approach my house on a fine day in April. But great was my consternation, when I saw them seize the stranger's son, who had become almost as dear to me as my own, and bear him towards their vessel. My tears and entreaties availed nothing against their determination. My husband was absent, and I was obliged to submit to necessity.

"The stranger wore the same air of unblended melancholy which he possessed when I first saw him. He spoke of the change in his circumstances, occasioned by the death of a near relative, of his intentions in regard to his child, and of the reward which was due to our kindness.

"He asked to see his boy.

"I dared not tell him the truth—in fact, I had already conceived a guilty purpose. I led him to the couch of my own child.

"That night, a long consultation ensued between my husband and myself. We at length, in the blindness of our wicked hearts, determined to sacrifice the enjoyments of parental affection, for the sake of giving our boy wealth and station in the world. Our child was imposed upon the stranger as his own.

“His gratitude induced him to bestow upon us a munificent reward, which we still enjoy. What did I say? we have *enjoyed* nothing since the perpetration of the guilty act.”

“To what does all this tend?” inquired Smith.

“You are the stranger’s son.”

“Your proofs, woman—your proofs!” he exclaimed, in an agitated manner.

“The cross upon your breast—your features, which still remain unchanged from childhood. Another circumstance would render the fact still more positive. When you were stolen from my presence, a small gold chain was about your neck, and on the locket were engraved the letters E. H.”

“That chain is now in my possession.”

“There can be no question, then, of the truth of what I have asserted.”

“What is my name?”

“The initials of your name are upon the locket—it is Edmund Harley.”

The refugee bit his lip with suppressed rage, and vociferated, “Infamous liar!—the chain belongs to him.” And disengaging a small gold chain from a secret aperture in his garment, he threw it in scorn across the room.

The emotions with which Captain Harley listened to the narrative of Mrs. Jenkins, and the incontro-

vertible proofs by which it was sustained, can hardly be conceived. The alteration in his situation from despair to hope was immediate. He at length turned towards the old lady, and said, in an agitated tone, "Woman, if this story be true, then I am your son, for I am the reputed child of the late Edward Harley."

She clasped her hands and fainted.

Miss Fairman was now residing in Morristown, at the house of her aunt. A messenger was immediately despatched by Captain Harley to request her attendance at the hospital. Though surprised at the message, and alarmed at the silence of the messenger as to the object of her visit, she instantly prepared to comply with it.

The surprise of Miss Fairman, on hearing the circumstances which we have related, may be better imagined than described. They were communicated to her by the surgeon, at the request of Captain Harley, previous to her entering the room of the prisoner.

It was with a faltering step that Jeannette entered the apartment of the dying man. She could not restrain a shudder while she gazed at one whose schemes had so nearly proved fatal to her, and who was now discovered to be her brother.

The proofs of the old lady's narrative were again

referred to, and her statements were corroborated by the admissions of Mr. Timothy Jenkins, who at this moment made his appearance, and seemed to be much affected by the discovery which had been made.

The sensation of approaching dissolution, and the peculiar circumstances which had been disclosed, had at length evidently affected the wounded prisoner. With a wave of the hand he expressed his desire that Miss Fairman should approach his bedside.

Trembling and weeping, she complied with his wish. He took her hand in his own, and perceiving her to be agitated, remarked, in a low voice—

“You need not fear me now, Miss Fairman. I feel that the surgeon has pronounced rightly, and that I have not long to live. The visions which I have entertained so many years are disappearing, and the naked reality of a life of violence is rising before me. I fear that I have been wrong, but it is now too late for repentance. Think sometimes on the fate of your unfortunate brother.”

He was seized with a convulsion, during the continuance of which he exclaimed, in a stern voice, “Board, board, my men! Give them no quarter!”

His limbs relaxed, his countenance changed from

distortion to calmness, and with a single groan the prisoner expired.

It was judged expedient by the parties concerned to keep the details of this singular history a secret—particularly during the lives of those immediately interested. For this reason, Captain Harley adopted the name by which he had been recognised from his childhood, in preference to his paternal cognomen. His parents, although discovered at so late a period, were comfortably provided for, and received every proper mark of attention.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Liberty and union—now and for ever—one and inseparable.

WEBSTER.

AND now, worthy reader, our story draweth to a close. Our mimic panorama has been represented before you, and we have attempted to trace out some scenes in the history of ~~that~~ period which to every American soul teems with recollections of the most interesting character.

From our earliest youth we have listened to the stories of that glorious revolution which our fathers accomplished by their wisdom and bravery. Their sufferings, their sacrifices, their triumphs, are the themes which kindle alike the flame of liberty in the breasts of the patriot, the orator, and the statesman. From the contemplation of their actions and character, we rise with nobler conceptions of human nature, and with higher aspirations after virtue and excellence.

The study of the past should never be neglected by us. The subjects which it presents for our re-

flection are full of interest. An intimate acquaintance with their importance will have a tendency to make us better men and better citizens. Amid the height of our present prosperity and glory, let us remember to whom we owe that liberty and those institutions, with the perpetuity of which, in their original purity, are connected all our blessings and all our enjoyments.

On the Fourth of July, 1790, there were gathered round the dinner table of Captain Edmund Harley the following named personages, besides sundry others of little interest to the reader.

In the first place ~~we~~ we must notice the gallant captain himself, who still appeared in the prime of life. After serving with reputation through the war of the revolution, he had retired to his farm, enjoying the confidence of his fellow-citizens and the rewards of a life of active enterprise. He now occupied the head of the table, busy in dispensing those blessings which so sensibly recommend themselves to our appetites.

At the opposite end of the table sat his dearly beloved wife—the heroine of our story. She was still beautiful, and she was never more happy. The years which had passed over her head since we last beheld her had indeed somewhat destroyed the spirituality of her loveliness, but the change was

only from the elegant girl to the accomplished matron. Her brow was yet unwrinkled, and her eye yet beamed with its wonted brilliancy.

George Washington Harley, aged eight years, and Jeannette Harley, aged four years, also occupied their proper places at the dinner table—the former by the side of his father, and the latter by that of her mother. And various were the praises bestowed upon the one for his precocious manliness, and upon the other for her infantine beauty.

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins were likewise present. Though somewhat affected by the infirmities of age, they both enjoyed good health. The old man laughed and talked as much as he pleased, though his garrulity had become less offensive ; and the old lady, in attending to the wants of her grandchildren, found ample employment for her active disposition.

And there was another old acquaintance at the table—Herbert Wendall. His frame still retained its inflexible and unbending firmness. His countenance was animated, and his eye beamed with emotion, as he gazed at the happy family by whom he was surrounded. The shades of stern thought and gloomy recollections occasionally flitted across his visage, but like the clouds of an April day, they left no abiding impression. Although in some respects his cup had been mingled with bitterness, he had

yet lived to see his country free, united, and happy, and to behold the commencement of her prosperity and glory. And fervently did he echo the sentiment of the following toast, which was pledged by every individual of that joyous company :—

“THE UNION OF THE STATES.—Formed by the wisdom and cemented by the blood of the patriots of the Revolution—may their children preserve it as an imperishable legacy.”

THE END.

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